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COMFORT

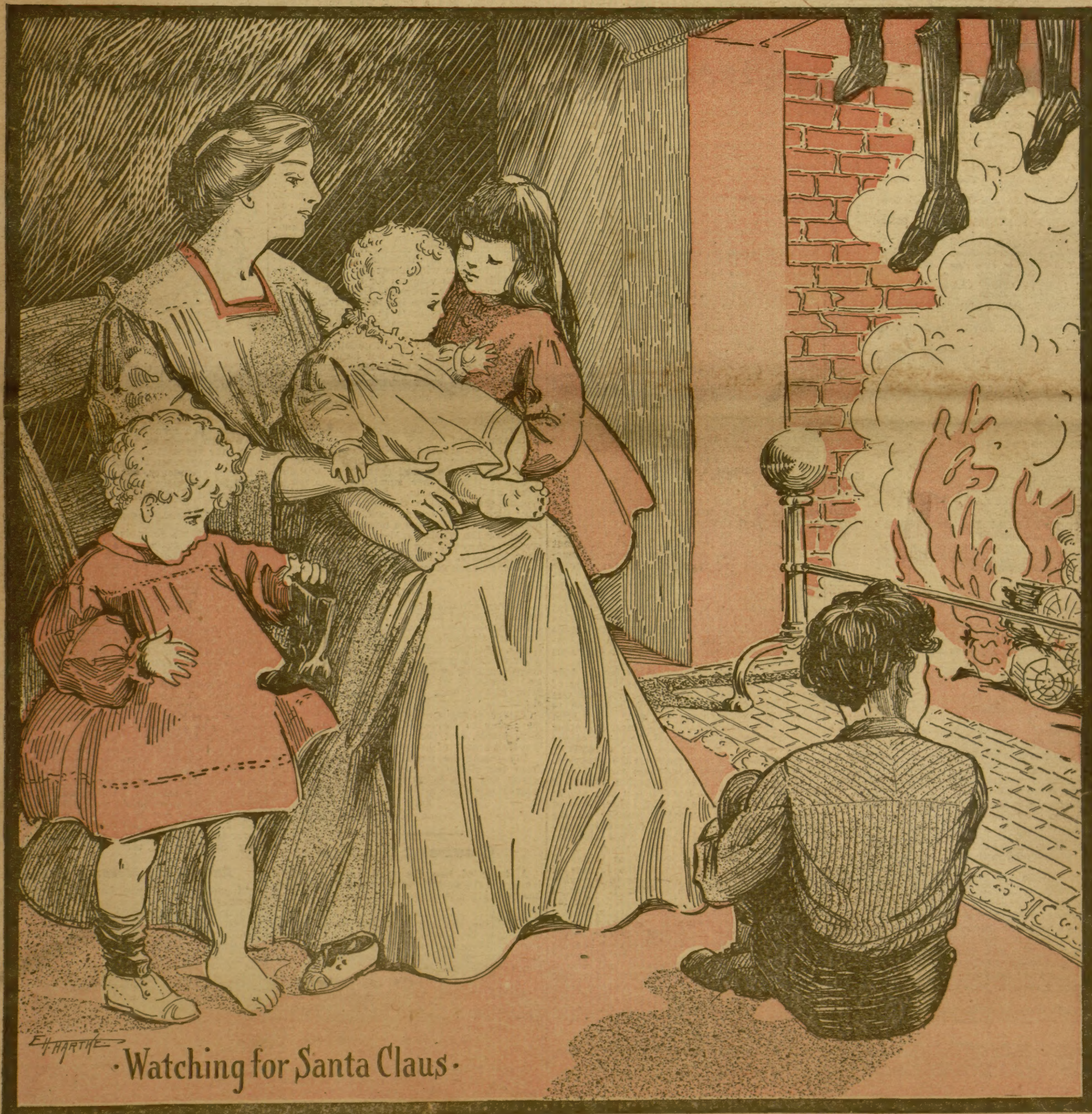
*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE
In which are combined and consolidated
SUNSHINE for Youth, and THE PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION

Vol XX

December 1907

No 2



•Watching for Santa Claus.

Published at Augusta, Maine

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Its Motto is "Onward and Upward."

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Crumbs of Comfort

Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness.
There is a strange music in the stirring wind.
Fields are won by those who believe in the
winning.
To be trusted is a greater compliment than
to be loved.
The good are better made by ill,
As odors crushed are sweeter still.
—Rogers.
Honestly coupled to beauty is to have honey a
sauce to sugar.
A straight line is the shortest in morals as
well as in geometry.
Preserving the health by a too strict regimen
is a grievous malady.
The only way for a rich man to be healthy is
to live as if he were poor.
A wife domestic, good and pure,
Like snail, should keep within her door;
But not, like her with silver track,
Place all her wealth upon her back.
—W. W. How.
The greater our dread of crosses the more
necessary they are for us.
To try to conceal your own heart is a bad
means to read that of others.
The world is so corrupt that a reputation for
honesty is acquired by not doing wrong.
To Adam Paradise was home. To the good
among his descendants home is Paradise.
The soul of man alone, that particle divine,
Escapes the wreck of worlds when all things
fail.
Health is the greatest wealth, yet like other
wealth it must be looked after if it is to be
preserved.
Can wealth give happiness? Look round and see
What gay distress! What splendid misery!
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour
The mind annihilates and calls for more.
—Young.
Each time we love we turn a nearer and a
broader mark to that keen archer, Sorrow, and
he strikes.
The gift of song was chiefly lent to give con-
solating music for the joys we lack, and not for
those we possess.
Hope is a flatterer, but the most upright of
all parasites, for she frequents the poor man's
hut as well as the palace of the rich.
A poet who shoots all his arrows at the stars
may hit us now and then, but it is only by
good luck. We don't live our daily life in the
stars.

A Few Words by the Editor

The Christmas chimes are pealing high
Beneath the solemn Christmas sky,
And blowing winds their notes prolong.
Like echoes from an angel's song:
"Good will and peace, peace and good will,"
Ring out the carols glad and gay,
Telling the heavenly message still,
That Christ the Child was born today.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to all our
readers. Christmas comes but once
a year, and there are but few of
them in our lives. This is no new
discovery, but it is well to bear it
in mind. Get all the happiness and joy you
can out of Christmas. It is the brightest and
best day in the whole year. On that day
Heaven and earth are in greater harmony than
at any other time of the year. The way to be
happy on Christmas day is to make others
happy—then you are bound to be happy your-
self. There is more happiness in giving than
in receiving, so give all your means will per-
mit, and give to those who need, not to those
who have. On Christmas we celebrate the
birth, not of a prodigal prince, but of the
simplest, sweetest, noblest, purest soul that
ever walked the earth.

There will be grumbling in many lowly
homes on Christmas day because of the lack
of money, raiment, and other necessities of
life; but remember the lowliest and most hum-
ble home in the United States, is almost
princely compared to that manger in Bethle-
hem, where the Son of God and the Saviour of
man was born. There is a lesson in this for
us all and a lesson that we should take to
heart. Let us all strive for better things, bet-
ter homes, better conditions, but while we
struggle, let us get as much happiness out of
life as we possibly can. Do not let us spend
all our time in grumbling, and envying others
who have been more fortunate than ourselves.
On Christmas day at least let us put aside the
seamy side of life, with its murmurings, and
contentions, and for one day at least, live in an
atmosphere of love, peace and happiness. Never
let us lose sight however, of what this day
commemorates, and what it means to the world
at large.

Christmas comes when our earth is robed in
a mantle of white and Nature is slumbering
beneath a pall of snow. It is a blessed thing
that Christmas day comes at the dreariest
time of the year, when Nature seems to have
fallen into an eternal sleep, as though the icy
hand of death had gripped the world in an em-
brace from which there was no awakening.
But Christmas bells ring out, the message of
"Peace on earth, good will to men." Heaven
has not deserted us, seedtime and harvest, will
come again. It has given men heart to hear
these Christmas bells ringing through the cen-
turies, and they have the same message for
men today that they had nearly two thousand
years ago. Make your Christmas a joyous one,
and so do honor to the greatest day the world
has ever known, and ever will know.

This is the last number of COMFORT for
1907, and we think you will agree that it is a
pretty good number. From cover to cover it
is full of good things. Not only all the good
things we promised you in our November num-
ber, are there—for COMFORT still remains
COMFORT, retaining every distinctive and es-
sential feature and department, but by the
happening of the then unforeseen event of our
recent taking over of two Lane papers and con-
solidating them in COMFORT, the current num-
ber also contains all that is best in "SUN-
SHINE" and "THE PEOPLE'S LITERARY COM-
PANION." There is something in COMFORT
that you do not find in any other mag-
azine, a quality one can hardly define, but
it is there all the same. COMFORT is full of
cheer, full of sympathy, instruction and in-
terest, and there is a homelike charm about
it all that is very appealing. There is some-
thing so cold and freezing about the average
magazine that it chills the reader to the mar-
row as he peruses the pages before him. In
COMFORT there is none of this. COMFORT comes
to you as an old friend comes, and it grips
your hand, and it grips your heart, and makes
you feel good. Now isn't that so? Cold type
is not a barrier between us, but on the con-
trary it is the link that binds and draws us
together.

A letter lies before your editor, from a lady
belonging to an old Boston family. Tiring of
the city she moved to the country, and one
day a neighbor induced her to subscribe to
COMFORT. Hitherto she had only taken such
magazines as Harper's, the Century, and other
high-class periodicals beyond the reach of the
average purse. For several months COMFORT
came, and she did not even open the wrappers.
She could not imagine that there could be any-
thing in a popular priced magazine that could
interest her; but let her tell her own story:
"One day I became sick, and being short of
reading matter I opened a number of the
neglected COMFORTS, and I cannot tell you
how much I enjoyed them. They were so
home like, companionable and cheery. They
seemed more like old friends than things of
type and paper, and I found the League of
Cousins so very funny, that now in renewing
my subscription, I wish to join it. Though
we have all the leading magazines, I look for
and must have COMFORT just the same."

This lady's experience is the experience of
all those who first get a peep into this paper.
COMFORT is so cheap that they cannot imagine
there can be anything good in it, but the proof
of the pudding is in the eating, and once a
person gets a taste of the COMFORT pudding,
they never can get enough of it, and they never
are satisfied with any other diet. They may
sample other literary dishes, but they never
have the same flavor nor satisfy the appetite
quite as good old COMFORT does. This may
seem like horn tooting, and your editor had not
the least idea of indulging in bouquet throwing,
but the letter in question puts COMFORT's good
qualities so neatly, he cannot resist the tem-
ptation of reproducing it here.

Before wishing you adieu, for this year,
and thanking you for all the kind words and
inspiring messages you have sent us, do not
forget that we count on your loyalty, patron-
age and support in the year that is coming.
We have an enormous family, but death and
sickness are ever at work in this world, and
they create considerable gaps in our ranks
every twelve months that have to be filled.
We are proud of our old friends, but we must
have new friends and new blood, in order to
maintain the proud position that COMFORT
holds as the most popular, biggest, cheapest
and best of all popular priced magazines.

If you would all put your shoulders to the
wheel, and send us in one subscription outside
of your own, COMFORT would be the key to
over two million homes, instead of one mil-
lion and a quarter. Try and emulate the ex-
ample of Mrs. Ennis, Narcoossee, Fla. This
little town has but twenty homes, and yet
thirty-two COMFORTS go monthly to this one
Southern village. Nearly everyone of the in-
habitants is a member of the League of
Cousins. Mrs. Ennis is confident that her
little home town is a better place to live in
since COMFORT came to it, with its message
of sympathy and love for all humanity, and
doubtless it is.

We extend our warmest greetings to you all,
and as it is impossible to give you each a
hearty handshake, we hope you will accept
these greetings and good wishes, as though
they were personally given, and not conveyed
to you through the medium of cold type. Once
more a Merry Christmas, a Happy New Year,
and God bless you one and all.

The riots in British Columbia, in which the
Japanese and Chinese, and also the Hindoos
have been roughly handled, by the Canadian
people, has once more with startling force
brought the subject of Asiatic immigration to
these shores, to the attention of the public.
We have had our own troubles with both the
Chinese and the Japanese. Mexico to the
south is also battling with the same problem.

Great Britain is placed in a very delicate
position by the recent outbreak, as she is
Japan's ally, and a break with that power
would greatly endanger her position and pre-
stige in the Far East. The people of British
Columbia however will not be swayed by any-
thing the imperial authorities may say or do.
They are determined that British Columbia
shall be a white man's country. They have
in a sense controlled the Chinese question by
imposing a head tax of \$500 upon every cele-
stial landing in their province. It is impos-
sible to do this however with the Japanese. Japan
is a world power, and is able to protect her
citizens and see that due respect is paid them
by all nations.

Other British possessions, such as Australia
and New Zealand have determined to stop
Asiatic immigration. The Canadians main-
tain, and rightly, that this is not a question
of statesmanship but of peoples. The Hindoos
of course being subjects of Great Britain, can
be readily returned to their native land. It is
a remarkable thing to note that several hun-
dred Sikhs from British India, were driven
from the mills of Bellingham, Wash., across the
border into British Columbia. No trouble is
expected to arise with Great Britain over this
act. This speaks volumes for the good under-
standing existing between Uncle Sam and
John Bull. Of course the matter will be dis-
cussed by the diplomats in Washington and
Downing St., but international relations will
be neither strained nor endangered. Had these
Asiatics been Japs we would undoubtedly have
had another war scare on our hands.

The whole subject of Asiatic immigration
will have to be taken up by Congress. It is
a very ticklish subject, for now that Japan has
obtained such prominence as a world power,
we cannot treat the Oriental as we used to
do; that is we cannot let him to stay out,
or throw him out, which is our customary way
of treating the Chinese.

The supremacy of the white man upon these
shores however must be maintained at all
costs. It is to be hoped that Japan will find
a new outlet for her surplus population in
Korea and Manchuria. There is sufficient
ground there to keep the Little Brown Men
busy for a generation at least, and it is to be
hoped that by that time a new solution will be
found for the whole problem of Asiatic im-
migration. Anyway the Panama Canal will be
built by them, and we shall then be able to
take care of ourselves and our enemies in good
shape.

In our editorial talk for October on the
value of correct breathing, as a preventive of
tuberculosis, your editor spoke of a book, dealing
with this subject, written by Mrs. Emily
Noble, entitled "Method for the Millions." Your
editor was under the impression that the
deep breathing crusade was being undertaken
as a national philanthropic work, and that
Mrs. Noble's book could be obtained free of
charge.

This assumption, however was wrong, and
we hasten to correct it, both for the sake of
Mrs. Noble, and those who have written re-
questing a copy of her work.

We regret the mistake, which arose solely
from our desire to carry good news to the
world, and help to relieve suffering humanity,
something we are ever desirous of doing.

Your friend,

Comfort's Editor.

Current Topics

A tract of two thousand acres of forest
lands, for the purpose of the classes in forestry
has been given to Harvard University.

Oklahoma, the only state formed by uniting
two territories was admitted to the Union Nov.
16th by proclamation of the President, and she
must wait until July 4th before her star ap-
pears on the national flag.

A New York Methodist church which lately
gave the use of its building to a congregation
of Jews, who temporarily were without a place
of meeting, received in return not only a vote
of thanks, but a check for \$1,000.

A new turbine torpedo will shortly be tested
in France of greater speed than any at present
in existence, capable of traveling a distance of
more than 1,250 miles and of carrying a much
larger charge of explosives than any torpedo
now in use.

The Episcopal General Convention lately
held at Richmond, by a large majority, de-
cided against the use of the Revised Version of
the Bible in the churches, and also adopted a
formal declaration that the King James, or
Authorized Version is the standard Bible.

Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, originator of the Society

for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise is
using her influence to secure what she calls a
"safe and sane" observance of the Fourth of
July. According to reports which she has com-
piled five thousand persons were killed or
wounded the last Fourth.

The recent death of Mrs. Mary J. Holmes
carried sorrow to many of our readers. Dur-
ing her long life she produced thirty-nine
novels, of which more than two million copies
have been sold. Her stories were clean and
wholesome and held a strange fascination for
many readers.

The Peabody fund, given more than forty
years ago by George Peabody for the educa-
tion of the whites and blacks in the South,
is now to be distributed among the institutions
which have been receiving the income. The
trustees decided recently that the time has come
when their work can properly be laid down.

The recent death of George Croal in Edin-
burgh, at the age of ninety-seven, severs a link
that has connected Sir Walter Scott with the
present day. Mr. Croal was in 1827 one of
the party to which Sir Walter made the first
open avowal of his authorship of the Waverley
novels, and he was more than once a guest at
Abbotsford. As long ago as 1858 he wrote
a narrative poem called "Eaglesward" that
gained some repute, and the publication of his
"Living Memoirs of an Octogenarian" in 1894
brought him before a generation that was prac-
tically unaware of his existence.

The Atlantic battleship fleet under the
command of Rear Admiral Evans will leave
Hampton Roads after the middle of this month
for its cruise to the Pacific coast. The fleet
comprising sixteen battleships will sail round
South America, stopping at Rio de Janeiro,
Montevideo and Callao on the way, and on
reaching Magdalena Bay will engage in target
practice. The Pacific fleet has been ordered to
rendezvous in those waters, and both fleets will
engage in battle practice. Various complex
problems of maritime warfare will be worked
out. Afterward the combined fleet will head
northward for San Francisco.



Cancer

"Cancer," said the Doctor, "killed 33,000
men and women in the United States, in 1900,
two thirds of them between the ages of 40 and
70. By the way, cancer is an adult disease,
only 2 out of 5,000 dying with it under a year
old. With women it is worse between 55 and
60, and with men from 60 to 65. Scientists
have been studying the disease all over the
world for years, but so far they have not found
a cure, nor even settled what its cause is.
Theories are plenty, but nothing positive. The
knife is used more successfully than any other
remedy. And cancer is increasing."

Home-grown Camphor

"Possibly no drug is more widely known
and in more general use in this country, in
one way or another, than camphor," said a
nice looking party who answered to the name
of Doctor, "and for all the years of our ex-
istence we have been getting it from foreign
countries. There are two recognized species of
camphor tree, one from Borneo, the other from
Japan. The former is the finer, and is used
chiefly for medicinal purposes. That from
Japan furnishes the camphor of commerce
for general uses. The Sumatra camphor tree
is a native of Japan. At present Japan has a
monopoly of the camphor business, but the
United States has been experimenting for some
time and at last has made such a success
in camphor growing that three thousand acres
of land have been bought in Florida and this
is being set to camphor trees, of the Japan var-
iety. It is believed that camphor may be pro-
fitably grown in California and several of the
southern states. There is a good profit in
camphor growing, and a brisk demand all the
time, not only for medicine but in the manu-
facture of smokeless powder and other ex-
plosives, but in celluloid and other products.
It is safe to bet if there is money in it,
and it will grow in this country that we need
never be afraid of any outside monopoly get-
ting the best of us."

Raisuli, the Morocco Bandit

"I guess all of you have heard or read
about Raisuli, the boss bandit of Morocco,"
said a man who looked to be a newspaper
correspondent, "and I'll bet you think he looks
like pictures you have seen of fierce Arabs of
the desert, riding wildly across the shifting
sands, and things like that. He first came to
the front when he captured Mr. Pericardis,
and stirred up England, the United States and
most of the civilized world by threats of what
would happen if they didn't let him alone.
But Raisuli is not anything like the barba-
rous Bedouin you think he is. On the contrary,
he is an educated gentleman who dates his an-
cestry back through Moroccan emperors clear
to Mohammed, the Prophet. He was a lawyer,
but finding it unprofitable, at the age of
twenty, in 1886, he went to cattle stealing. He
was betrayed by some of his road agents, and
served five years in the dungeon of Mogador,
but was pardoned by the Sultan. He wanted
to become a respectable citizen once more, but
finding that the man who had betrayed him had
also confiscated all his property, and being
unable to secure it by law, he went on the
road again, and has been raising high jinks in
Morocco ever since and with so much suc-
cess that he divided the honors of ruling with
the Sultan of Morocco. He is tall and hand-
some, with a very fair skin, fine address and is
a capital story-teller and good fellow—except
when he is bad, and then he is very bad in-
deed."

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; spa. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; st. and b., slip and bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Tidy or Sofa Pillow Cover

To make this tidy one will require four hem-stitched linen doilies embroidered in pink, lavender or yellow flowers, six spools of san-silk and a medium sized crochet needle.

The san-silk must be of the same color as the flowers.

Ch. 8, join.

16 s. c. in ring.

Ch. 18, sl. 1 s. c. in next, turn, 8 s. c. in first 6 of ch., turn, ch. 12, sl. 1 s. c. in next, turn, 8 s. c. in first 6 ch., repeat 5 times, turn, ch. 6, fasten with s. c. in 6th ch., sl. st. down 6 ch. to ring, turn and work 8 s. c. back to outer edge, 10 s. c. under each loop of chs.

So in first 3 s. c., * ch. 3, s. c. in same s. c., s. c. in each of 5 next s. c., ch. 3, s. c. same as s. c., s. c. in each of the 5 next s. c., ch. 3, s. c. in same s. c., s. c. in next s. c., ch. 15, turn, fasten with s. c. in second of first 5 s. c., turn, 20 s. c. under 1 of ch., s. c. in next s. c., turn, s. c. in each 20 s. c. of l., s. c. in next s. c., turn, s. c. in first s. c., * ch. 3, s. c. in same s. c., s. c. in each of the next 3 s. c., repeat, s. c. in last s. c., s. c. on each of 3 s. c. of center loop, ch. 3, s. c. in same st., s. c. in each of the next 4 s. c., repeat.

MRS. H. L. MILLER.

A Handy Thimble Case

The pattern for this convenient little case is shown here. Use pasteboard for a foundation and cover with any suitable material. Velvet of some attractive color is the most desirable. If one is fortunate enough to have an embossed velvet it needs no ornamentation. Cover each part of the case neatly, turning the edges under, and then line with some contrasting shade of silk. Blind stitch it down on the turned-in edge, and then attach the toe to the sole and sew the two together over and over, and decorate with ribbon as shown in the illustration.



PATTERN FOR THIMBLE CASE.

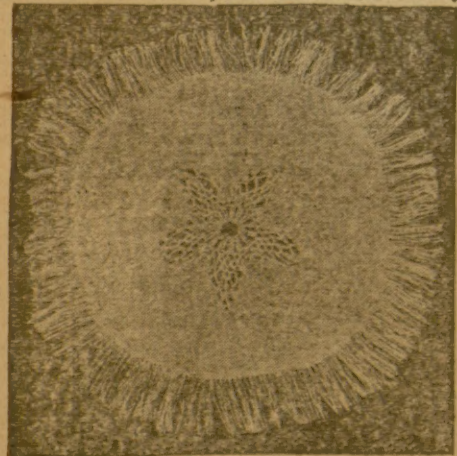
Circular Doily

What to give for Christmas is a most important question, of course the stores will do their level best to answer this question and soon their most tempting wares will be displayed, but the many women who have to make most of their own gifts may find the following suggestions helpful:

A very inexpensive, easily made and useful little gift which any housekeeper would be sure to have a use for, is the little doily here illustrated. To make this take a piece of sheer linen, use a plate, saucer, or any dish, either larger or smaller for your outline, placing it on the linen and marking around it distinctly, then stitch around this circle on the machine several times. This will give a firm edge, so that the threads can be finished out to it. For the center one can crochet any wheel or the little star shown here. Begin by making a chain of 12, join, turn.

1st round.—45 d. c. in the ch., join, turn.
2nd round.—Ch. 4, 1 tr. c. in same st., ch. 2, sl. 2, 1 tr. c. in next, repeat, making 15 in all, join, turn.
3rd round.—Ch. 3, sl. 2, repeat 30 times.

To make a small pineapple begin with four of the chains of three, and diminish, gradually



CIRCULAR DOILY.

making a point. Slip stitch down the sides, slip two of the chains of three, and begin on the next four of the chains of three, and make your second pineapple. Continue until you have

five. When finished baste in the center of the doily, cut out the linen, turn back the edges, and buttonhole all around. Then the edges of the wrong side can be trimmed down neatly. Put through a thin starch, and press on anything soft, mount on colored tissue, and you will have a very attractive offering, which is as cost little, excepting the time expended in making it.

Court-plaster Case

We illustrate a very dainty court-plaster case made of two hearts joined by a bow and bands



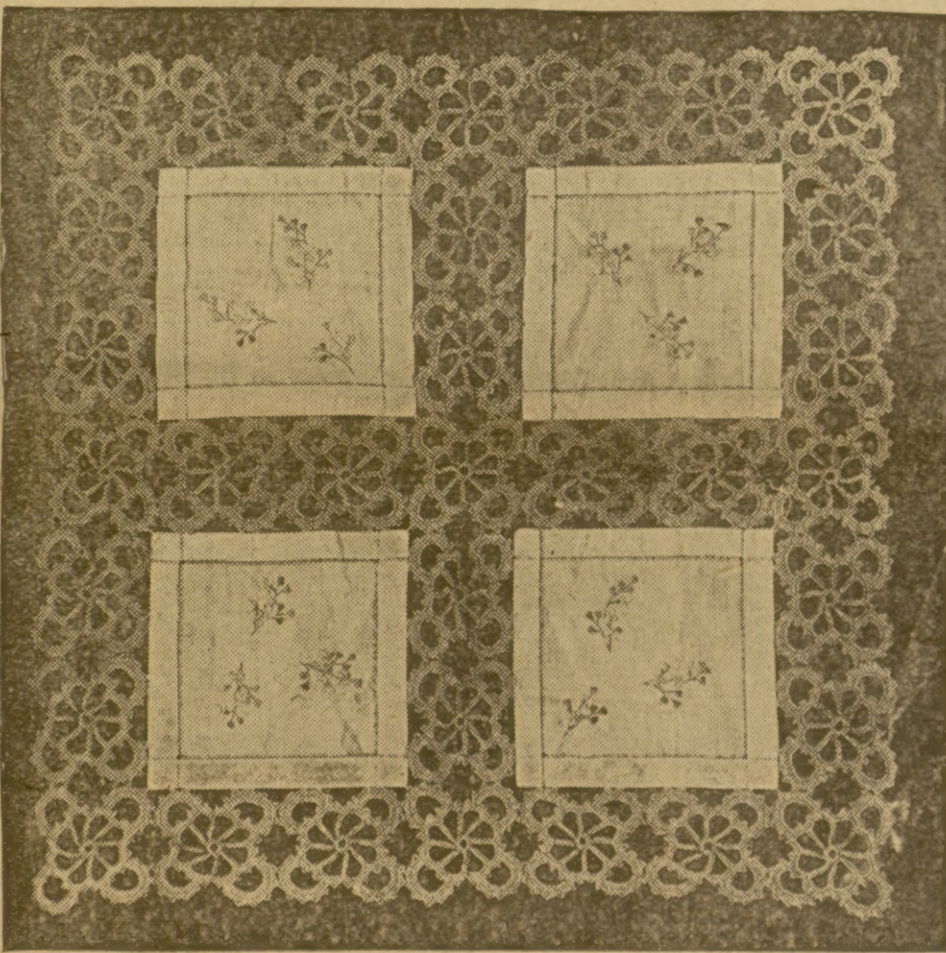
COURT-PLASTER CASE.

of ribbon. The hearts are covered with silk, the inside consists of pinked cloth crossed by ribbon bands, into which the court plaster cut from alternate black and white may be slipped. An embroidered initial decorates the cover. A ribbon is attached at the fastening by which it may be hung and always ready for an emergency.

Doily with Crocheted Edge

(See illustration on opposite page.)

The border of this doily is an entirely original design. For the flowers in each corner begin by crocheting over four strands of embroidery cotton, s. c.,—for one half inch, then coil and crochet around a second time over the cord, and into the first row, cut the cord, and sew in place on the wrong side. Petals are made by crocheting ch. 2, turn, make a d. c.



TIDY OR SOFA PILLOW COVER.

By Mrs. H. L. Miller.

in 6th st., ch. 2, 1 d. c. the 9th st., ch. 3, join to end of chain. Crochet around this oval with s. c. 3 times, only taking up half the previous stitch each time, occasionally putting two stitches in one place to make the desired fullness. Hook on the 4 strands of cotton, crochet over them and into each stitch of the petal; this makes the heavy edge. Five of these sewn to a center completes a flower. The three end petals of the small leaves are made like the flower petals only smaller, the eyelets are made by catching to the first chain with s. c. instead of doubles, the two lower petals are solid s. c., finished with a cord edge.

The open work leaves are formed by a chain of 14, turn, 1 s. c. on each st. to the end; ch. 4, 1 d. c. in 2nd st., ch. 2, 1 d. c. in 4th st., repeat entirely around the chain, this forms the framework of the leaf, be careful to make the doubles on one side exactly opposite the others or the regularity will be spoiled; finish each leaf with the cord edge crocheting over the cords and under the chains instead of working into the stitches as in the other work. Leave a couple of inches of cord attached to one petal in each leaf and crochet closely over this to make the stem to which the other petals are sewn. Baste your lawn or linen upon paper, baste your leaves upon the linen and buttonhole them to the cloth with very fine thread, the outer petals are held in place by a few herringbone stitches, when done cut the linen close to the buttonholing. The work only requires care, as only the commonest stitches are



BOOKMARK.

used, and many persons who are not up to date in the more intricate fancy work can still make handsome articles with the crochet work.

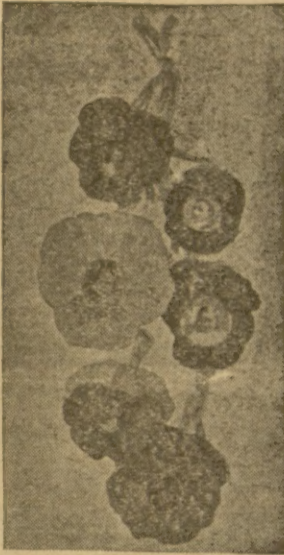
EMMA GARIBALDI.

Cardboard Bookmarks

As everything which is old fashioned is again in vogue cardboard bookmarks, such as our grandmothers used to make, are attractive little gifts. Any design can be cut from cardboard, and then mounted on ribbon or black velvet. The cross, as illustrated, makes an especially appropriate Bible bookmark, and was made and submitted by one of our subscribers, Mrs. Anna Vogel.

A Bunch of Pansies

Attractive little frames for stamp photographs may be made from colored pictures of



BUNCH OF PANSIES.

flowers such as are found in seed catalogues. Nowadays one has a large variety from which the selection can be made. This one is made from pansies, but roses or other flowers may be used. Cut out the flower, then make an opening in the center, according to the size of the photograph, and with gilding, paint a narrow strip around it, placing it with paste. To make it firmer cut out a heavy white paper the same shape of the flowers and paste on the back for a neat finish. Six or seven flowers suspended on different lengths of narrow ribbon will make an attractive little article and costs only the time for making and the ribbon which need

Get a stout branch of some tree, wrap the limbs with something of a green color and then tie on the balls.

A Home-made Folio

This article is most useful for holding letters, stationery, pens, pencils, etc., and is intended especially for the use of travelers, as it can be closed up, and put in a trunk or suit case, and also easily disposed of, when not in use, by closing and hanging up like a wall pocket. To make one like the illustration, it requires a half sheet of white cardboard, and a small piece of green cardboard, three-eighths of a yard of red calico and a small piece of white cord. Cut the cardboard half in two, and put a pocket of the calico on one half of the cardboard for the paper and envelopes, make the pocket by taking a straight piece of the calico shirring top and bottom. Have the bottom part long enough to form the back, to fasten the other side to. On the other half of the cardboard, put pockets for letters, pen and pencil. To make the pockets for the letters, cut pieces of calico large enough to hold letters, hem the calico, cut the hearts out of the green cardboard, and paste on the calico, baste a fold on each side of the pocket, fastening it securely at the bottom, then paste them to the center of the cardboard one above the other, then take out the basting threads from the folds at the sides, leaving only the bottom part folded, which forms the pocket for the letters. To make the pockets for pen and pencil take oblong pieces of calico, double them, and sew them to the sides of the cardboard, now bind them together at the back, form loops of the white cord, and sew on each side, sew the cord on the middle of the back, this is to fasten the folds with when closed. This design may be made up in any kind of material desired, and may be made very ornamental.

A. R. McDANIEL.

Kid Pen-wiper

The scalloped top of these little pen-wipers were cut from the gauntlet of a discarded kid glove, cleaned for this purpose by washing it in gasoline or benzine. The design in the center being cut out of a piece of kid a shade darker. The black circles in the ends of the cross were of black kid and glued into position. Stars were worked on each black circle. The points in braid stitching together with the inclosed stars were worked before the cross was gummed to the scalloped foundation. Round pieces of flannel were used for the inside of the pen-wiper and where these were stitched together through the center a circle of kid was gummed to cover the stitches.

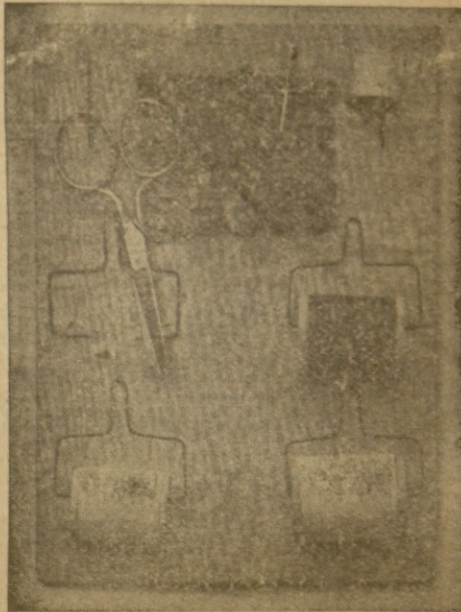


PEN-WIPER.

Handy Sewing Rack

This was awarded the Fourth Prize in our last Prize Competition.

Take a piece of cardboard five and one half by seven and one half inches, now take a piece of cloth about one half inch larger all around than the cardboard and sew two leaves of flannel about two and one half inches square for needles about one and one half inch from end



SEWING RACK.

of cloth, then put cloth on cardboard and fasten on back by stitching from one end to the other then from one side to the other, now take four straight hairpins and bend like illustration, and sew on through the card, then cut one hairpin in two in middle and bend in a double hook, make two holes through card and run one end of hook through and bend close to card, the back is then covered with the same cloth as the front, now take a piece of cardboard one inch wide and three and one half inches long and cover with the same, fasten to the back as a foot to stand on the work table. This will hold four spools of thread, two thimbles, and a small pair of scissors may be hung on the thimble hooks. This is very attractive made of silk or velvet, but any kind of cloth can be used that one has, and it is convenient to have every thing at hand. MRS. F. A. RUNYAN.

An Ornamental Vase

A little vase which makes a dainty ornament for any mantle may also be fashioned of pasteboard of a medium quality, not so stiff that it will break, but bend. The vase proper, as illustrated, is seven inches high, five and one half inches across the top, and graduated down to one and three fourths inches in width, one inch from the bottom, which is six and one half inches wide. Cut two pieces like this and scallop or leave the top plain, as desired. Then cut the ornamental scallops for the sides as illustrated. Place these between the two pieces which form the vase, then with a large needle and strong thread sew firmly over and over, down each side and across the bottom, fastening each end securely. Now decorate the vase with tin foil. This completely covers the stitches. Ornament the center of the front with a conventional rose and green leaves cut from stiff paper, and glued in place.



ORNAMENTAL VASE.

A Branch of Snow-balls

Take cows' horns and boil them in brook water with plenty of wood ashes; when soft take out and scrape off the soiled part, then with a piece of glass scrape the horn all around and see what nice white shavings you will have. Now take a little piece of muslin, roll into a ball and sew these shavings all around.



Points to Remember

- Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.
- Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.
- Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.
- Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.
- Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.
- As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be dealt the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.
- Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.
- Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.
- Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.
- All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.
- Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."
- Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Homeward Thoughts at Christmastide

Flowers on the green, green hillside
Golden wine in the air,
Deep in the shady canyons,
Sweetfern and maidenhair,
From blue peaks dim and distant,
The pearly cloudlets shift!
Out on the emerald waters,
The white winged shallops drift.

High in the liquid azure,
A gay bird floats and sings,
Would that my soul could follow,
Would that I too had wings!
Never was land so lonely,
Never was brighter day—
But O, for an oldtime Christmas
In the home far, far away.

Here we have summer always,
Smiling and crowned with flowers,
Queen of the radiant south land,
Gemma with its priceless bowers,
Fair as the garden of Eden
This bright spot is I know—
But O, for the happy fireside,
And the friends of long ago.

Out of the bloom and sunshine
Ever the same refrain,
Steals through the aisles of memory
Filling my soul with pain.
Fair are the grassy hillside,
Fairer the wave-girt shore,
But O, for a cold white Christmas,
And the days that are no more.

I wonder if all the sisters feel so. Were the old days the best? So they seem to me. I am not young any longer and also a partial invalid, much of my time is spent in reading and writing, but my sight is so dim I can only read the sisters' dear letters on bright days.

I truly enjoy them, and am hoping my feeble attempt may find a place among the many fine and helpful letters.

Wishing all an oldtime Merry, Merry Christmas, I remain, a COMFORT sister.

MISS L. M. BEST, Delphos, Ohio.

DEAR SISTERS:

As I have never seen any letter from this state, I felt it my duty to represent Maryland by some kind of a letter.

COMFORT is a very interesting paper and I do not believe there is a person who enjoys it, and especially the letters, more than I do.

I am a partial invalid, at times a great sufferer, and then again have the strength and the privilege of enjoying an outing of half a day.

This fall I took a very pleasant trip of twenty-five miles through a beautiful valley across the country to a mountain resort called Braddock Heights. There we had a fine view of four different states, viz., Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and West Virginia.

I surely have no right to complain, for there are many who can not stand even such a trip. So, dear friends, if we all who are afflicted, only think what comfort we have sometimes, one way or the other, and above all, the comfort of God's holy word, and if we are only fully resigned to His will, we will see that "all is well." For "His will" is "well done." Here is a little lesson for us all:

- Just to be tender, just to be true;
 - Just to be glad, the whole day through;
 - Just to be merciful, just to be mild;
 - Just to be gentle and kind and sweet;
 - Just to be helpful with willing feet;
 - Just to be cheery when things go wrong;
 - Just to drive sadness away with a song.
- Whether the hour is dark or bright;
Just to be loyal to God and right.
Just to believe that God knows best;
Just in His promise ever to rest;
Just to let love be our daily key;
This is God's will, for you and me.

These COMFORT letters I enjoy, especially in the winter as I do not dare venture out in cold weather, and living in town seems confining, when one has always been used to country life.

I was born and raised in the country about ten miles north of where I now live, and only one fourth mile from Mason and Dixon line, the division line between Maryland and Pennsylvania.

Although living in town almost five years ought to be long enough to accustom one to town life, still I often think how pleasant it used to be when my husband and I could work together, when he would say get your sewing and come along out to the field, and then we will be company for each other, as we can see each other at work. But now when he leaves he goes to the other end of the town and he cannot even come home to his dinner; it makes the day long,

but thank God for our happy evenings, and pray, dear sisters, that we may have the privilege of enjoying each other for many years to come.

I should not murmur for my husband is good and kind and is never away from home only to go to work. Even when I tell him to go he does not want to unless I can go, too. That has always been the way, and we have had the blessed privilege of being together almost twelve years. He is sixteen years my senior, but that does not interfere with our love for each other. Through all my afflictions he has been as a kind and loving mother to me. I have none and neither has he.

It is twenty-two long years since my mother was taken from us, and then the call came suddenly without any warning. At that time I was only sixteen, and was out in the woods a mile from the house gathering berries. On coming home it was a never-to-be-forgotten shock to find dear mother dead and gone. My sister was at home and mother had spoken to her only fifteen minutes before she had the misfortune to find her lying dead on the dining-room floor. The doctor gave the cause as heart trouble. We never ceased to miss her, yet felt assured that she was at peace with her maker.

"Watch ye therefore, for ye know not when the Son of Man cometh."

My husband's mother died when he was a very small child; and both our fathers about fifteen years ago.

So you see we feel nearer to each other as neither of us have parents. Still we are not alone for God is Father of all, and if we live in faith, and obey and trust Him, He will never forsake us.

Now a word about this part of the country. Everything grows well, and as a general thing we have fine crops of nearly all kinds of fruits and vegetables, but this year the fruit was not very plentiful. I did not see one ripe cherry. The scarcity was due to the warm weather we had here in March, which caused the trees to blossom, and afterwards the cold weather in April ruined them. We did not have a very hot summer either, only a few real warm days.

We only had two small lots, but I want to tell you what we raised.

In all we had about forty quarts hulled peas, ten bushels of potatoes, a nice lot of cucumbers and beets, very fine head lettuce, lots of beans and corn, lima beans nearly every day for one meal, sweet potatoes in plenty, also about three hundred or more nice celery stalks, turnips, tomatoes, and nice cantaloupes.



DOILY WITH CROCHETED EDGE.

By Emma Garabaldi.

I am very proud of our flower bed, having geraniums, begonias, phlox, asters, verbenas, zinnias, stock, roses, etc., also a hydrangea which was loaded with blossoms. Of course we had different kinds of spring flowers, too.

We have no live stock, but one little pet dog, and some pigeons, which my husband got for me for broilers.

Now, dear friends, I do wish you would all give me a letter party Christmas or the 4th of January. If only a few lines by letter or postal I shall enjoy hearing from you, but don't expect me to answer all personally; it makes me very nervous to write. I am so weak.

I hope that I have not tired you with my long letter, or assumed too much upon the time of our editor.

Mrs. LEAH HORST, Spruce St., Hagerstown, Md.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

I am sending to our COMFORT, copies of the two songs that so many have written for. I have answered all that I possibly could and still the letters come. I have been very sick and today is the first day I have been able to write.

Do you ever think of beautifying your homes by mounting some of the beautiful pictures found in magazines? I buy the gray, green, black and red mats at a picture store. Oftentimes one can buy remnants that cost next to nothing. A large sheet only costs forty cents. Then when you have a madonna or something extra fine paste it on a good sized mat and leave a border of several inches. Don't make the mistake of mounting everything you come across. A golf or lawn tennis girl on a red mat makes a very striking poster. Don't forget this hint when making your Christmas presents.

Sisters who have pyrography outfits, try using gasoline in both bottles. It burns much better than alcohol or benzine and is cheaper. One half pint does a good deal of burning. Be careful when filling bottles and keep away from a fire.

My little daughter's hammock is stretched above my writing desk and makes a fine holder for my souvenir postals. It reaches from the desk to the picture moulding.

All who have requested "Topsy Turvy" and the hymns, please preserve them if published. To all who sent for "American Boy" I hope you found it to be all right as it is a very beautiful two-step.

How many noticed the music given as premiums in the August issue? Every selection is fine. I am sending a peach mango recipe that I lately came across.

CARLYLE HAVERLY, Box 30, Alpine, R. D., 14, Ind.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Though a new subscriber to COMFORT, I venture to address you, and send you directions for

a pair of knitted bedshoes, they are very simple to make. I am making a pair now for my mission box. I like COMFORT very much and contribute what I can for the enjoyment of the other sisters.

My husband and I, with the pet dog and cat, constitute our family. I have a nice little garden in the summer; the flowers are a delight to all my neighbors, and I should love to hand you a large bouquet.

The following directions for a bedshoe may be of interest.

Serviceable Knitted Bedshoes

Three skeins Zephyr Germantown, one pair medium bone knitting needles.

Cast on forty stitches, for top of the leg. Work in ribbing, two stitches plain and two stitches purl for twenty rows. At end of twentieth row cast on fourteen stitches.

21st row.—Knit plain fifty-four stitches, cast on fourteen stitches at end of row. Now sixty-eight stitches in all. Work in all plain knitting, increasing one stitch at end of each row for ten rows. Work two rows without any increase. Then work ten rows plain, taking up two stitches together at the end of each row, bind and cast off. Sew up the ribbing for the front of the leg. Join the fourteen cast on stitches for the instep, sew around the toe and fold cast off stitches, side by side and sew them together to form bottom of the sole. These have rather an odd appearance when completed, but fit the foot nicely, try a pair and see for yourself. Zephyr Germantown is the best material to use.

If any of the sisters wish to write me, I will be glad to hear from anyone at any time.

Mrs. J. B. LANE, 810 Richmond St., Plainfield, New Jersey.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

- If a little love of ours,
- Can make one life the sweeter;
- If a little care of ours,
- Can make one step the feeter;
- If a little help may ease
- The burden of another;
- God give us love and care and strength
- To help along another.

Don't you think it a sweet verse, sisters? I wonder how many of us could help along another if they only would stop and think? I try to do what I can, I hope it does help a little.

If any of the sisters would like some marigold seed, I will send them some if they will send

44th round.—1 s. c. in every st. Repeat until end of 49th round.

50th round.—Narrow by slipping 1 st.

52nd round.—S. c. in every st.

53rd round.—N. 1, 51 s. c.

54th and 55th round.—1 s. c. in every st.

56th round.—N. 1, 50 s. c.

57th round.—1 s. c. in every st. Repeat this round to the 70th.

71st round.—N. 1, 10 s. c., n. 1, 13 s. c., n. 1, 13 s. c.

72nd round.—N. 1, 10 s. c., n. 1, 11 s. c.

73rd round.—N. 1, 9 s. c., n. 1, 10 s. c., n. 1, 9 s. c., n. 1, 10 s. c.

74th round.—N. 1, 8 s. c., n. 1, 9 s. c., n. 1, 8 s. c., n. 1, 9 s. c.

75th round.—Narrow each alternate to end of round, repeat this last to end of mitten, and fasten the thread, for the thumb.

1st round.—22 s. c., repeat until the 18th round, then narrow every alternate stitch in three successive rounds, and fasten the thread, finish at wrist with a single row of shells.

Mrs. ADA BESAW, Mossleigh, Prov. Alberta, Canada.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I can no longer resist the temptation of saying a few words and thanking the sisters who have been so kind to me. I was looking over the many letters, which I had received, and found a few that I had not answered, but really I could not answer all, I received so many. That shows that our COMFORT goes into homes all over the Union, for letters came from Oregon, New York, Kansas, Mass., Ga., and many other states.

Mrs. A. Hunt. Please write me again as I do not know whether you are still at the same address. I certainly enjoyed your letters. I have been away from home going to a Business College six months. I studied storthand and book-keeping and after school took a position so I lost the addresses of some of my COMFORT correspondents.

I am very fond of music, and am anxious to take lessons. There are seven of us in a family, five of whom can play some kind of a musical instrument. I had a sister who was quite a violinist and my two brothers can also play very well. We have a guitar, autoharp, harp-sichord, mandolin, violin, organ and a phonograph.

Now just a word about beautiful Lake Charles, which is about twenty miles from here, and has a population of 15,000. This little metropolis derives its name from the beautiful lake which it borders. The streets are paved and well lighted, and beautiful driveways wind around the lake to a place they call Shell Beach. Here there is a pleasure pier built out into the lake where, in the different seasons, dancing, bathing, and skating are enjoyed.

We are expecting to move to the city of Lake Charles soon, and then I will write you all full particulars of this charming little place.

MISS LA DOERSCHER, Woodlawn, Ga.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I want to thank all the friends who have written to me or sent cards, and especially those who did not give any address. I answered all letters inclosing a stamp and many besides. Many requested me to write to COMFORT, so dear friends, though it is utterly impossible to touch on all of the subjects suggested, many of which I am absolutely ignorant of, I will do the best I can.

I am very sorry some of you misconstrued my letter into a declaration of atheism. I am a Methodist; most of you know whether or not that church is given to "celebrating black mass." Gertrude. Life without love is like a world without sunshine. I heard a minister say only a few days ago, preaching on the subject of love, human and divine, "If every heart on earth were closed against us, we would die," and marriage without love is surely worse than death. This is a subject on which I have written and studied much. Some of the letters I have received are enough to make one believe marriage an utter failure, but we find that in nearly every case the unhappy marriage is a loveless one.

I wonder how many of you know the ten laws of health as given by Doctor Black.

Breathe pure air.

Take wholesome food and drink.

Take adequate exercise.

Use adequate and unconstraining covering for the body.

Be chaste.

Live where the climate is adapted to your physical needs.

Avoid confining and dangerous occupations.

Regard personal cleanliness.

Keep the mind tranquil.

Avoid marriage with a blood relation.

Common Jimson stewed in tallow is one of the best of remedies for all kinds of sores, especially on children. Sulphur is excellent for sore mouth and throat.

I have one suggestion to make. Don't you think it would be better if all of our letters bore the date of writing? It would only take up a very little space. I will call again and tell you something about the care of a sick room.

Mrs. MAY A. PAXTON, Stuarts Draft, Va.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

I come from North Dakota to tell you how much I enjoy this paper. We are living on a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres, thirty-five miles out from Bismarck. Just think of getting one hundred and sixty acres of good land for living on it and improving it.

This is a fine country and quite thickly settled, but sometimes I feel rather homesick, and how I do long to see a big tree, one that has just grown up naturally, for I came from the good old state of Pennsylvania, and we lived in the country near the woods.

I am glad to know that so many of you love the country. I think it is the best and happiest place in which to live. I often think if many of those who have enough and plenty to throw away foolishly, would stop and think of the good they could do, how much suffering would be relieved. When I read the touching appeals from the many patient sufferers my heart goes out to them, and I only wish that I were able to do something to really help and benefit them. But all I can say, dear shut-ins, is God bless you. He is able and willing to keep you if you put your trust in him.

Now I will close by sending a tested remedy for burns and sores. Bathe the affected part daily with warm water, then take a dry blood puff and powder the brown looking powder on the sore or burn. Wet a piece of tissue paper large enough to cover it, and bandage. Do this daily until healed.

A good cure for cough and tickling in the throat is made as follows:

One cup of good vinegar, one cup of sugar, one half cup water, one half teaspoonful each of ground cloves, allspice, cinnamon and ginger. Steep all together to a syrup. Take quite frequently. It can be weakened for children.

Mrs. W. C. BROWN, Sibleybutte, N. Dak.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am a bride of eight months. I weigh one hundred pounds, five feet four and one half inches tall, complexion medium fair, brown hair and eyes. I was seventeen last July.

Through COMFORT I have gained many dear friends.

Dear Tena. I regret I offended you; it was entirely unintentional.

Lily of Washington. Your letters are good, why don't you write one to this corner?

How many of you can, what is familiarly known, as pieplant? I do and think it fine.

First wash and cut into strips about three inches long and place in an earthen dish, pour over boiling water enough to cover well, place a plate over the dish, let stand three or four minutes, or until it begins to get white, then drain the water off, pack in jars, fill up with boiling water and seal. Turn the jars bottom up, over night, to make sure they are air tight.

Put up the pieplant without peeling, as it

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13)

The Heiress of Beechwood

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

Judge Howell receives a letter asking him to adopt a little girl nearly two months old. Taking another letter he reads why his son is in New Hampshire. Hetty Kirby, a poor relation, is taken into Judge Howell's family. His wife, on her death-bed, commits the young girl to her husband's care. The memory of his wife and daughter softens his heart until he learns there is no music so sweet to Richard as Hetty's voice. The Judge turns her from the door and threatens to disinherit his son. Richard writes Hetty is dead. His father can curse him. He buries his heart in her grave. The Judge hears the cry of a child and opening the door finds a basket with a baby in it. The dog carries the basket into the house. The Judge calls Rachel, the colored woman of all work, to take the child to her house. Richard returns. His father tells of the baby. He will keep it, of course. The father accuses Richard of most unaccountable tastes. "Hetty is dead, but if she had lived he would have called no other woman his wife." In the morning Richard goes to Rachel's house and takes the baby in his arms.

CHAPTER II.

JUDGE HOWELL'S CURSE.

LITTLE Milly lay in the willow basket, where Richard Howell had placed her when he brought her in from the cabin. Between himself and father there had been a spirited controversy as to what should be done with her, the one insisting that she should be sent to the poorhouse, and the other that she should stay at Beechwood. The discussion lasted long, and they were still lingering at the breakfast-table, when Rachel came in, her appearance indicating that she was the bearer of some important message.

"If you please," she began, addressing herself to the Judge, "I've just been down to the Cold Spring after a bucket of water, for I feel mighty like a cup of strong hyson this mornin', bein' as I was so broke of my rest, and the pump won't make such a cup as Cold Spring."

"Never mind the pump, but come to the point at once," interposed the Judge, glancing toward the basket with a presentiment that what she had to tell concerned the little Milly.

"Yes, that's what I'm coming to, if I ever get thar. You see I ain't an atom gossipy, but bein' that the Thompson door was wide open, and looked invitin' like, I thought I'd go in a minit, and after fillin' my bucket with water—though come to think on't, I ain't sure I had filled it—had I? Let me see—I believe I had, though I ain't sure—"

Rachel was extremely conscientious, and no amount of coaxing could have tempted her to go on until she had satisfied herself as to whether the bucket was filled or not. This the Judge knew, and he waited patiently until she decided "the bucket was filled, or, or else it *wasn't*, one or t'other," any way she left it on the grass, she said, and went into Thompson's, where she found Aunt Hepsy "choppin' cabbage and snappin' at the boy with the twisted feet, who was catchin' flies on the winder."

"I didn't go in to tell 'em anything in particular, but when Miss Hawkins, in the bedroom, give a kind of lonesome *sithe*, which I knew was for dead Bessy, I thought I'd speak of our baby that come last night in the basket; as I told 'em how't you wanted to send it to the poorhouse, but I wouldn't let you, and was goin' to nuss it and fotch it up as my own, and then Miss Hawkins looked up kinder sorry-like, and says, 'Rather than suffer that, I'll take it in place of my lit'le Bessy.'"

"You or't to of seen Aunt Hepsy then—but I didn't stay to hear her blow. I clipped it home as fast as ever I could, and left my bucket settin' by the spring."

"So you'll have no difficulty in ascertaining whether you filled it or not," slyly suggested Richard. Then, turning to his father, he continued, "It strikes me favorably, this lettin' Hannah Hawkins take the child, inasmuch as you are so prejudiced against it. She will be kind to it, I'm sure, and I shall go down to see her at once."

There was something so cool and determined in Richard's manner, that the Judge gave up the contest without another word, and silently watched his son as he hurried along the beaten path which led to the Cold Spring.

Down the hill, and where the gable roof was just discernible from the windows of the Beechwood mansion, stood the low brown house, which for many years, had been tenanted by Hezekiah Thompson, and which after his decease, was still occupied by Hepsabah, his wife. Only one child had been given to Hepsabah—a gentle, blue-eyed daughter, who after six years of happy widowhood, returned to her mother—a widow, with two little fatherless children—one a lame, unfortunate boy, and the other a beautiful little girl. Toward the boy with the twisted feet, Aunt Hepsy, as she was called, looked averse, while all the kinder feelings of her nature seemed called into being by the sweet winning ways of the baby Bessy; but when one bright September day they laid the little one away beneath the autumnal grass, and came back to their home without her, she steeled her heart against the entire world, and the wretched Hannah wept on her lonely pillow, uncheered by a single word of comfort, save those her little Oliver breathed into her ear.

Just one week Bessy had lain beneath the maples when Rachel bore to the cottage news of the strange child left at the master's door, and instantly Hannah's heart yearned toward the helpless infant, which she offered to take for her own. At first her mother opposed the plan, but when she saw how determined Hannah was, she gave it up, and in a most unamiable frame of mind was cleaning her breakfast dishes away, when Richard Howell appeared, asking to see Mrs. Hawkins. Although a few years older than himself, Hannah Thompson had been one of Richard's earliest playmates and warmest friends. He knew her disposition well, and knew she could be trusted; and when she promised to love the little waif, whose very helplessness had interested him in its behalf, he felt sure that she would keep her word.

Half an hour later and Milly lay sleeping in Bessy's cradle, as calmly as if she were not the subject of the most wonderful surmises and ridiculous conjectures. On the wings of the wind the story flew that a baby had been left on Judge Howell's steps—that the Judge had sworn it should be sent to the

poorhouse; while the son, who came home at twelve o'clock at night, covered with mud and wet to the skin, had evinced far more interest in the stranger than was at all commendable for a boy scarcely out of his teens.

"But there was no tellin' what young bucks would do, or old ones either, for that matter!" so at least said Widow Simms, the Judge's bugbear, as she donned her shaker and palm-leaf shawl, and hurried across the fields in the direction of Beechwood, feeling greatly relieved to find that the object of her search was farther down the hill, for she stood somewhat in awe of the Judge, and his proud son. But once in Hannah Hawkins' bedroom, with her shaker on the floor and the baby on her lap, her tongue was loosened, and scarcely a person in the town who could by any possible means have been at all connected with the affair, escaped a malicious cut. The infant was then minutely examined, and pronounced the very image of the Judge, or of Captain Harrington, or of Deacon Snyder, she could not tell which.

"But I'm bound to find out," she said: "I shan't rest easy nights till I do."

Then suddenly remembering that a kindred spirit, Polly Dutton, who lived some distance away, had probably not yet heard the news, she fastened her palm-leaf shawl with her broken-headed darning-needle, and bade Mrs. Hawkins good morning just as a group of other visitors was announced.

All that day, and for many succeeding ones,

the physician said, and then to a warm, balmy climate. So when the spring came, he engaged a berth on board a vessel bound for the South Sea Islands, and after a pilgrimage to the obscure New Hampshire town where Hetty Kirby was buried, he came back to Beechwood one April night to bid his father good by.

It was a stormy farewell, for loud, angry words were heard issuing from the library, and Rachel, who played the part of eavesdropper, testified to hearing Richard say: "Listen to me, father, I have not told you all." To which the Judge responded, "I'll stop my ears before I'll hear another word. You've told me enough already, and, from this hour, you are no son of mine. Leave me at once, and my curse go with you."

With a face as white as marble, Richard answered, "I'll go, father, and it may be we shall never meet again; but, in the lonesome years to come, when you are old and sick, and there are none to love you, you'll remember what you've said to me tonight."

The Judge made no reply, and without another word Richard turned away. Hastening down the Cold Spring path, he entered the gable-roofed cottage, but what passed between himself and Hannah Hawkins no one knew, though all fancied it concerned the beautiful baby Milly, who had grown strangely into the love of the young man, and who now, as he took her from her crib, put her arms around his neck, and rubbed her face against his own.



"I LOVE YOU, AND IF I AIN'T YOUR SISTER, YOU'LL LOVE ME JUST THE SAME."

the cottage was crowded with curious people, who had come to see the sight, and all of whom offered an opinion as to the parentage of the child. For more than four weeks a bevy of old women, with Widow Simms and Polly Dutton at their head, sat upon the character of nearly every person they knew, and when at last the sitting was ended and the verdict rendered, it was found that none had passed the ordeal so wholly unscathed as Richard Howell. It was a little strange, they admitted, that he should go to Kiah Thompson's cottage three times a day; but then he had always been extremely fond of children, and it was but natural that he should take an interest in this one, particularly as his father had set his face so firmly against it, swearing heartily if its name was mentioned in his presence, and even threatening to prosecute the Widow Simms, if she ever again presumed to say that the brat resembled him or his.

With a look of proud disdain upon his handsome, boyish face, Richard, who on account of his delicate health had not returned to college, heard from time to time, what the gossiping villagers had to say of himself, and when at last it was told to him that he was exonerated from all blame, and that some had even predicted what the result would be, were his interest in the baby to continue until she were grown to womanhood, he burst into a merry laugh, the first which had escaped him since he came back to Beechwood.

"Stranger things than that have happened," Widow Simms declared, and she had many a whispered conference with Hannah Hawkins as to the future, when Milly would be the mistress of Beechwood, unless, indeed, an event which seemed not improbable, for as the autumn days wore on and the winter advanced, his failing strength became more and more perceptible, and the same old ladies, who once before had taken his case into consideration, now looked at him through medical eyes, and pronounced him just gone with consumption.

Nothing but a sea voyage would save him,

"Be kind to her, Hannah," he said. "There are none but ourselves to care for her now;" and laying her back in the cradle, he kissed her lips and hastened away, while Hannah looked wistfully after him, wondering much what the end would be.

CHAPTER III.

MILLY.

Nine times the April flowers had blossomed and decayed; nine times the summer fruits had ripened and the golden harvest been gathered in; nine years of change had come and gone, and up the wooded avenue which led to Judge Howell's residence, and also to the gable-roofed cottage, lower down the hill, two children, a boy and a girl, were slowly wending their way. The day was calm and bright, and the grass was as fresh and green as when the summer rains were falling upon it, while the birds were singing of their nests in their far off south land, whither ere long they would go. But not of the birds, nor the grass, nor the day was the little girl thinking, she did not even stop to steal a flower or a stem of box from the handsome grounds of the cross old man, who many a time had screamed to her from a distance, bidding her quit her childish depredations; neither did she pay the least attention to the old decrepit tiger, as he trotted slowly down to meet her, licking her bare feet and looking wistfully into her face as if he would ask the cause of her unwonted sadness.

"Come this way, Clubs," she said to her companion, as they reached a point where two paths diverged from the main road, one leading to the gable-roof, and the other to the brink of a rushing stream, which was sometimes dignified with the name of river. "Come down to our playhouse, where we can be alone, while I tell you something dreadful."

Clubs, as he was called, from his twisted feet, obeyed, and, in a few moments, they sat upon a mossy bank beneath the sycamore,

where a humble playhouse had been built—a playhouse seldom enjoyed, for the life of that little girl was not a free and easy one.

"Now, Milly, let's have it;" and the boy Clubs looked inquiringly at her.

Bursting into tears she laid her face in his lap and sobbed.

"Tell me true—true as you live and breathe—aint I your sister Milly, and if I ain't, who am I? Aint I anybody? Did I rain down, as Maria Stevens said I did?"

A troubled, perplexed expression flitted over the pale face of the boy, who awkwardly smoothing the brown head resting on his patched pantaloons, answered:

"Who told you that story, Milly; I hoped it would be long before you heard it."

"Then 'tis true—'tis true; and that's why grandma scolds me so, and gives me such skinnin' pieces of cake, and not half as much bread and milk as I can eat. Oh, dear, oh, dear—aint there anybody nowhere that owns me? Aint I anybody's little girl?" and the poor child sobbed passionately.

It had come to her that day, for the first time, that she was not Milly Hawkins, as she had supposed herself to be, and coupled with the tale was a taunt concerning her unknown parentage. But Milly was too young to understand the hint; she only comprehended that she was nobody—that the baby Bessie she had seen so often in her dreams was not her sister—that the gentle, loving woman, who had died of consumption two years before, was nothing but her nurse—and worse than all the rest the meek, patient, self-denying Oliver, or Clubs, was not her brother. It was a cruel thing to tell her this, and Maria Stevens would never have done it, save in a burst of passion. But the deed was done, and like a leaden weight, Milly's heart had lain in her bosom that dreary afternoon, which, it seemed to her would never end. Anxiously she watched the sunshine creeping along the floor, and when it reached the four o'clock mark, and her class, which was the last, was called upon to spell, she drew a long sigh of relief, and taking her place, mechanically toed the mark, a ceremony then never omitted in a New England school.

But alas for Milly; her evil genius was in the ascendant, for the first word which came to her was missed, as was the next, and the next, until she was ordered back to her seat, there to remain until her lesson was learned. Wearily she lay her throbbing head upon the desk, while the tears dropped fast upon the lettered page.

"Grandma will scold so hard and make me sit up so late tonight," she thought, and then she wondered if Clubs would go home without her, and thus prevent her from asking him what she so much wished to know.

But Clubs never willingly deserted the little maiden, and when at last her lesson was learned and she at liberty to go, she found him by the roadside piling up sand with his twisted feet, and humming a mournful tune, which he always sang when Milly was in disgrace.

"It was kind in you to wait," she said, taking his offered hand. "You are real good to me," then, as she remembered that she was nothing to him, her lip began to quiver, and the great tears rolled down her cheeks a second time.

"Don't, Milly," said the boy, soothingly. "I'll help you if she scolds too hard."

Milly made no reply, but suffered him to think it was his grandmother's wrath she dreaded until seated on the mossy bank, when she told him what she had heard, and appealed to him to know if it were true.

"Yes, Milly," he said, at length, "'tis true! You ain't my sister! You ain't any relation to me! Nine years ago this month, you were left in a basket on Judge Howell's step, and they say the Judge was going to kick you into the street, but Tiger, who was young then, took the basket in his mouth and brought it into the hall."

Involuntarily Milly wound her arms around the neck of the old dog, who lashed the ground with his tail, and licked her hand as if he knew what it were all about.

Clubs had never heard that she was taken to Rachel's cabin, so he told her next of the handsome, dark-eyed Richard, and without knowing why, Milly's pulses quickened as she heard of the young man who befriended her and carried her himself to the gable-roof.

"I was five years old then," Oliver said. "And I just remember his bringing you in, with your great long dress hanging most to the floor. He must have liked you, for he used to come every day to see you till he went away!"

"Went where, Clubs? Went where?" and Milly started up, the wild thought flashing upon her that she would follow him even to the ends of the earth, for if he had befriended her once he would again, and her desolate heart warmed toward the unknown Richard, with a strange feeling of love. "Say, Clubs, where is he now?" she continued, as Oliver hesitated to answer. "He is not dead—you shan't tell me that!"

"Not dead that I ever heard," returned Oliver: "though nobody knows where he is. He went to the South Sea Islands, and then to India. Mother wrote to him once, but he never answered her!"

"I guess he's dead then," said Milly, and her tears flowed fast to the memory of Richard Howell, far off on the plains of Bengal.

Ere long, however, her thoughts took another channel, and turning to Oliver she said:

"Didn't mother know who I was?"

Oliver shook his head and answered, "If she did she never told, though the night she broke that blood-vessel and died so suddenly, she tried to say something about you, for she kept gasping 'Milly is—Milly is—' and when she couldn't tell, she pointed toward Beechwood."

"Clubs!" and Milly's eyes grew black as midnight, as she looked into the boy's face, "Clubs, Judge Howell is my father! for don't you mind once that the widow Simms said I looked like the picture of his beautiful daughter, which hangs in the great parlor. I mean to go up there some day, and ask him if he ain't."

"Oh, I wouldn't! I wouldn't!" exclaimed Oliver, utterly confounded at the idea of Milly's facing the crusty, ill-natured Judge, and asking if he were not her father. "He'd pound you with his gold-headed cane. He hates you!" and Oliver's voice sunk to a whisper. "He hates you because they do say you look like him, and act like him, too, when you are mad."

This last remark carried Milly's thoughts backward a little, and for several moments she

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

A SPECKLED BIRD

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Egbert Maurice, a Confederate general, dies, leaving a wife and daughter, Marcia, and upon her the mother centers all her love and devotion. At seventeen, Marcia meets Allison Kent, a lover of forty, handsome, debonaire and witty. There is a clandestine marriage. Mrs. Maurice goes to her child's room to kiss her good night, and finds a farewell letter praying for forgiveness. The mother returns the letter and across it she writes: "My only hope is that God will take me out of the world before I see the face of the child who has disgraced the memory of her father and the name of her mother."

Mrs. Maurice is called from Europe by the death of her over-zealous, Robert Mitchell, whose wife, Eliza, is sheltered by Mrs. Maurice. Loving Marcia, Eliza intercedes with a letter. It is returned unopened. Dr. Eggleston and Bishop Vivian plead for Marcia. The latter gives Mrs. Maurice a letter. Marcia is dying, and he asks the mother to be merciful. Mrs. Maurice writes the word, "Come."

A boy, her dead first born, is laid in Eliza Mitchell's arms. Marcia Kent is brought home. Three days later she dies in her mother's arms, and whispers, "If my baby lives, keep her for my sake," and Eliza Kent is given to the care of the foster-mother, Eliza. At nine years of age she wants to know how old she must be before Eliza will tell her why her grandmother hates her father so.

Noel Herriott visits Mrs. Maurice and brings papers announcing Judge Kent's marriage to his stepmother, Mrs. Nina Herriott, and then Mrs. Maurice realizes that Eliza is Marcia's baby. She wants to comfort her. It is too late. Noel Herriott will be friendly with Eliza. She only wants her father.

Mrs. Maurice leaves instructions for Eliza's future care. Slowly disease weakens the proud woman. Eliza is awakened from a sound sleep by Eliza. She hears her grandmother call "Egbert," "Marcia." They enter the memorial chamber where Mrs. Maurice sits in the silence that death consecrates.

Eliza guards Eliza and believes that the soul created for her baby boy who never breathed is living in Eliza. Two years later Mrs. Kent is suddenly killed. From that time Eliza dates the undivided attention she craves from her father. "Father Temple, cousin to Judge Kent, invites Noel Herriott to Calvary House and inspects the seed he sows in the lovely home he gives. He inquires of Eliza and her religious tendencies. Noel advises him to let the child pick her own way to peace. From the day he first sees her he opens the empty temple of his heart."

The rector of St. Hyacinth is called away and Father Temple explains his presence. He is unconscious that Eliza witnesses a scene near the altar. Leighton Dane, a boy soloist, held spellbound by Father Temple's magnetic voice, asks if he may learn the words he speaks. He will set them to a chant. The boy passes two hyacinths to the Father, who reproaches him for touching sacred gifts. The boy admits he brings them. God can spare two. A sob and tears follow.

Eliza recognizes in a cash boy the soloist of St. Hyacinth's, and how pale he looks. His mother, Mrs. Nona Dane, has the glove counter at — Fourteenth St. Going out Eliza presses a folded bill in the boy's hand. Noel and Eliza drive to a department store. It is easy to discover the center of attraction. Eliza makes the desired purchase. It is part of the business to fit the gloves, but the woman's repellent bearing proclaims all intercourse is restricted to the business of the counter, and the wish to mention the character of St. Hyacinth's is extinguished. Noel learns Mrs. Dane's history. She drifts from the far West to Brooklyn and finds employment, from which she is dismissed on an unjust charge. She is an avowed socialist of the extreme type.

A note is left and the menace to Judge Kent's peace of mind is discovered. He requests Eliza not to grieve Eliza about his son. Eliza discovers the identity of Eliza Twigg. Noel Herriott offers to Eliza the unshared love of his life. She trusts and admires him but will marry no one. Her father can scarcely forgive the defeat of his pet scheme.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MARRIAGE WAS LEGAL.

"HERRIOTT, I owe you an apology for coming so late, but feel quite sure you will pardon a delay that was unavoidable. I have kept your dinner waiting half an hour."

"No matter, provided you bring an appetite that can defy overdone fish. I am glad it is only delay, and not total failure. Vernon, you look so spent, may I venture your reverence a tonic—club-labeled 'cocktail'? It is the best antidote I dare suggest for the slow method of suicide you have adopted."

"Thank you—no."

"Then come in to dinner."

"I wasted the whole afternoon trying to find a boy down on the East Side, but when at last I reached the house I was told he had moved from that neighborhood. He is a soloist at St. Hyacinth's, and I had promised him a booklet."

"Leighton Dane?"

"That he will sing no more at St. Hyacinth's. Henceforth his solos belong to choirs beyond the stars. The boy is slowly dying of consumption."

"When did you see him?"

"A few days ago. He is at No. 980—Street, Brooklyn. Your cousin Eliza asked me to keep an eye on him. Poor little lad! His battle with pain and loneliness is pathetic, and I rather think the end is not far off."

"Loneliness? Who takes care of him?"

"His mother is away all day at her work, but an old German and his wife living on the same floor of the tenement look after him as best they can."

"Could you deliver the book to him?"

"If you wish it; but why not make another effort to see him?"

"My hands are so full. In two days I must run down to Washington, and then back home, where I am needed. How luxurious your quarters are! Less like a bachelor's den than one would expect."

"Next week I give up these rooms, and when I chance to be in the city shall live at the club."

"Is not this decision rather sudden?"

"No. For some time I have contemplated another expedition to Arizona and Montana, in quest of prehistoric records needed for an anthropological paper that Professor De Wetzel asked me to contribute to the next volume of Reports."

"What date have you fixed?"

"About the middle of July, immediately after the visit to 'Greyledge,' which Senator Kent and Eliza have promised as soon as Congress adjourns. I am sorry you could not arrange to join the small 'house party,' and rest yourself by fishing in the Lake, instead of the turbid pools of humanity."

"What about Calvary House? We expect you there."

"That pleasure must be deferred; but I have thought a good deal about your need of more ground there, and believe I have found just what you want. Come into the library, it is cooler, and I have some drawings, that were packed by mistake with my luggage in the bustle of leaving the university."

From the pile of loose sheets he held up one, and, after a moment's survey, in which he turned it at various angles, he handed it to his guest.

Father Temple was leaning back in a cushioned armchair, and against the violet velvet background his pale, placid, scholarly face was sharply silhouetted. Listlessly raising the sketch aside, he looked at it. The profound repose that habitually rested on his countenance broke up swiftly, as a sleeping pool shivers when a stone is hurled into its motionless depths. His lips whitened, and he laid the paper as a screen over his eyes. Mr. Herriott crossed the floor to the door of the dining-room, and, loitering deliberately, ordered coffee. When he came back, followed by a servant bearing coffee and liquors,

the priest was standing at an open window, and in the clenched fingers of the hands clasped behind him the sketch quivered as though shaken by the wind.

"Close the door, Hawkins, and when I want you I will ring. Come, Vernon; I remember your fondness for coffee, and this is good and piping hot."

The thin figure in the girded cassock shook his head and leaned out of the window, staring up at the golden stars throbbing above the roar and din of the crowded street.

After some minutes, during which the host rattled cups and glasses, Father Temple walked up and down the room, then came back to the table. The despairing sorrow in his deep, soft eyes made Mr. Herriott rise instantly.

"Vernon, have I wounded you by my reminiscence of college days?"

Without a word, the arms of the priest were lifted to the man towering over him, and he laid his head on the shoulder of one who had never failed him.

"Temple, forgive me, dear old fellow, if I have broken rudely into some sacred, sealed chamber."

"You have done me a priceless kindness in restoring my picture, but with it comes the hour of humiliation I always knew must sooner or later overtake me. Noel, your good opinion is so precious to me I shrink from losing it. I have dreaded your condemnation next to that of my God. You always trusted and respected me, even in what you deemed foolish, monkish extremes, and yet—and yet—"

"Sit down, and pull yourself together. You have fasted and prayed your starved nerves into a fit of womanish hysteria. I am no father confessor for you, and if you are not the true, loyal man I have believed you all these years, then, while you are under my roof, I prefer not to find out that you are a hypocrite."

He pushed his friend back into the easy chair, and handed him a glass of chartreuse, but it was wasted.

"Noel, you must hear me. After the first bitterness I shall feel relieved that you know literally all I can tell, and then you will understand many things in my life. Today I am what I am, simply and solely in the hope of expiating the sin of my youth. Noel, the sin of my youth found me out early, and this life I lead is an attempted atonement. Do you begin to understand?"

Mr. Herriott held up the sketch, and, as he struck it sharply with his fingers, his face darkened.

"Whose portrait is this?"

"The woman—the young girl—whose life I blighted."

"Good God! Blighted! Is your villainy so black?"

"I am Father Temple, vowed to celibacy, and somewhere in the wide, cruel world a wife and child of mine may have gone down to perdition because I was a coward—a vile coward—too base for a brave man to recognize. I knew you would despise me, and I kept silent as long as I could. Do you wonder?"

Herriott stood over him like an avenging Viking.

"You betrayed a woman? Wife, or victim of—"

"Both. I married and I deserted her."

"The marriage was legal—no swindling sham?"

"Legal in form, though I was a minor and she a mere child."

"And you ensnared her deliberately, intending to—"

The priest sprang to his feet and his eyes flashed.

"I loved her, and married her secretly, and intended no wrong; but before I could publicly claim her—before I was of age and dared to face my father with the fact of my marriage—I lost her. She disappeared as completely as if the ocean rolled over her."

"Is this the unvarnished truth? There is nothing worse, nothing more heinous than what you have told me." Mr. Herriott breathed quickly, as his keen, cold eyes searched severely the man's face before him.

"I have told you the whole, bitter truth."

"Then I have not entirely lost my friend. Now sit down; begin at the beginning of this black business, and let me try to share your load of trouble. Don't hurry—be explicit. Keep back nothing. If you intended no wrong, there must and shall be found some way to right it."

"Too late! If you take a white flower and inhale its perfume, and then carelessly drop it where hurrying crowds are sure to trample it into the dust, what hope that, search as you may, you will ever find it, or, finding it, be able to restore the torn, soiled ruined petals? Wherever she is, no matter what she has become, what sin and shame stain and defile her, she is my wife. I swore before God I would take her for my wife, 'for better, for worse,' and though it is my fault—and mine only—that I did not publish the marriage, I have kept my vows, and am dedicated to lifelong celibacy. My boyish cowardice—what awful shipwreck it has made of two lives! You will not long. In the early summer of my nineteenth year I spent vacation in the far Northwest, at an advanced army station, Post —, where father was in command of his regiment. Hunting was fine but dangerous, as Indians on the frontier were ugly just then, and several tribes were painting for the warpath. One hot afternoon, tramping back to camp with my rifle on my shoulder, I went down a steep, wooded hill to drink at a spring, and as I parted the thick growth I saw a cow chewing her cud, while a bare-footed girl stooped and milked into a cedar pail. She sprang up, much alarmed, and stood against a glowing background of scarlet rhododendrons. Her calico bonnet had fallen off, her sleeves rolled up showed her white dimpled arms, and all over her head and shoulders the gold-colored hair was twisted into little curls and waves and tendrils that glittered like gilt wire. As she stared at me with large purplish-blue eyes, her bright red lips trembled, and—"

He paused, and wrung his thin white hands.

"I had seen handsome women, and many lovely girls, but never so exquisite a creature as this, and from that moment I lost reason, prudence, everything but conscience, and my heritage of honorable instincts. Nona Moorland was the daughter of a teamster attached to father's command; a brutal, rough man, whose second wife—a selfish, jealous virago—occupied a log-cabin just outside the Post parade grounds, and the girl was never allowed in sight of drill lines except when under convoy of the step-mother she assisted in carrying to headquarters the freshly laundered clothes of the officers. Having been forbidden, under threat of corporal punishment, to speak to or be seen with any soldier, save in her father's cabin, she was terrified at the danger of a discovery of our acquaintance; hence our interviews were secret, and adroitly arranged to elude suspicion. Her extraordinary personal beauty and gentleness of deportment more than compensated for illiteracy and humble origin, and after a few days I planned a clandestine marriage, to which she readily assented. The Post chaplain had made a pet of me, because I aided him in some botanical and geological tramps close to the frontier, and finally he consented to help us, provided his agency was never betrayed. We both swore we would not divulge his name or knowledge of our scheme, and so one starry night he and Hill, a private soldier who went as witness, stole out, and met Nona and me in a dense grove of trees near

Moorland's cabin. There we were married according to the ritual of the Episcopal Church. I was not quite nineteen, she a slender girl just past her fifteenth birthday. Under the quiet stars that shone as our altar lights, we took solemn, lifelong vows as husband and wife, and there, when a written certificate had been given to Nona, we all joined hands and pledged ourselves in the sight of God to keep the secret unless I was of age, or thought it prudent to publish the marriage. To her I meant no more wrong than to myself, and kept to the form of law, knowing we were minors, and that no license legalized the ceremony which I believed and argued the Church sanctified. You knew my father sufficiently well to remember how terribly stern he was, how morose he often seemed, and I dared not defy him. For three weeks life was a brief vision of heaven to Nona and me. She was so lovely, so tender, so humbly conscious of her social inferiority and lack of education, so fired with an ambitious zeal for culture and improvement to fit herself for the circle where Colonel Temple's son was born to move. Then the bolt fell. A courier from the nearest telegraph station brought news that father had been promoted, was ordered to Washington, and would soon be abroad on some military commission. I begged to spend the remaining days of my vacation at Post —, but was sharply refused, and all things were ordered in readiness for our departure next day at sunrise."

Some overwhelming memory arrested the narrative, and Father Temple held the portrait sketch toward the light. Then he crossed his arms on the table and bowed his face upon them. The room was very still, and the harsh sound of an organ that began to grind out "O promise me," on the pavement below. Mr. Herriott threw down a coin, closed the window, and resumed his seat.

"Noel, you must think me weak and unmanly. You are so strong yourself, you can scarcely—"

"Strong? I think if I had to carry your burden I should go out and hang myself."

"That last interview is a perpetual nightmare no noon sunshine ever dispels. Nona was frantic at the unexpectedly sudden separation, and she clung to me like a drowning child; but by degrees she accepted the inevitable, and her trust in me was supreme. She would be patient and study books the chaplain would provide, and rely on him to forward her letters, and receive and find means to deliver mine. A full moon showed me her tearful face when we stood up to say good by. Oh, beautiful, tender, devoted, and pure as any lily God ever set to bloom in a wicked world! As I took her in my arms, she kissed me repeatedly, and I felt her lips tremble on mine as she sobbed."

"No matter what happens, you must trust me as perfectly as I trust you. If we keep true to each other, all the world can't part us long."

"That farewell vision abides with me—sleeping, it walks as a living presence through my dreams; waking, it thrusts itself between me and my God; and when I kneel before the marble image of the Mother of my Lord, her holy face is hidden by that of my fair, sweet young wife. It has become an obsession from which I can not escape. After I went east, two letters reached me; then, in the late autumn when father had sailed, I was stricken with typhoid fever, that kept me prisoner for three months, and the inflammatory rheumatism that followed it, so completely wrecked me, I was carried to the country home of an aunt in Massachusetts, in whose care father left me when he went to Europe. In my convalescence I wrote repeatedly under cover to the chaplain, signing only my middle name, Pembroke, but heard nothing until the next June. While still on crutches, I went for a day's visit to college to collect and pack my belongings, and there I found one dusty, mislaid letter from Nona, full of sad forebodings. The chaplain had wandered too far away to mountain range, accompanied only by an orderly, who reported on his return that his companion had been scalped by Indians while he was examining some rock ledges, and that he had barely escaped by desperate riding. A cavalry troop, sent out to recover the body and avenge the death, was ambushed in a wooded defile and four troopers were killed, among the number Hill. The letter had been written in January—five months before. Both witnesses of our marriage in the grave! Anxiety and distress brought on renewal of rheumatism, and I was crippled in hands and feet for six terrible weeks. One day, as I was trying my ability to walk about the room, a delayed letter was forwarded from college—the last I ever received from Nona. Her father had died very suddenly from congestion of the lungs, and his wife returned immediately to her family in Arkansas; but because of my poor Nona's condition, which had subjected her to severe abuse and horrible accusations, the stepmother had cast her off, refused her recognition, and abandoned her. Because she refused to divulge the name of her husband, her declaration that she was a wife only increased the torrent of insults that swept her beyond the pale of respectability. She wrote that one friend the only person who believed her assertion that she had been lawfully married—was just then leaving the Post for his old home, his time of service having expired, and he had kindly carried her in a covered wagon to a small village some days' travel east of the Post, where she found shelter for her until after the birth of her child. She begged I would send money to pay her board and also to enable her to travel east and live near me, because she was so terror-stricken among strangers. The same day my father summoned me to Europe, having decided I should attend lectures in Germany and at Oxford. By express, I forwarded the money to Nona, in accordance with her directions—"Care of Della Brown, Thompsonville, — Territory," and I wrote her, explaining all the circumstances, assuring her I would join her as soon as I could travel, and that henceforth we should never be separated. A few hours later I was laid up with a severe relapse, and when, finally, I started west in September, I was still so lame any movement was torture. At last the stage-coach put me down at the cluster of log houses called Thompsonville, and by the aid of crutches I found my way to a low, dark cabin of two rooms, where Della Brown made a scanty living by washing and ironing for men attached to a party of prospecting miners. She was a gaunt, sinister-looking woman from Maine, with small, deep-set, faded yellow eyes that bored like a gimlet, and as she took a pipe from her ugly, bluish lips and greeted me my heart sank. Where was Nona? Gone—with the man who brought her there, and who paid well for her keep. When? Several weeks ago. Did she receive my letter, and had the money reached her? Yes, the money had been delivered to her—Della Brown—and she had given it to the woman Nona, in the presence of one Josh Smith. My soon as she knew I was coming she went away, and she and the man could take care of the baby. What was the man's name? He called himself Lay Walker, but she doubted if he was not somebody else, and folks had their suspicions about the whole affair. The baby boy was four months old when the man and woman took it away, but it was such a poor, puny, ailing child it had little chance to live. What I suffered then only God will ever know, but faith in Nona sustained me while I went from cabin to cabin, receiving on all sides confirmation of Della Brown's statements from women who had

met her, and also from the mail and express agent—Josh Smith—who assured me he had delivered the letter and package of money addressed to Nona Moorland, care of Della Brown, to the latter, and exhibited her receipt. Lay Walker was described as a very handsome Spanish-looking young fellow, and he and the woman seemed fond of each other. He spent his money freely on her, and talked about Florida and banana growing, and said they wanted to get to New Orleans, where his friends had a schooner running in the West India fruit trade. After an exhaustive search, I made my way to New Orleans and engaged police assistance, but no clue could be found. Then I arranged advertisements to run six months, and went on to Pensacola and to Tampa. I advertised in two Florida newspapers, asking Nona Moorland to write to me, care of my father's lawyer in Boston. No response, no word, no hint ever reached me. When December arrived and I had no tidings, I deposited money in a Boston bank to the credit of Nona Moorland, and leaving instructions that all mail matter should be forwarded promptly to me, I sailed for Europe, shattered in body almost hopeless, and the tortured prey of remorseful regret at the awful consequence of my midsummer madness."

Mr. Herriott's sinewy brown hand closed over the cold white fingers half hidden in the folds of the black cassock.

"And the woman, Della Brown? What became of her?"

"How should I know?"

"There lies the crux of this dreadful entanglement. She duped you."

"Possibly. When I left Thompsonville she was preparing to remove to Maine, where she had relatives. I doubted her as long as I could; but nearly eleven years of cruel silence have slowly destroyed every vestige of hope, or of faith in Nona's loyalty. Understand, I do not accuse her—I dare not—I accept the blame. The fault was mine; she was an innocent, ignorant child and what she has thrown her into the jaws of destruction. If her soul is lost, God will require me to answer for the ruin—and that is the bitterness of my intolerable life. The immortal soul of my wife, of the mother of my child—a homeless, nameless, fatherless waif! I hold marriage indissoluble by human enactment, and while Nona lives I regard her as my wife, no matter what she has become, no matter into what shameful career she may have been driven by my cowardly course of action. When she believed I had abandoned her, the poor girl doubtless grieved. What I have told you is known only to my confessor, to the Superior of our Order in England, where I took my vows, and to my father, to whom I promptly confided everything when I joined him in Germany just before his death. That he refused to forgive me you will readily believe. This sketch you have restored to me was enlarged from one I made at Post —, and its loss greatly grieved me. Oh, Noel, stinging memory is more merciless than sharp-set hair shirts that fret the flesh. When I see happy mothers and children, their laughter smites my heart like a iron hand, and while I minister to the suffering outcast little ones in pauper homes, my bruised soul seems to hear the accusing, piteous cry of my own forsaken, lost lamb—thrown out to hungry wolves."

CHAPTER X.

HIS MOTHER'S NAME BEYOND REPROACH.

Sabbath quietude had laid a finger on thousands of metal lips that screamed the song of labor on other days, and the great city seemed almost asleep as Mr. Herriott entered his carriage at ten o'clock and gave the order, "Brooklyn—Fulton Ferry." After a restless night, spent in searching an old diary for dates and notes, he had gradually undid some knotted memories—vague and conflicting—and straightened a slender thread that might possibly guide to the identification of an elusive personality. On the seat in front of him a basket of purple grapes added their fruity fragrance to the perfume of a bunch of white carnations, and during the long drive the expression of perplexity which had knitted his brows relaxed into the alert placidity that characterized his strong face.

Summer heat, blown in by a humid south wind, touched the sky with an intense blue, against which one long, thin curl of cloud shone like a silver feather, and Brooklyn parks and lawns shook their green banners of green blades and young, silken foliage. In the middle of a block of old brick tenement houses, Mr. Herriott entered an open door where two children fought over a walling black kitten, and the heat of the inner stairway to a narrow hall, on which opened several doors bearing cards inscribed with the name of occupants of the rooms. At one, labelled "Mrs. Dane," he rapped. It was opened partly and held ajar.

"Well, who knocked?"

"One of Leighton's friends. Can I see him?"

"Not today. He is not well enough for visitors."

"May I come in and see you?"

"Before he can reply, a weak voice pleaded: 'Please, mother. It is Mr. Herriott; let him in. He has been so good to me—please—please!'"

"If I do, you are not to talk and bring back that spell of coughing."

The door was swung fully open, and Mr. Herriott confronted "June."

"You are Mr. Herriott, as I supposed. Walk in, and excuse the confusion of the rooms. I was up all night, and have not put things in order."

She wore a dark skirt and white muslin sacque, loose at the throat, ungirded, and the sleeves dimpled white arms. A rich, lovely red stained her lips and cheeks—perhaps from embarrassment, probably from the heat of the oil stove, on which, evidently, breakfast had been recently prepared. She pointed to an adjoining room, where Leighton lay on a cot close to the open window.

"Oh, sir, are they really for me?" as Mr. Herriott laid the basket and flowers beside him.

"Look, mother! Was there ever anything so sweet? I don't know how to thank you, sir. I wish I could say something, but when my heart is full I just can't tell it."

His little hot hand caught Mr. Herriott's, and the thin fingers twined caressingly about it.

"You are not to thank me, and you must not talk. Remember, the condition upon which I was allowed to see you. Eat your grapes while your mother tells me about you."

"You will spoil him. I can't give him such luxuries as hothouse fruit and flowers, though now and then he has his bunch of violets."

"When was the doctor here?"

"Friday. He changed the medicine, but I can see no benefit as yet."

"If you think it would not tire him too much, I should like to take him out for a drive."

"Thank you, but I could not consent to that."

"Why not? The fresh air is balmy today, and would do him good. I have a carriage at the door, and if you are unwilling to trust the boy with me, I should be glad to take you also. May I?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Read the continuation of this chapter "His Mother's Name Clean and Beyond Reproach," when Lawrence Dane's mother gives to Noel Herriott a glimpse of her sad life's history. Send 15 cents for subscription or renewal for one year.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to you all. I'm a little bit ahead of time, but if I don't say it now, I won't have another chance this year. Toby, Maria, and Billy the Goat, all join with me in this greeting, and it comes from the depths of our hearts—hearts that are ever throbbing with love for you all.

On Christmas morning, Toby, Maria, Billy the Goat and myself will play Santa Claus, and crawl down the chimney of every house that holds a member of the C. L. O. C., and leave a turkey and plum pudding for each of you. Toby will carry the cranberry sauce in his pants' pocket, and see that you all get your share. That's my Christmas gift to you, turkey and pudding, and now if you want to make my Christmas a happy one, just butt in and get seven fifteen cent stubs to COMFORT and earn a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems. This book makes an exquisite gift, and is an ideal Christmas present. Each copy will be autographed and mailed to you or your friends. Instead of bombarding me with postal cards that Billy the Goat insists on eating, save your pennies and win this book. Now let me make an appeal for the shut-ins—not one, but for all of them. This is the season when men and women open their hearts and pocketbooks in their efforts to make all their friends and the world generally happy. Christmas Day is the one great day in a shut-in's life. On this day they strive to forget their sorrows and pains and try to be happy. Their happiness will depend entirely on you. Don't waste your money on postal cards. Wm. T. Harrah got 1,000 picture postal cards. They cost with mailing \$20. This sum would have kept him and his family in flour all the winter. You who have the postal disease, remember that invalids can not eat postal cards. A postal card is a mighty cheap way of paying one's obligations. The way I interpret a postal is this: "I'm too lazy, and do not take sufficient interest in you to write a letter, and I'm too mean to send you a postage stamp, but I'd like to jolly myself and you into believing I'm doing an act of charity, so I'll send you a postal card." You may deceive yourself, but you can't deceive God. Cut out the postals to shut-ins, and send them at least a two cent stamp. Let them keep the stamp. Don't expect them to use it on a reply to you. Make your pennies count, make them buy bread. The world has millions to spend on fads and foolishness, but only pennies for deeds of love. Christ would say "Give them bread first, postals last."

Don't kick if you don't get your cards and buttons the day after you send for them. This is our strenuous season, and you must allow us five or six weeks at least to get your cards and buttons to you.

A great many people have written asking for the name and address of the writer of the letter that appeared in our September issue signed "One who means to do right." I can not give this information as the writer did not sign his name or give his address. The letter has created a profound impression, and the writer will be pleased to know his letter has been the means of bringing many an erring one back to the paths of honor, honesty and righteousness.

Now for the letters.

Box 195, HIGHLAND, DONIPHAN, CO., KANS., Oct. 2, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am five feet two inches tall, weigh one hundred and twenty-nine pounds. My hair is coal black, eyes coal black and complexion fair. Highland, Kansas, is a small railroad station of about 4,000 souls. This is a delightful spot, so level that one can look at the pleasant sights for miles away. How refreshing to look upon the green fields and the shady forests, to loiter near the babbling brooks, or hear the songs of the wild birds. As I am writing this at my window, I see two red birds busy at work gathering straw and feathers to build a nest. How different these surroundings from being shut up in a city, with the high walls of houses on every side, and scarcely a tree to shut out the scorching rays of the summer sun.

I am a farmer's daughter. I am taught that which a young lady should know. I am a reciter, or reader, president of a Pleasant Hour club. President of the Braxton Literary Society. I have also been superintendent of the Sunday-school for one year, after which I was elected secretary of the Sunday-school for four years, then resigned. Dear uncle I would love so much to entertain you and the cousins this day. I am a fond lover of music, I have an organ, zither, harp-o-chord, mouth harp, and mandolin. I was delegate to the S. S. convention four times. I have been in three contests and won the silver medal.

I am a fine cook and was taught to do any kind of work and how proud I feel to know I can do any kind of work that a woman must do. I have just finished a head basket which everyone thinks fine. I am now writing a paper. The subject, Is Scepticism becoming too prevalent? Dear uncle have you ever given your thoughts over to a subject like this? I will send you a copy in my next writing. May I hear from all the cousins. Do not think me vain for you will find me full of fun.

I am with love, your niece,
LUNDA MILLER (No. 19,941).

Yours is a very bright, breezy letter, Lunda, and I judge that you are a pretty busy girl, and keep things moving. Toby is writing a beautiful poem he wants you to recite entitled: "Peeping through the knot holes in Father's wooden leg." He thinks it would make a big hit at your literary society and so do I. I'm glad you are a fine cook and Sunday-school worker, as these accomplishments all ladies should have, and your musical abilities too, are stupendous and staggering. Billy the Goat wants to know if the mouth harp is played with the feet. I don't like to see a young lady with a harp in her mouth. I think a hot potato looks so much better. So you got a silver medal from three contests! When I go into a contest I generally get a black eye

and a damaged nose. Oh, yes—dear I know all about that terrible disease scepticism. I had a bad attack of it last spring. It came in my right big toe first, and gradually spread all over my dorsal fins, until it reached the posterior region of the antebellum. The doctor gave me salve to rub on the affected joints, but it didn't do much good. I had a great, great uncle die of scepticism. He had galloping scepticism in his childhood, and was cut off by it in the prime of his youth at the age of one hundred and seven. We thought Billy the Goat had scepticism, but it turned out to be simply a congestion of tin cans on the liver. Scepticism is a horrible disease, and it is especially fatal in the case of infants less than two hours old. Please don't send me a copy of your essay on scepticism. I had the original, and it hurt.

179 St. Paul St., ROCHESTER, N. Y.
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I have written you and the cousins a story called: A Highway Robbery.

It was a dark December night and Bill was sitting on his cabin step, when a train whistled and he jumped up and ordered Jim, a colored man, to harness up the horse to the wagon. Jim obeyed and in a little while Bill was off through the woods.

As he was going around a turn in the road, two men jumped out into the road, and the leader shouted "Hands up," so there was nothing else to do but to be taken prisoner.

So one of the robbers came up to Bill and searched him and they found he had two ten dollar bills and that was all.

So after a little talk they decided to keep him till some ransom was given.

Now let us return to Jim at the cabin. Jim had stayed up nearly two hours and no Bill arrived, so Jim set out to meet him. After Jim had followed Bill's wagon tracks a little



COUSIN CARRIE VAN WIE (27),
111 Collins St., San Francisco, Cal.
President of San Francisco.

way, he saw it turn through the woods and off the road, so he knew something had happened. All this time Jim had two pistols in his belt, so he pulled them out and went very quietly through the wood. After a while he saw a light ahead, so he stooped low and saw two men lying down asleep, so he went along until he got in the camp. There he saw Bill trying to get loose. So Jim went up and unbound him. Then they took the robbers' guns, and made them get up, then they all got on horseback and arrived in a little village at midnight, and took the men to the jail, and Bill got his twenty dollars back, and \$1,000 reward for capturing the robbers. Then Bill got the mail and rode home and bought a good farm the next day, and got a lot of money from raising crops.

DONALD DARBYSIRE.

Thank you Donald for your bright and exceedingly interesting story, which has a thrill in every line, and considering the fact that its author is only nine years old, is a remarkable achievement. Donald says Jim had only two ten dollar bills. Merciful Heavens Donald do you realize that Jim had more money in his pocket than I have ever seen in all my life? Cousins I will whisper a secret in your ear, and this will explain Donald's extraordinary ideas on the currency question. Donald's father owns a magazine, and I have no doubt Donald sees his papa chug chugging home every night in his five thousand dollar car with a ton of ten dollar bills strapped to his back. Now Donald I'll tell you what happened to me once. I was in a hold up, and all I had in my pocket was a one dollar bill, and I did not feel much interest in it as it was one I made myself, and I didn't think I could pass it without getting pinched for ten years. Well, the robbers got my counterfeit "one" and went into the nearest town to buy a house and lot with it, and got ten years each for trying to pass counterfeit money. Now that's what I call the eternal law of retributive justice getting in its fine work. Two men in the cooler doing ten years that I ought to be doing myself. Ain't that just dandy. It was very kind of the robbers to sleep all the time Jim was releasing Bill. Maybe they were so busy dreaming how they were going to spend the two tens they didn't have time to wake up. Then too, they knew if they woke up they would spoil Donald's story, and they didn't have the heart to do that. Bill got his twenty back, and \$1,000 reward for getting robbed, while poor Jim the coon, who did all the real work was handed a lemon. Donald dear, put me in a story where I can get a \$1,000 reward, for the Lord knows I need the money. All of you please write Donald, and congratulate him

on his remarkably brilliant debut in the realms of literature.

MELIOTT, IND., Oct. 12, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am a young man twenty-five years of age, weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, height five feet ten inches, dark blue eyes and light brown hair. I am a great temperance boy and I think it a terrible shame and disgrace that so many young men go to a drunkard's grave. Cousins, let us all unite and do something to stop this awful curse. Uncle, I think it would be a grand thing to insert a clause in our membership card to the effect that "we will always do all we can for the great temperance cause." Recently I attended a picnic in a near-by town, and I saw a sad scene there. Some boys, not out of their teens, had brought their sweethearts there, then got crazy, insane drunk. The girls were pleading with tears in their eyes, for them to leave the town and go home. Cousins, do you think these boys and girls are doing right? No indeed. What a shame these boys should make such beasts of themselves, and what a shame these girls did not have the grit to say "you boys can never go with us again." What will a boy ever amount to, if he continues in this awful habit? What a terrible, miserable life a girl will always live, if she marries a boy who is addicted to the awful drink habit? Uncle Charlie, just think for a moment of the good our big family of cousins can do along this line, if we all unite and put our shoulder to the wheel and work for the great temperance cause. If every boy and girl would read the great book "Ten Nights in a Barroom," they would all learn a great lesson. I hope you will print this letter and I would like to hear from the other cousins and get their opinion.

I remain your temperance cousin.

BERT OXLEY, (No. 7,131).

Bea, I need not say that I heartily agree with all you say about the drink demon, and I've always done my best for the cause of temperance in these columns. When our present stock of membership cards run out, perhaps we'll print a clause in the new ones, "I promise to be temperate and sober in all my habits." This rule would cover other than the drink habit. There's the bad temper habit, the habit of deceit, the cursing habit—all bad habits I'd like to get after with a club four hundred miles long. The drink habit is a vile hateful habit, but as I've often said before, I'd rather have a man or woman drunk with liquor, than drunk with a vile temper. It takes a man some time to get drunk with liquor—often he has to go a long way to get it, but the passionate temper is always on tap, and makes man or woman drunken maniacs in a few brief seconds. Girls who marry men to reform them from the drink habit, are simply destroying their lives. Girls who accept the attentions of men who are addicted to drink, are encouraging the habit. If girls and women generally would boycott boys of the type mentioned in this letter, and avoid them as they would a case of the small pox (they are just as deadly) we'd soon settle the liquor curse. "Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine." Make that your rallying cry, girls, and you'll accomplish more than all the laws of men can do. Men can and will do without liquor, but few can do without the love of a good woman. Your Uncle Charlie can't anyway, so send all you've got along.

DELTA, IA., Aug. 12., 1907.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:

I am a farmer in one of the best states in the union, Iowa. Our business keeps us out in the pure air, where you live three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and feel like living and you don't breathe any cinders and coal smoke. If we want to holler or run a horse race, we can do it and not be afraid of the cop. We help Mother Nature make her summer toilet, and if we do our work well she will return us a pocket full of gold.

My great grandfather was private secretary to General George Washington, during the Revolutionary war. He was also a member of the Boston tea-party. Our family has the candlestick which they used to write by.

Now uncle, the third time is the charm and if I don't see this in print I will be tempted to dab on the warpaint, come over there and make that chicken coop look like thirty cents with the three knocked off. Now uncle you move out of that coop or we cousins will hold an indignation meeting, we aren't going to have an uncle of ours living in a hen coop. Besides it is worrying to think you may be swiped any night for a Shanghai.

You are indeed doing a noble work uncle in bringing comfort and cheer to scores of poor helpless shut-ins. We who are strong and able to enjoy life ought to help our more unfortunate cousins. I am twenty-four years old, weigh one hundred and sixty pounds, height, five feet ten inches, dark hair and eyes. Correspondents solicited from all. Hope I haven't trespassed too long.

FRANK WHITE (No. 18,412).

Frank, I don't think you have any right to assist Mother Nature to make her toilet. I don't think it is proper or even decent for a young single man to be assisting a lady to don her Summer attire. Mrs. Nature told me she was greatly shocked at you for watching, and not only watching, but for your persisting in assisting her to put on her dress of green for Summer wear. When ladies make their toilet Frank, they at times need assistance, but only from their own sex. It is entirely, completely, and utterly improper for a gentleman to assist a lady with her toilet, and now that you are warned, I trust that you will not attempt this indelicate operation again—if you do, I'll call the police. Frank, if you could make my chicken coop look like thirty cents, I'd be exceedingly grateful; at present it looks like one cent with a hole in it. I would make a better bald-headed eagle than a Shanghai rooster. Sometimes I think I am a rooster, as I always have a bunch of hens laying for me—with a club.

KINGSTON, R. D., 6, TENN., Aug. 20, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:

I am an orphan girl. I live on a farm in Roan Co., about twelve miles from the county seat. I am sweet sixteen, have black hair, brown eyes, weigh one hundred and seven pounds. My father is dead. There are three little boys, and mother and myself at home. I work at Lenoir City in the cotton mill in the winter and stay at home in summer.

Uncle, did you ever have a boil? I have had two on my arm in the last two weeks. I was certainly delighted with my card and cousin. I would like to hear from all the cousins and will answer all letters.

With love and best wishes, I remain your loving niece and cousin. ROSA BABB (No. 18,928).

We're sorry you're an orphan Rosa, but while you have your mamma, you are not so badly off, as some little girls I know. I'm very glad to say that I have not been very much afflicted with boils. We had a boiled dinner the other day, but we didn't catch any boils from it. Once I was told when I had toothache I was to fill my mouth with water, and sit on the stove until I came to a boil. Well I did sit on the stove but I never came to a boil. I just came to a roast and that was all. Once, and only once, I had a boil, and I never shall forget it as it lost me

the girl I adored. I can't tell you where that boil was, I wouldn't even dare to hint at its geographical location, but I will say this that during the three weeks it was blossoming on my epidermis I stood up constantly and energetically. Once only did I sit down, and then only because I momentarily forgot my troubles, but if you had heard the yell I let out when I touched that chair, and had seen me shoot into air, you'd have known that



COUSIN IVY CRISMOND (21),
Hale, Mo.
President of Missouri.

sitting had no pleasures for me. During this agonizing period, I went to call on my best girl. It was a week before the wedding day, and they were fixing up the parlor, and the only chair they had in it had a hard wooden seat. Ordinarily that would not have worried yours truly, but when I eyed that wooden chair, I thought of certain physical conditions that were making life a misery to me, and gobs of sweat as big as pumpkins, stood on my classic brow, corrugated with deep lines of mortal anguish. "Sit down, Charlie, love," said my fiancée. "I'd rather stand up, if you've no objection, darling," I replied, with an intense earnestness that came hot from a heart full of its own troubles. "But Charlie, precious, how can I sit on 'oo lap, if 'oo don't sit down," queried my heart's idol reproachfully. "Well pet," said I, trying to straighten out matters, without arousing suspicion, "I suppose it would be a hard job, but suppose we do our love making standing up for once."

"Not on your life," replied my heart dazler, "it's lap or nothing, so sit down, and sit down right away."

Well, I didn't sit down—it was more than my life was worth, and the result was she thought I was trying to be mean, and she began to boil too. I tried to explain that physical reasons kept me erect on my feet, and then when she wanted me to name my physical reasons, I couldn't do it for the life of me. Then she got madder, and madder, and she came to a boil all right, and threw the solid 64-carat cold ring that I'd given her at a cost of thirty-seven cents slap in my face. My mouth was open at the time, and I swallowed the ring. Then my fiancée's papa kicked me down the stoop, and I had to walk home on my head—it hurt too much the other way. Oh yes, Rosa, I know what boils are, you bet.

PINE RIDGE, S. DAK., Aug. 13, 1907.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:

I am eighteen years old, have light hair and gray eyes, and am only five feet tall and weigh one hundred and eleven pounds.

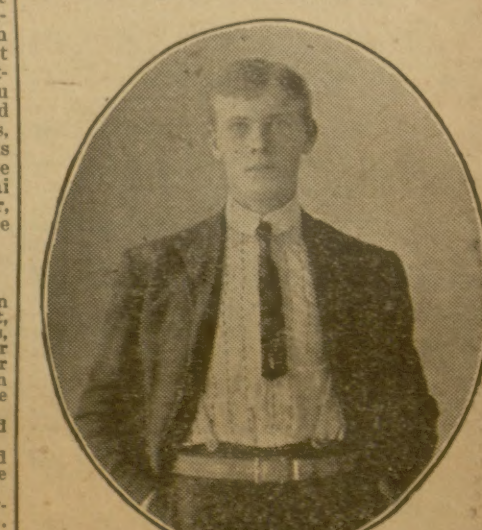
I live on the Pine Ridge Reservation among the Indians. I am going to tell you about them.

The Indians live in small log houses with no floors, only two windows and one door. They have very peculiar ways.

About twice a month when the government issues beef the Indians have an Omaha dance. We have attended several of them and they are a great curiosity. The old Indians all dress up in feathers and beads and bells, and then dance and sing to the music of a drum. Another curiosity is their sweats.

They have a little low shanty made of willows with a small hole dug in the center. They then cover this shanty over with quilts and put water in the hole. Then they heat large stones and put in the water and then about a dozen men go in there to sing and pray. They say they talk to God.

I would be glad to correspond with any of the



COUSIN GEO. W. BLANCHFIELD,
Strasburg, Va.

cousins and tell them more about the Indians. Your loving niece and cousin.

MARIAN WHITEIS (No. 18,189).

Marian your letter is not long, but it is exceedingly interesting. I too am living among Indians, but I regret to say they are not the harmless red variety you have in South Dakota.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

Charlie's Fortune

By Oliver Optic

Copyright, By Wm. J. Benners, 1907.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

Job Seagrain owes Squire Peter Shifflety and the latter refuses to trust Job and attaches his house, Job's wife objects to a mortgage. His boat is worth five hundred dollars. The squire demands to know why Charlie Seagrain does not work and help his father and mother out of trouble. Charlie's eyes flash. It is Squire Peter who sells him rum, and then willing to take from his father everything he has. Job appeals to Charlie to be kinder easy. Mrs. Betsy Ann Seagrain asks an explanation and the squire briefly states the situation. Mrs. Seagrain pours vials of wrath on the squire's head and moved to sudden anger shakes poor Job. Charlie interposes. He won't have any more knocking about. Charlie and his father go away. They will pay off the bill in a few days. Charlie knows where there are oysters. He holds the mainsail and the Betsy Ann stands off from the shore. Job protests. It won't do. Charlie advises him to assert his manhood. Job promises he will drink no more. They run down to the "Heads and Horns," where there is a bed of oysters. Left alone, he recalls a fearful storm, the dull boom of a gun, the storm-swept beach, a boat with a little child lashed in it, the baby's cry for mamma, his wife's fondness for children and the name given the little boy. When Charlie ceases to be a child, Mrs. Seagrain ceases to be a loving woman. Job and Charlie work two nights and secure one hundred bushels of oysters. Job thinks they better head for the creek. Charlie laughingly tells him he is afraid of Betsy Ann.

CHAPTER III. (CONTINUED.)

Job concluded to take this advice, and postponed the martial battle till Betsy Ann returned to the house. But there was Mr. Timothy Twitterton walking down the road towards the house, and this young gentleman he knew wished to see him. There was a flat bottom boat at the landing, and he was afraid the visitor might bring Betsy Ann off to the schooner, for she was a regular salt-water crab, though she was so large and heavy that she had always refused to trust herself in the little bateau. He looked at her, and saw her make energetic signals for him to come on shore.

"That's played out," muttered he. "I don't go."

Then Mr. Twitterton joined her on the pier. Mr. Twitterton was a remarkably nice-looking man, in his own estimation, and had come up to his present magnificent estate from very small beginnings. His father and mother had both died from the effects of intemperance, when he was a child, and he had spent the earlier years of his life in the almshouse. He was a boy of good parts, and at school distinguished himself as a scholar in certain branches. At fourteen he went into a store in Oslip, and being a fine penman, he was quite useful to his employer. But Oslip was too small a field for his talents, and he left between two days for New York City, where he succeeded in getting a place in a wholesale and retail house, in which he was soon elevated to the lofty position of an entry clerk, on five hundred dollars a year—a very inadequate return for his services, in his opinion. He had been in this place two years, and did not believe that the house could sustain itself without his assistance. It was not without a fear of the firm would go to ruin in his absence, that he asked for a week's vacation to renew his shattered health, particularly broken down by intense application to business. His request was granted, and he ventured to visit Oslip to spend the week among the scenes of his obscure childhood. He was decidedly "swellish" in his looks and manners, and, of course, his advent produced a sensation in the village.

Mr. Twitterton had not braved the overseers of the poor, and his former employer, in coming to Oslip, without a purpose, for the authorities had a claim upon him till he was of age. They were entitled to his services in compensation for the care bestowed upon him in early life. But no one molested him, and his old employer was content to let him shine in his present sphere. He had not come without a purpose other than to revive the memories of his childhood, and that purpose was to see Job Seagrain. He had met the old man once, but the interview had not been satisfactory, and he desired to see him again. He had called at the house three times the day before, and his repeated visits had excited the curiosity of Betsy Ann.

Job sat down on the rudder-head, where he could see over the rail of the vessel. He kept one eye on the pier where his wife stood. He saw her talking to Mr. Twitterton. After awhile she pointed at the flat-bottom boat, and her companion embarked on it. To Job's great satisfaction Betsy Ann did not take passage with him. In a few moments the boat was alongside the vessel, and its occupants with the help of Job, sprang on deck. The hatches had been carefully battened down, so that no one could see the hold contained a cargo of oysters.

"Good-morning, Job. I'm glad to see you," said Mr. Twitterton. "I was looking for you all day yesterday. I hope you are in perfect health."

"What's the matter with your head?" asked the old man, as he perceived a plaster an inch long, on the left temple of the gentleman from the city.

"It's a bad cut I received from a fall," replied Mr. Twitterton, as he placed his hand on the wound. "It's better now."

"It was a hard crack," added Job.

"Rather; I was getting over a fence, when a rail broke, and I went down, striking my head on a sharp stone. But, Job, Mrs. Seagrain wishes me to tell you to come home, right off," continued Mr. Twitterton, apparently desirous of turning his companion's attention away from the injury on his head.

"When I get ready, I shall go; not afore," replied Job.

Mr. Twitterton looked at him, for there was a tradition in Oslip that Job was a hen-pecked husband, and Tim was rather astonished at the flagrant disregard of the lady's positive command.

"Now, you needn't go on my account, Job; I want to see you and talk with you about that matter."

"I concluded I won't sell them traps, Tim," replied Job, quite decidedly for him.

"Now, I thought you would," added Mr. Twitterton, evidently much disappointed at the conclusion of the old man. "But where is—the young fellow—what's his name?"

"Charlie."

"Yes; the young fellow that lived with you."

"That's Charlie; he's down in the cabin fast asleep. You see, we were up all night."

"Up all night! What for?"

"Well, taint no matter what for, but we didn't sleep none. We wanted to git in afore it came on a blow."

"Are you sure he's asleep?" asked Twitterton.

"I s'pose he is."

"Let us go forward, where he can not hear us if he is awake," said the visitor, leading the way.

"That's no use; I've concluded not to sell the traps," added Job, as he reluctantly followed his guest to the fore-castle.

"One good turn deserves another, Job."

"I know't does. Tim, but I can't let them traps go. I'll do anything else in nature for you; but I can't do that."

"I think you must have forgotten what I did for you three years ago," added Tim.

"No; I haint, and I never shall forget it."

"You wouldn't have been a living man now, if it hadn't been for me, Job Seagrain."

"Perhaps not; I don't know; it wouldn't make any difference if I wasn't a living man. Still, you did me a good turn, and I shan't forget it—no; never!"

"You were dead drunk, Job, and would have frozen to death in half an hour, if I had not taken care of you."

"I dare say you tell it just as 'twas," replied Job, sadly, as he thought of his miserable past.

"But I don't drink nothing now."

"I saved your life, without a doubt; and I certainly thought you would do me the little favor I ask."

"I don't want to part with them traps. It ain't right for me to let them go."

"Why not? What possible use can a child's night gown and an old moth-eaten shawl be to you?"

"Taint the value of the things I speak of; they wouldn't fetch a two-dollar bill."

"I offered you ten for them," pleaded Tim Twitterton.

"But you see they were on that boy when he came ashore in the whale boat."

"But you sold the whale boat."

"No, I didn't; the wreck master took it for the benefit of the owners of the ship. I never got a cent for it," protested Job. "It was stove in the bilge, too."

"The nightgown and shawl won't do you any good," argued the gentleman from New York.

"They may be of some use to the boy sometime."

"Impossible. It is fifteen years since he came ashore, after the wreck."

"That's true."

"Of course the boy's father and mother were lost in the ship. If anybody was going to claim the child, he would have appeared long before this time."

"What do you want of the traps, Tim?" demanded the old man.

"I want the things for a particular purpose, which I do not feel at liberty to explain at present; but I will do so at some future time. I'll give you twenty dollars, cash down, Job, if you will let me have the shawl and night gown, and I never mention what you did with them."

"What do you want on 'em, Tim?" repeated the simple old man, wondering what possible use he could make of the old moth-eaten garments.

"I'll tell you that some other time. They will do me a hundred times as much good as they will you," persisted Tim, becoming more earnest as the old man resisted his offer.

"Taint right, Tim, and I can't do it."

"Yes; you can, and it's perfectly right. Does what's his name—"

"Charlie."

"Does Charlie know you have the things?"

"No; I never told him. I thought I would only make him discontented with his lot; and so I never told him. But he comes of good blood, I know; for the traps didn't belong to poor folks."

"You did just right; but, in my opinion, the child belonged to some emigrants. If he had belonged to a good family, his relations would have looked him up before this time."

"Well, I don't know; I only judge by the quality of the goods and the trimming."

"Twenty dollars, Job; and you will want more money than you can raise sooner than you imagine, in my opinion."

"What do you mean by that, Tim?" demanded Job, anxiously.

"Everybody in the place knows that your house has an attachment on it," answered Mr. Twitterton.

"The debt's only sixty five dollars and twenty-six cents; and I reckon I shall be able to pay it."

"Perhaps you can, if you have time enough."

"Squire Peter can't sell the house till he gets judgment for the debt."

"He's going to have your place anyhow; he has an offer for it now."

"That's so; and he'll have it, too."

"I don't see how he can get it, if I pay the debt."

"Squire Peter is a shrewd man; but I haven't anything more to say about it," added Mr. Twitterton, suddenly becoming very indifferent. The squire's playing a deep game.

"What is he goin' to do?"

"Ask him."

"He won't tell me, if I do."

"That's your lookout, not mine," and Mr. Twitterton walked toward the rail where he had fastened the bateau.

"Stop a minute, Sam," called Job.

"You don't think Squire Peter will sell my place within a week, do you?" asked Job, anxiously.

"I shouldn't wonder if he did. I happen to know something about the matter, but I'm not going to bother with a man who won't let me have those old duds that are of no use to him."

"I can't let them go, Tim."

"All right; let your place go, then."

Mr. Twitterton hauled in the bateau, and actually seated himself in it, when Job called him back.

"You shall have 'em, Tim, if you will help me out of this scrape," added the old man, desperately; for he felt that Squire Peter was wicked enough to do any mean deed, and he had a mortal terror of the tolls of the law.

"Give me the things, and I will tell you all I know about it," replied Mr. Twitterton, returning to the deck of the schooner.

"I can't give 'em to you now. My wife's in the house, but you shall have 'em tonight."

"Very well; I'm satisfied with your promise. You know I am boarding this week at Squire Peter's house."

"Are you? I didn't know it."

"I am, and that's why I happen to know something about the affair. Squire Peter's oldest son is a constable, or a sheriff, or something of that sort; and after I went to bed the other night, I heard them talking it over in the next room. It seems that Squire Peter had the judgment already for the debt."

"So!" groaned Job.

"So he said; and the place has been advertised for sale in the papers for some time."

"How can that be? I haint had no notice," whined Job.

"Yes, you have. The constable, or whatever he is, served the writ or something of that sort on you, when you were drunk."

"I don't know nothing at all about it," murmured Job, more in grief than in anger.

"They didn't mean you should know anything about it."

"I don't take no papers, nuther; and I live way down here where nobody don't come."

"Squire Peter is going to buy the place at the auction. A company wants the land to build a factory on, and they offered Squire Peter a thousand dollars for it. If he could get it for that, I believe they are going to make bricks with a patent machine, and this creek has the deepest water on the shore. Now you can make some money, Job, if you are only smart. I have no doubt this company will pay two thousand for your place."

"Two thousand!" exclaimed Job; "I'd a sold it for five hundred. But then it won't do me no good, if Squire Peter's going to get it away from me. Do you know when it will be sold?"

"Next Saturday, I heard them say. The brick company is in New York, and don't know anything about it."

"Next Saturday!" gasped Job. "And today is Wednesday!"

"But you can raise the money before that time to pay the debt. I am to pay you twenty dollars, and you only want about fifty more."

"Nobody'll trust me in Oslip," sighed Job.

"I will see what I can do for you. I know I can raise fifty or sixty dollars for you."

"Thank you, Tim—I shall have the money on Saturday, but I can't be here with it."

"Leave it all to me, Job, and I will find the money."

"Thank ye, Tim."

"But don't forget about those things, Job."

"I won't."

"And, Job, don't say a word to anyone about what has passed between us, for Squire Peter would kill me if he knew I had given you a hint."

"Not a word."

"Don't mention it to your wife, or to—what's his name? Charlie, I believe."

"Not to any living soul."

"Now or hereafter," added Mr. Twitterton.

"Never while I have breath. If you can get me out of this scrape, I shall bless you forever and ever, Tim."

"Depend upon me."

Mr. Twitterton took great pains to impress it upon Job's mind that he was to be as "secret as the grave," to use his own expression; and they departed. Mrs. Seagrain had left the pier while they were talking, and Job prepared to go on shore himself; but, finding that Charlie was fast asleep, he seated himself at the cabin table to consider the situation. On the whole he was quite satisfied with it; for, if his place was worth two thousand dollars, he was a rich man. He would sell it to the brick company as soon as they would pay this price.

While Job was thinking about it, Charlie woke. Job wanted to tell him the news, but he dared not, and they pulled to the pier, and walked towards the house.

CHAPTER IV.

JOB ASSERTS HIS MANHOOD.

Instead of being depressed by the peril that menaced his landed estate, Job was actually elated at his sudden increase in value. It occurred to him that he had seen a couple of gentlemen looking about the premises, with Squire Peter Shifflety. He had wondered at the time what they were about, but it was clear now. More than this, he thought the agents of the brick company, whoever they were, had excellent judgment; for they could not find a better place for the manufacture of bricks on the whole of Long Island. Clay, for material, was abundant; and there were six feet of water in the creek, opposite his place, at low water; and the bottom could easily be dredged out so as to afford nine feet. It was only sixty miles from New York, and sloops could take their cargoes in the creek, and land them on the wharf in the city. In Job's opinion, the agents of that brick company were smart men, and had selected the best place within a hundred miles of the metropolis for their business.

Job felt like a capitalist as he walked towards his humble home. Two thousand dollars in cash for the place; a thousand more which he could make on the oyster bed, and another thousand, which the Betsy Ann was worth, made four thousand dollars. There were not ten men in Oslip who were worth so much money; and Job involuntarily held his head up ten degrees higher than usual. It was true that his prospective fortune depended somewhat upon the disposition of the brick company to pay him his price; but then; if its agents had offered Squire Peter one thousand to procure the land for them, they would pay double that sum rather than lose the advantages, which were so manifest even to Job. He felt like a new man, and he wondered that he had been such an insignificant person before. He would sell his place to the brick company, but he would not carry any of their manufactures in his hat again, and he was quite confident Betsy Ann would not be allowed to impose upon such a capitalist as he was in the future.

The weather was fully verifying Job's predictions in the early morning. It was blowing a fresh gale from the southeast, and the rain began to pour down in torrents as Job and Charlie entered the house, where Mrs. Seagrain was nursing her wrath, vials and vials of which she had bottled up to discharge upon the head of her delinquent husband. As he crossed the threshold, she suspended her work at the cooking-stove and fixed her gaze upon him. Her under lip overlapped the upper one, and her eyes were dilated; for Job had never, within her remembrance, been guilty of misdemeanors so gross as at the present time. He had actually gone off contrary to her expressed commands and had staid away two nights. She looked at him, and there was fire in her eyes; but somehow there was something in Job's appearance—something in his lofty head and confident step—which seemed a little strange to her, and which possibly produced a slight misgiving in her mind. Job entered the kitchen and hung up his hat in the usual place.

"You have come home at last—have you?" Mrs. Seagrain began.

"I've come home, Betsy Ann," replied Job, calmly.

"Didn't I tell you not to go off and stay all night?" demanded the lady.

"I believe you did, Betsy Ann," answered Job, with wonderful self-possession; and Charlie was satisfied that his back bone was still stiff.

"How dared you go, you imp of mischief?"

"I thought I would."

"What!" gasped the lady, confounded by Job's temerity.

"Nothin'."

"Job Seagrain!"

"What did you go off and stay all night for, you lobster of wickedness?"

"Because I had a mind to, you she-herrin' of corruption!"

"What?"

"Anything you like."

"How dare you call me names?"

"How dare you call me names?"

"I should like to know!"

"So should I!"

"Job Seagrain—you—you—you sculpin of iniquity!"

"Betsy Ann Seagrain, you crab of misery!"

"Well, I should also like to know," exclaimed the astonished wife, as she folded her arms, and glared savagely at the rebel.

"So should I," added Job, glancing at Charlie, who wanted to applaud the old man for his pluck, but did not deem it expedient to fan the flame of the woman's wrath.

"I told you not to go off night afore last; and you've been gone two nights," cried the lady.

"I know you did," replied Job, coolly.

"How dared you do it, when I told you not to?"

"I concluded to manage my own business, that's all."

"Things have come to a pretty pass."

"I guess they'll come out all right."

"You demon of devastation!"

"Job Seagrain, how dare you speak to me in that way?"

"It seems to me that's pooty much the way you speak to me."

"Who are you, I should like to know?"

"I'm Job Seagrain! Who are you?"

"I'll let you know who I am," shouted the infuriated wife, as, with claws outspread, she sprang towards him.

"Avast, Betsy Ann!" yelled Job as he planted himself in the corner of the room, and squared off in the approved attitude of a pugilist.

Mrs. Seagrain paused at this unwonted spectacle, for it was as plain as print that her husband meant to fight. There was not the remotest sign of submission about him.

"Avast there, Betsy Ann!" repeated Job. "I never struck a woman yet, but I'm going to begin now, if I must. If you put one of your fingers on me, I'll lay you out, just as if you were a man. That's honest, Betsy Ann."

"I should like to know—"

"You'll know in half a second, if you touch me, Betsy Ann. I can lick any man of my left in the world; and I can lick any woman double my left. I know. Now, behave yourself."

"You cat-fish of sin! How dare you double your fists at me?" demanded Mrs. Seagrain,

backing towards the stove, and gazing with a bewildered stare at the rebel.

"As I said afore, I never struck a woman yet, but I'm going to begin now, if I must, Betsy Ann," continued Job, who felt that he had already won the battle and was correspondingly encouraged.

"Did you see me at the landing beckon you to come ashore?" asked the lady.

"I did."

"Why didn't you come, then?"

"I want ready."

"You want?"

"No, I want."

"Job Seagrain, you'll wear my patience all out!" cried she, springing towards him again; and this time her wrath got the better of her discretion.

She attempted to slap him on the face with her big hand, but Job warded off the blow so vigorously that the attempt was defeated, and the lady felt a sharp pain in the arm where he had hit her in fending off the attack.

The pain only angered her the more, and she sprang upon him like a tigress. She did not hit out like a man, but to grasp him by the collar and shake him was her style of discipline. Job understood her tactics, and he seized her by the wrists as she came upon him. After a brief struggle he threw her back with so much force that she staggered to the farther end of the room.

It was a disgraceful scene, and was the last act of violence on the part of Mr. or Mrs. Seagrain. Though the lady did not acknowledge that she was conquered, it was none the less true that she was conquered. Job was a tough old fellow. He hit hard, and it was vain for her to battle with him, after he had resolved to stand his ground.

"I should like to know," groaned Mrs. Seagrain, as she brought up against the wall of the room.

"I cal'late you know now," replied Job.

"You've been drinking, Job Seagrain."

"That's just what I haven't been doin'. I ain't a-goin' to drink no more—not a drop."

"I didn't think you'd strike me, Job," muttered the lady, dismayed at her defeat.

"I knowed you'd strike me, and I meant to make an even thing on't," added Job. "If you want any more on't, Betsy Ann, jest put your claws on me, and you shall have all you want."

Mrs. Seagrain dropped into a chair, and burst into tears. She wept bitterly, sobbing convulsively. Job could not remember when he had seen her weep before, except when the little boy died. He was moved at the spectacle. His heart softened into its natural tenderness.

"Betsy Ann," said he, in gentle tones.

"You vile demon of corruption!" sobbed she.

Job looked at Charlie, who shook his head to indicate that the husband should not meddle with her. Unfortunately Betsy Ann happened to see the demonstration on the young man's part, and she understood it.

"You little miserable wretch! You have done this," howled she, springing fiercely towards him, with the intention of chastising him.

"Kinder easy, Betsy Ann, interpose Job, stepping between them, and assuming a belligerent attitude. "Don't you touch him. If you do, you touch me."

The wife stunk back to her chair, actually afraid of Job.

The DEATH-BED MARRIAGE

or,

The Missing Bridegroom

By Ida M. Black

Copyright, 1907, Ida M. Black.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A young girl and a handsome man, in the uniform of an American officer, stand beside a dying man. The priest bends nearer to catch the faltering words, "Forever 'till Death." The dying man exacts a promise that the husband will take his bride away from his enemies and hers. "She is safe—as my wife," comes the reluctant answer. The father places a package in the husband's hands. "Swear it to me, to keep it seven years for your wife." A soldier's words is the pledge, and with the sign of the cross the old Spaniard dies.

Seven years later a stranger asks directions to the home of Dr. Morosini. "Is the gentleman a-comin' too?" He is tall and slim, with a cloak wrapped around his shoulders. He dogs the man's steps on the steamer, at the hotel, and the stranger is unconscious that the little guide is his protector. Dr. Morosini gives Ross Delmore a hearty welcome, and reminds Ross that he does not ask for his wife. Seven years before he consigns his child wife to Dr. Morosini's care. Ten years before the major sees his idol crumble into dust. He goes to Mexico a reckless man. Receiving a severe wound he is nursed by an old Spaniard, Don Jose. He has possession of a secret that will bring untold wealth. Ross sees someone at the window. The dog growls. He resumes his story. For six weeks he hears the child pray in simple faith for the life of the American. She softens him, and as a child he learns to love her. Don Jose is taken suddenly ill, and Ross Delmore promising to defend his child the old man misunderstands him and insists upon a marriage, which Ross is too bewildered to oppose. Claude realizes Ross has a wife he does not want and he must be brave—either take her to his heart and home or else let the law set her free. The old love is dead, but if she can come to the old man, brighten the years that are left he will welcome her and cherish her as tenderly as a husband can. If she shrinks she shall be free. The dog moves uneasily. The doctor makes a spring and grasps a man by the throat.

The great bell in the tower tolls the noonday Angelus. The center of a small group is a little maiden with wonderful beauty. She wears a ring with the Spanish inscription, "Forever 'till Death." The good nuns keep the secret of Inez Fernandez's marriage. The "Recluse" is the object of much discussion. She asks to speak to Inez. The girl shrinks. She should no longer be a child, and the nun glances at Inez's ring. The wife of a brave man must be brave. His life hangs by a thread. Inez must save him. The package is more dangerous than if it held a serpent's sting. It contains the secret that will save her. They who seek the secret stop at nothing. The Recluse is done with life and only lives to see wrongs righted. Dr. Morosini calls for Inez.

CHAPTER III. (CONTINUED.)

"NOT a word of this to him—not a word. Write, write to your husband. Tell him to beware—to leave the package in the bank, or with a lawyer—as he loves his life, not to carry it about his person, or keep it in his house. But not a word of me. Remember I have trusted you. Be silent and secret as the grave," and pressing her lips by her finger warningly, the "Recluse" glided into the darkened chamber, and Inez went out into the sunshine alone, feeling as she listened to Sister Bernice's gentle remonstrance at her absence, as if she had awakened from some horrible dream. Never had her guardian's bright face and cheery voice greeted her so gladly.

"Your husband has come for you," said Doctor Morosini's jovial voice, as Inez laid her hand in his. "He is at the Lodge."

"He's safe—safe at your house?" asked Inez, forgetful, in her eagerness, how strange the question seemed.

"Safe! Of course," replied the doctor, "and I have a message for you. You know, my dear child, that Ross is—ahem! the most disinterested of men."

"I know that. Surely no one has had greater proof of it!" said Inez warmly.

"He feels that perhaps he has done you an injustice. You are young, beautiful, and we have just ascertained that you are very rich, and Ross thinks that perhaps you do not altogether like the idea of being tied down to an old fellow like him."

"Is he so very old?" asked Inez, innocently.

"Well, no," said the doctor, dubiously, "not so very old, neither is he very young. It's a woman's privilege to choose her own husband, and you hadn't much choice about yours, and the law will recognize that fact and will set you free if you so wish it; free to be loved and to love at your own sweet will."

"Does Major Delmore wish it?" she asked in a faltering tone, "does he prefer to set me free?"

"Not he," said the doctor, warmly. "Stick by me and I'll stick by you, has been Ross Delmore's motto for the last twenty years—since he risked his scalp creeping around the Indian camp where Claude Morosini lay waiting to be roasted for the red devil's amusement next day! The game is in your hands. Altogether it is to be as you say."

"Then, there is but one thing that I can say," said Inez, softly, pressing the ring on her finger, as she spoke. "Give this ring to my husband, and tell him that no law can sever the tie that it binds. The vow it holds is registered in a court higher than that of earth—Forever 'till Death."

"Right," said the doctor, heartily, "right, and good, and womanly!"

The doctor's wife and daughters were in a delightful state of excitement when they learned that the major had come to claim his bride; they went energetically to work to decorate the rooms with flowers, and decking the festive board with wreaths and garlands of ivy, and loading it with dainty viands and glittering plate.

"So she won't give him up?" said pretty Doris, idly picking a few grapes from a bunch of purple bloom.

"Give him up, my dear!" replied her mother, reprovingly.

"Indeed, I expect many wives of such a number of years would be glad of the chance. Poor Inez! To step right from the schoolroom into the soberest depths of matrimony. I pity her."

"Tut! Tut! I only hope that you will fare as well!" said her mother, with a shake of her head.

"Do you know, mamma, that I have felt as though something dreadful was going to happen, ever since that strange man was found

peeping in at the window the other night. I don't see why papa had to drive him in by the throat and have him put in jail until next morning, just because he looked in the window. As the magistrate said, curiosity is not a criminal crime."

"And he let him go," interrupted her sister Marian, eagerly, "when Major Delmore swore that he had been dogging his footsteps since he had left New Orleans."

"Yes, and the way his eyes flashed at papa and Major Delmore meant mischief," said Doris, excitedly.

"There is no use getting excited, my dears," interrupted Mrs. Morosini, calmly. "The man has left the place now, and will not ever be seen, probably, as Major Delmore gave him warning to keep out of his reach. Let everything be bright and cheerful this evening to welcome our dear little bride—poor, motherless child."

Meantime, Major Delmore, seated in the doctor's carriage, was slowly driving in the direction of Mount Darcy. Strange and conflicting feelings stirred within his breast, there was little of the bridegroom's eagerness in his manner, little of the bridegroom's gladness in his eyes.

He looked at the little ring—her wedding ring—she had sent him as a pledge of her fidelity, and, instead of consigning it again to his pocket, he put it on his fourth finger smiling half bitterly as he did so.

"Forever 'till Death. What death can be so quick as the death of love. If she knew, poor little one, the specter that stands between us—the specter of a blighted memory—the ghost of a dead love!"

"Faith, and be ye Misther Major Delmore, yer honor!" said a voice beside him, interrupting his meditations; and the major saw a barefooted Irish boy prying into the carriage.

"That is my name. What do you want?" "Only yer thanks for this purty little billy-dux I've brought yer honor, and I am not

injury she had done me, and yet—My God! Can I be going mad, or is this all some wild dream? Inez will tell me who it is that is thus striving to make me the prey of morbid fancies."

"On my track!" repeated the major. "I thought there was a lurking devil in that Spaniard's eye. If I meet him again I'll—"

"Ah, then, what will the senor do if we meet again?" said a mocking voice beside him, and the lithe form of his creole fellow-traveler emerged from the shadows and greeted the astonished major's eye. "What will the senor do?—for that pleasure is already his!"

"I'll horsewhip you!" said the major. "What do you mean by dogging my footsteps in this way?"

"Mean? There is no need for many words, senor. The packet, fool! Robber. Give me the packet that is my birthright, or die!—die like the dog that you are, at my feet!"

The creole had one hand upon the horse's bridle, the other grasped a glittering stiletto.

The major sprang from the carriage with the loaded whip in his hand, the only weapon within reach.

"Give you the packet!" he repeated. "Abandon a dying man's sacred trust into the hands of a skulking thief! Out of my path! Let go the rein, or I will scatter your brains at my feet."

He raised his whip, but it was wrenched from his hand, and he felt his arms pinioned to his side by some unseen foe behind him.

"Give me the packet or die!" repeated the creole in a hissing whisper. "You are outnumbered, it is useless to resist."

"Never!" said the major, staunchly, and freeing by a herculean effort one hand from the grip of his unseen foe, he grasped the wrist of the creole and strove to wrest the dagger from his hold.

As he did so a sudden change came over the face of his opponent; a low smothered cry burst from his lips, and flinging the stiletto



"OUT OF MY PATH! LET GO THE REIN, OR I WILL SCATTER YOUR BRAINS AT MY FEET."

above taking an odd dime or two by way of compliment onto the bargain."

"Who sent it to me?" asked the major, his whole face covered with a swarthy flush as he took the note and noticed the superscription.

"Shure, and can't ye read, sir?" asked the boy, with apparent innocence.

"There is no name to this," said the major, tearing open the note, and glancing over it hastily. "Boy, I'll give you fifty dimes if you'll tell me where this came from?"

"Twas a lady, though some folks do say that she ain't a live lady after all, but a sperit that can't rest. Tall and slight, sir, with a black dress, and a face, that purty as it is, looks as if it might have been under the coffin-lid! It's that still and pale—"

"But her name, boy?"

"Her name! Shure, sir, how should I know her name, if you don't. She lives in a little cottage near the convent beyond, and she gave me that for you, with a five dollar note, to say nuthin' about her. You're her sweetheart, I guess," added the boy with a grin, as the major whipped up his horse and drove out of sight.

"You're in danger. Travel armed and beware of the sealed packet! It's fatal to its bearer! They who seek the Spaniard's secret are always on your track. By the memory of the dead past, beware!"

Such was the brief tenor of the note, every word of which seemed burned into Major Delmore's brain.

Spies upon his footsteps, mysterious warnings, in a handwriting that sent the blood throbbing to heart and brain! What web of mystery was this, that seemed gathering about a life as open and honest as his?

"She died long ago," he kept repeating to himself; "I saw her death in the paper. I saw her grave in the graveyard. I stood over the grass-grown mound and forgave her the

said the doctor, thoughtfully, "one that we could trust, at least."

"Mr. Braddon is a lawyer, ain't he?" chimed Tot, with a quizzical glance at her sister Marian. "I am sure you could trust him, couldn't you Marian?"

Marian blushed deeply beneath the doctor's inquiring gaze, but he continued without seemingly to notice it. "Yes, I think that we could trust Mr. Braddon, Tot, he is a clever, sensible fellow, if we had use for a lawyer, but in this case we haven't. It's a queer business, anyway, and one I don't fancy having honest Ross Delmore mixed up in. This packet, which I told you the old Spaniard gave him, contained a sort of a will or testament on parchment which he bequeathed, with many solemn injunctions, and a smaller package enclosed within it, to his daughter Inez, to be opened by her, in presence of her husband, seven years after date. Of the wealth which this document says that she will discover there, one fifth must go to the church, and one fifth to the poor. Thus, as the old Spanish document adds, quaintly, bringing down the blessing of heaven upon the rest of the inheritance for you, my daughter, upon your children, and your children's children, to the end of time."

"How charmingly mysterious!" said Doris, with a little shudder. "Dear me, papa, what do you think it is?"

"I should suppose that it was all a confounded humbug, but we shall soon know how the case stands for Inez will open the packet tomorrow."

"Is Major Delmore wealthy, papa?" asked Doris.

"Ross Delmore. No, my love, he has too big a heart to have a full pocket. He did have a fortune when he came of age, but he got ousted out of it, somehow. Since then he has always had plenty and to spare, but that does not constitute wealth. Hurrah! There he comes now with his bride. Don't you hear the wheels? I am almost as happy to welcome him and his bride as if I were going to be married over myself."

"Come right in," said the doctor, flinging open the hall doors, and though the light from within streamed out cheerily upon the carriage road, for a moment nothing could be seen but the pony-chaise standing before the door.

"You took time enough on the road to court a half dozen wives, Ross, thought you were never coming. Why, hello! where are they? By George! there's no one there," and springing from the steps, the doctor began to peer around the empty carriage.

"No one here?" echoed Mrs. Morosini, in amazement. "You're joking, doctor, the pony surely did not come home alone."

The doctor did not answer. He was busy examining something beneath the lamp that swung before his door, something that he had found pinned to the cushions.

When he turned his wife saw with terror, that a sudden change had come over his countenance; it had a pale, set, stern look.

"Don't frighten the girls," he whispered, before leaping into the carriage and taking the reins, "but there has been foul work here. Get me my revolver out of my desk drawer, I must go to town at once."

"Great heavens, what is it Claude?" she asked, "Don't leave me, for God's sake don't go. You look so strange, so terrible!"

"Get my pistol, Mollie, this is no time for folly. Look at this."

"This" was a slip of paper torn by the long slender blade of a dagger, by which it had been pinned to the carriage seat. The crimson light from the lamp falling upon the blurred characters seemed to trace them in lines of blood—"By the law of might!"

"What—what does it mean, Claude?" asked his wife in terror.

"It means," and the doctor spoke hoarsely, through his clenched teeth, "it means murder! foul, cowardly, cold-blooded murder. And it shall mean vengeance, yes, if Claude Morosini swings for it, his friend shall be avenged."

The doctor whipped up the pony and drove furiously toward the town, while his terrified wife went into the house to explain as well as she could to the expectant girls that the bride and groom had not yet arrived.

Early that evening Inez stood by the gothic windows of Mount Darcy Convent, looking up into the gathering shadows through a mist of tears. The farewells had all been spoken, and now, with her arms entwined around Sister Bernice, she stood, awaiting her husband's summons, yet, seeming, by her attitude and expression, to cling sadly to the ties which were so soon to be severed forever.

"Poor child!" said the gentle sister, "you must try to conquer this emotion and meet your husband with a smile. Think what a friend, what a father he has been to you all these years."

Inez was silent. If, for a moment, she felt impelled to tell this kind friend of the warning of the "Recluse" she quietly banished it. She was anxious to know more of the strange creature, so she said:

"Dear mother, I was the witness yesterday of a strange, dreadful penance and would ask you to give me an explanation of it."

"You have been to Ivy Cottage. I trust it was not without the knowledge of its inmate."

"It was at the lady's request that I accompanied her. She spoke to me in the playground and seemed acquainted with my history."

"That is not at all strange, now, Inez, for it is a general theme of discourse, our little 'convent bride.'"

"Who is this lady?"

"I know but little of her, even her name she has preferred to conceal. Three months ago she applied to me by letter, desiring to rent our little cottage. She has lived there in penitential seclusion, denying herself almost the necessities of life, seeing no one but the good sister who supplied her simple wants. She left this morning."

"It is morning!" echoed Inez.

"This morning," continued the nun, "called away by sudden and important business, so the note that she left informed me."

Inez shuddered involuntarily. She felt a dreadful presentiment that her fate was to be entwined still further with this woman, who had been the first to cast over her young spirit the shadows of doubt and fear.

"Major Delmore is late," said the sister, "but it is a long ride, you will not reach the Lodge until after nightfall."

"No," said Inez, abstractedly, "tis a long way. But he will come soon enough, dear mother, for my heart bids me linger still, I have been so happy here."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

How to Grow Thin

JUDGING from the heaps and heaps of letters received every day from "My Girls," I am positive that you will hail this anti-fat article with sighs of thanksgiving and relief. "Really and truly" as the little boy says, it has seemed to me lately as if all the world was in a state of violent revolt against superfluous ounces of flesh, and were crediting me with being a modern Shylock. Perhaps I might harden my heart sufficiently to take one little pound of flesh, but beyond that I could not go. However in this column I will tell you how to make the odious pounds of fat take to their heels, and run away so far that they will never find their way home again.

Nothing about a woman's appearance makes her more sensitive than to know that she is stout and looks stout, for know, friends all, that even if you are stout, you can dress so as to apparently lose pounds of fat. The "art of dressing for stout women" will be illustrated in another article later.

To resume, do not imagine that fat only comes when Father Time has reached an "awkward mile-stone in a woman's age." While elderly people generally tend either toward the extreme of slowness or gradually become stouter and stouter, yet have I often seen young girls and women with all liteness and slowness and possessed of the ungraceful full lines which denote excessive fat.

Most women would rather be scrawny and bony any time than be called fat, but I believe in a happy medium when all the thin people have curves, soft and graceful, and the fat people curve-less! What do my girls say?

I want you all to remember that no cut-and-dried rule can be given that will fit every case of obesity. What reduces one person has no effect on her next door neighbor. To a certain extent you will have to watch yourself and notice what special foods add to your weight. I am going to give you several different methods for reducing flesh in these columns, and you must try the one you think most adapted to your constitution and circumstances.

A popular treatment for reducing flesh is the one that combines diet, baths and exercise in moderation. The foundation board of an obesity diet consists always of dry foods and lean meats, although as a small amount of fat is absolutely imperative to aid digestion it can, not be entirely omitted, but remember that a very little is all that is necessary. Sweets also are forbidden. Now if any of you are thinking "Well, I never can diet and I just love sweet things" all I can say is, eat, drink, and be merry but tomorrow bring out the weighing machine and see how many pounds you've gained! It will be a good object lesson and I feel sure my little girl will hit her back in a fright to diet, exercise and all, so you see I have faith in your good sense. Sweet things, such as ice cream, pies, cakes, candies, sugar, molasses, etc., must be omitted at meals and between meals. Wines and alcoholic beverages are great producers of fat and consequently I say, drink not. For those who are not weighed down with flesh, but see it looming ahead, remember "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" and begin on a diet also. Generally sweets and starches should be relinquished to a great extent, also deserts, creams and milk. As I said before never eat between meals, as it is not only a slovenly habit and bad for the digestion, but is also a habit that brings the abhorred flesh rapidly in its train. At breakfast you must refrain from eating cereals of any kind. While at meals abstain entirely from taking liquids (water included) and as far as is possible give them up while in this diet. A famous authority on diet gives the following directions for the stout girl to reduce. Take dry food as far as possible, do not eat juicy fruits and vegetables such as mush, melon, watermelon, tomatoes, pears, peaches, etc. Avoid all kinds of soups, milk, creams and beverages of any description, with the exception of plain drinking water and only what is necessary of that.

Now to encourage you all a little as I know you are seeing visions of starvation ahead, I will give below a list of foods you can eat—in moderation.

MEATS.

Poultry, fish, lean meat.

VEGETABLES.

Spinach, string-beans, egg plant, celery, beets, etc.

You cannot accuse me of starving you after reading this long list of eatables!

The girl or woman afflicted with too much flesh, must learn to breathe well and correctly. When she gets up in the morning she must stand in front of an open window in her night-dress and breathe way down to her toes, until you can touch the tips of your toes with your fingers. Stand this way for a fraction of a second then bend the knees, lay the hands flat on the ground and rapidly run around the room on all fours. This is a fine exercise for making fat fade away.

Here are a few other exercises for reducing flesh and they are all good if persisted in.

If you are not afraid of vigorous exercise, and you mustn't be if you intend to be thin, go and buy a skipping rope at the nearest store, then come home and in the quiet of your own little room, try skipping the rope, first taking off your corsets and long skirt. If your windows are wide open you will find this exercise as exhilarating as it was say five, ten, twenty or thirty years ago. You must only do it a little at a time to begin with, but if you keep up this exercise each day you will soon become light footed and slim again. I would not advise anyone with heart trouble to try this exercise.

Another good exercise is to take two light dumb-bells or flat-irons and tie one to each end of a rope about five or six feet long. Lift this rope in your hands so the dumb-bells or flat-irons are swinging over your head, then lower to the back as far as possible. This exercise should be repeated six times in the morning and six times in the evening.

Now for the last exercise and the one I believe in most thoroughly. I know you will all

"sit up" when you hear what it is, and I admit it is rather peculiar. To reduce flesh and become slim and graceful, you must roll! Yes, indeed, girls, rolling is just the finest thing to take off the hated fat and certainly it is something you can all do whether you be in town, country or city, whether you have a house or a room at your command. It is the very latest thing and has been endorsed by a famous and beautiful actress who found the enemy to woman's beauty was upon her and that quick and strenuous measures must be adopted if she retain the beautiful figure for which she was so much admired. She got up early in the morning, opened the windows so that the fresh morning air might fill the room, laid down on the floor and rolled, and rolled and rolled, all over the room, up and down, around and around, from corner to corner, until she was entirely out of breath, and, as she declared afterward, several ounces lighter. Just think of that! And she continued this treatment for several months until her figure was as it should be and rumor whispers that still in the solitude of her chamber she rolls surreptitiously just for the joy of it. So you see it is not only a useful exercise but evidently a most enjoyable one. I hope all my plump girls will try it and write and tell how much they lose.

Another legitimate aid in reducing flesh is to swathe in flannel the portion of your body to be reduced and for one entire hour drink copiously of hot water. This induces perspiration, and profuse perspiration and vigorous exercise will make any woman thin.

Another important thing to remember is the daily walk. Do all the other things if you can, but walk you must. I know that stout people get out of the habit of walking, as they say walking hurts their feet, ankles, etc., and no doubt it does, but still, walking is as necessary as dieting in this fight for beauty. If you cannot spare the time for a two-hour-walk each day try to walk as much as possible in the house, the more you walk the better it will be.

The above gives you one method of reducing flesh, but there is another and it is called "Milk diet as a reducer of flesh," and is, I think, perfect from the standpoint of reduction. You only take from one and a half to two quarts of milk per day. No other food must pass your lips, if you wish to be slim and beautiful. Perhaps two quarts of milk seems insufficient, but I can assure you it is all that is necessary. If you do this religiously for one week you will lose anywhere from three to six pounds, and I think that is quite sufficient for a start. Remember only two quarts of milk a day, no food or drinks of any description except water.

Housework as a flesh reducer! Here is my third remedy for corpulency and all the housekeepers in the land can join this class of mine and learn to make the house and body beautiful at the same time.

Do you want to see the rolls of fat beneath your ribs disappear? Do you want to reduce your waist and have it become small, round and shapely? Then use the broom and you will have your heart's desire, I know. Perhaps you have never considered the broom as an aid to beauty and that is where I come in. Sweep the house, girls, every day, and if you get tired or the dust annoys you just remember that you are getting a slim round waist and go at it again with a will.

The most commonplace household duties, such as washing, hanging out the clothes, cleaning windows, etc. are fine for the figure and complexion.

Washing windows is not hard and anyone can do it, and secure good healthy exercise for thin arms and large waist, and long breaths of fresh air for the lungs. If you cannot go out much in the open air see to it that when the windows are washed you do the washing!

Here are a few suggestions about how the stout woman should dress. I have very little space left so can only give brief advice on this subject in this article.

Remember that up and down lines make a woman look taller, while a black skirt and light waist shortens her. The stout woman should avoid satin dresses or waists as satin makes one look fully a third heavier than she really is. Black makes one look thin but is not suitable for girls. If you want to look stouter than you really are or ever will be, wear frills and furbelows and high, tight collars and tight cuffs. The more you squeeze yourself the worse you will look. White can be easily worn by a fleshy person or tan and corn, while on the other hand pink and blue make one look much heavier.

Rules to Remember

1. Eating between meals is strictly tabooed.
2. Not more than seven hours sleep is permissible.
3. That a hot rapid bath in good bath vinegar will reduce the weight.
4. That whatever treatment is taken up should be faithfully followed to the end desired.
5. That the exercises will not bear fruit in a day and it is well to remember that nature rules that the harvest cannot immediately follow the sowing.
6. Whatever you do, do well.

Correct Weights

5 ft.	115 lbs.	5 ft. 8 in.	148 lbs.
5 ft. 2 in.	125 lbs.	5 ft. 10 in.	160 lbs.
5 ft. 4 in.	135 lbs.	6 ft. 2 in.	180 lbs.
5 ft. 6 in.	143 lbs.	6 ft. 4 in.	180 lbs.

Girls, Read the Following Paragraph Carefully!

I have received so many letters from my girls (and I love to hear from you, my dears), that it is impossible to answer them all individually, as it would fill up the entire magazine. By reading the articles each month and the Questions and Answers columns, you will find answers to many of your questions and this will save you the trouble of writing and the delay in waiting for your answer to appear.

All of those who have asked questions regarding the removal of superfluous hair, promoting the growth of eyelashes and brows, how to plump and whiten arms, hands and neck, and remove liver-spots, moles, tan, freckles, also the reduction of fleshy hips and waist, will find all information thereon in the October number, in which, also, full particulars were given as to the treatment of blackheads and pimples. Questions regarding hair were answered in the November

number of COMFORT and need no further answer unless the question asked is one of an unusual character.

Questions and Answers

BY KATHERINE BOOTH.

Miss B. S., Detroit, Mich.—To make your eyebrows and eyelashes grow apply common yellow vaseline every night being careful not to get any in the eye itself.

M. B. E. C.—To keep your skin soft and white use Beauty Bags and a good face cream. See my article in the October issue on blackheads and pimples. Their appearance need not worry you. Superfluous hair can be removed by applying Peroxide of Hydrogen and Aqua Ammonia on alternate days. This must be kept up for three or four months to get results.

Cathleen.—I do not answer letters except through the columns of this paper. A harmless bleach for a tanned face is composed of the following ingredients, two table-spoonfuls of oatmeal, add a quart of water and boil for ten minutes. Cool, strain and to the liquid add the juice of two lemons and a tablespoonful of alcohol. Bathe the face with this, letting it dry on, then wash in clear water.

Agnes, Newport News, Va.—Your sweet little letter received and it was much appreciated. Simple things to eat are broiled steak, broiled, baked or creamed chicken, roast beef, (no gravy), fish and turkey; plenty of vegetables; as much water as you can drink, and simple desserts such as egg custard, rice pudding, or rice with cream. For exercise you can eat fruit, soft boiled eggs, and toast for breakfast. For constipation soak half dozen prunes in a cup of warm water overnight. In the morning drink two glasses of water and fifteen minutes later take the prune juice and prunes. At noon eat an orange or a bunch of grapes. After dinner eat two apples and just before going to bed eat prunes and prune juice again. Every day drink at least 10 glasses of water but not at meals. The prune juice in the morning must be taken half an hour before breakfast. Once a month take a dose of castor oil. Tell me how you get along. Hot water is the best thing I know of to clear the skin. Try it again and take it as hot as you can drink it.

Pet.—Bathe the breasts in aromatic vinegar every day. Vigorous massage is also good but be careful not to bruise the flesh.

Miss Phoebe B.—To develop the bust use this preparation, formula for which is given below: 400 grams of simple syrup, 10 grams of lachophosphate of lime, 10 grams of tincture of fennel and 10 grams of extract of galega. The galega must be the genuine imported herb and you must caution the druggist to use his freshest material. Two spoonfuls must be taken before each meal. You should also try gentle circular massage with olive oil every day for ten minutes. Dash cold water on breasts and shoulders every morning, as this shock stimulates the circulation. I'm sorry but I do not answer letters personally.

R. E. C.—Moles are very dangerous things to meddle with but if you want them removed, you should have it done by the electric needle and even this is not any too safe. Moles if disturbed are apt to cause a malignant growth. I should imagine your Hair Restorer to be harmless but the Lord only knows what color hair would be after using it. Home-made dyes are fearfully and wonderfully unsatisfactory. The hair generally comes out streaked with all the colors of the rainbow. Be warned in time, my dear friend.

Mabel Clair.—To toughen and harden your skin dash cold water violently on it every night and morning. I think you should consult a doctor for the special trouble you refer to, as you cannot be cured by simple facial remedies. You probably need to take medicine internally.

Jungle-Fowl.—See article on Reduction of Flesh in this number and my answer to M. B. E. C. on superfluous hair. Try rubbing your fingers with olive oil twice a day, and to make your hands and fingers flexible try this exercise: hold arms at right angles to body, close your hand until it becomes a hard fist, then stretch your fingers out straight, stretching them as if you were trying to teach an octave on a piano.

M. F.—There will be no scars. For good bleach use the juice of two lemons with half an ounce of honey. Apply to face at night. Try my hot water cure. This will help clear your complexion and make it soft and white. After you get your skin cleared it will stay so powder protects the good work of it—no longer! A good woman should use it.

Evelyn O.—Thank you very much for your picture. As far as I can see you don't need my advice at all. If your complexion is sallow, try my hot water cure which was given in the August number. If you haven't it, write COMFORT for a copy. You will find this will make your skin clear and in time bedeck your cheeks with twin roses.

S. M. L.—The subject of Hair was thoroughly treated in the November number and your questions fully answered. Put yellow vaseline on your eyelashes to make them grow. To make the eye bright and lustrous, get your druggist to make up a three per cent. solution of boric acid and wash your eyes with this night and morning. You had better buy an eye-cup of your druggist. It is only five or ten cents and he will show you how to use it. I should advise your thinning your brows by pulling out the superfluous hair with tweezers. You can shape them yourself. Of course the eyebrows should not meet.

Miss Hazel M.—Tell your mother to rub yellow vaseline on her scalp every night, massaging until the scalp is pink and glowing. This is a sure cure for falling hair. For information on dandruff cure see my article in November number. Good luck to you.

Agnes Fay.—For red face and nose, be careful not to eat rich, greasy foods. Take a cold bath every morning or if this is inconvenient, dash cold water on your face several times during each day. Perhaps your sleeves are too tight. Do not wear knee pants; wear trousers the kind that attach to the corset. Massage your face with good skin food every day and apply powder. Powder is not injurious, quite the reverse. Eat plenty of apples, oranges, grapes, etc.

Hopeli Hooper, Utah.—Put your hair up on kid curlers at night. I see no reason why your hair should not keep on growing, and I think it will.

Pumpkin Sally.—Rub olive oil on your hands every night, and they will soon be soft and white. Use Peroxide of Hydrogen on nose and upper lip. The Beauty Bags will whiten and soften the face and hands.

Wild Rose.—You could bleach your hair with Peroxide of Hydrogen but I hope you will be sensible and give up the idea. There is no way of making the hair permanently curly. Put it in kid curlers every night and it will be wavy and pretty.

Annie B.—Drink hot water and lots of it. It is fine for clearing the blood. The juice of half a lemon in a glass of hot water half an hour before breakfast each morning will help matters along.

Mamie M.—Use Castile soap. The Beauty Bags can be used twice and the little bag should be three quarters full. Yes you can get it at the grocery.

Wild Rose, Cresson, Texas.—Here is a prescription for a powder to stop excessive perspiration. Oleate of zinc, one drachm; powdered starch, one ounce; salicylic acid, one-third of a drachm. This powder should be dusted frequently over the affected parts.

Blue Bell, Wolfe City.—Use my hot water cure and read my article on blackheads and pimples in October number.

Lou E., Harrisburg.—Almond Face Mask to whiten the face: almond meal, four ounces; pure honey, two ounces; bicarbonate of soda, one-half ounce; almond oil, one ounce; alcohol, one ounce; boracic acid, one-quarter ounce. Put this paste on face and cover your face with cheese cloth. Keep paste on for several hours. Wash off with olive oil and then with tepid water and best soap. Your weight is right for your height.

Esther L. K.—Bathe your nose in hot water with a pinch of borax in it, three times a day.

Golda.—Apply red vaseline with tip of finger. Low brows are considered very beautiful. Leave it alone. I do not know anything about "Roseline." If you wish for a different prescription I will give you a few more. The samples should be near the corner of the mouth. See reply to Lou R. and Miss Phoebe B. in this column.

B. D. Burnt Wood City.—I think your hair is turning white from lack of nourishment and advise your rubbing vaseline into the roots every night. See my reply to Anxions in November and read article on hair in same magazine. I do not believe in the dyeing combs and know you would regret using them. Massage the scalp with the vaseline until it is pink and glowing. Yes, I think your work is injurious to the scalp.

M. T. T.—For yellow skin see reply to Lou R. in this column.

Dorothy Dee.—You are not too heavy. Rub guanine on your finger tips to keep from biting nails. Read my last article and answer columns, and all your questions will be answered.

M. C.—See reply to R. E. C. You don't want a cancer, do you?

A. B. S.—Read How to Grow Thin to reduce fleshy hips. See reply to Miss Phoebe B. in this column.

Bonnie.—Dear little girl, don't worry about your eyes. They won't turn yellow, I know. But amber eyes are very rare and considered to be a point of beauty. You

will plump as you grow older. You have a very good bust measure for your age.

Fair Face.—Get the Aqua Ammonia and Peroxide of Hydrogen at the drug store. It should not cost you over thirty cents. See reply to M. B. E. C.

Iris.—Wash your hair every week, putting a little borax in rinsing water; and do it up on hair pins every night. Wear your front hair in a pompadour, and braid and wear in a club at the back. To keep your hair from falling down use a pompadour "rat" which only costs five or ten cents and can be gotten at a dry-goods store.

May Rivers.—Drink hot water instead of milk. See reply to Topsy in November number.

Woodland Girl.—When the superfluous hair falls out it won't come back, as the roots are killed. Regarding your face I would only doctor one thing at a time. Yes, wear the rubber gloves while at work.

Winnie M.—Yes, your waist measure should be two or three inches smaller, but your weight is about right. Moisture your hair with rectified alcohol before putting it up in kids. It keeps the curl in.

Little Sweetheart.—Yes, you can use almond meal too, if you like, but I don't think it will make much difference. See reply to Lou R. in this column. You evidently have boils, which shows your blood is in a bad condition. Put a hot bread and milk poultice on the boil, and for your blood take my hot water cure, avoid rich greasy foods. Get plenty of exercise in the fresh air and take the old sulphur and molasses remedy. You are certainly having a hard, hard time.

Primrose.—Lemon Juice and glycerine could not cause blackheads, but there is another remedy. Oxide of zinc, one half drachm; suboxide of bismuth, one fourth drachm; dextrine, one and three fourth drams; glycerine, one and one half drams. Spread on freckles at night and rub off what remains in the morning with powdered borax and olive oil. You cannot make your knuckles smaller. For reducing waist see my article on Reduction in this issue.

Los Angeles.—Your hair is dry and brittle from lack of nourishment. It lacks oil and you must massage the scalp every night with yellow vaseline until the scalp is pink and glowing. For dandruff wash the scalp every ten days and read my article on hair in November issue.

L. A. S.—Give up eating pork and greasy things. Drink hot water. I think the discoloration under the eye is caused either by eye-strain or stomach trouble.

A. L. B.—See reply to Lou R. in this column.

Passion Rose.—The half moon at the base of the nail should be on every one of your ten finger nails and is supposed to show if nails are properly taken care of. A. See reply to Iris. Brunettes can wear white, green, red, blue trimmed in red, golden brown and purple.

Dearie.—I mean Quaker Rolled Oats. Talcum Powder is the best, but do not give the skin a good appearance. Take the Milk Diet. No, massage your face with good skin food.

Happy Texas Girl.—Hot water does not increase flesh and I should advise your taking it. You do not need the milk cure. See my article on "How to Grow Thin" in this issue.

M. E. J.—Be careful when combing your hair not to break it or snarl it. Clip off the split ends with the scissors. See reply to "Primrose." I think your hair lacks oil and you should massage every third night with vaseline.

Elizabeth T., Kingman, Ariz.—Massage your wrists with olive oil. Use Castile soap and massage your face with skin food. See reply to Lou R.

Mrs. Muriel A., Joliet.—No, I do not think the oil of almonds is injurious. You should give up singing for a while or you will lose your voice.

Dolly Dear.—What do you mean by a red flush on the cheek? How old are you? For whitening the face see reply to Lou R. in this column.

K. C. M.—Take sweet milk, honey. You can get Quaker Oats at almost any grocery store. See reply to Lou R. I am very glad you are going to take the milk diet and know you will like the results.

Violet Long.—Buy the Peroxide and Aqua Ammonia at a drug store and apply with the palm of the hand.

Virginia B. F.—See reply to Violet Long. Peroxide and aqua ammonia will kill the hair roots but will take five to six months. It leaves no scar but of course the ammonia applied to the face may smart the skin for the first few days. If it does, use good skin food every night until the skin becomes accustomed to the application of ammonia. If your skin is very tender, only use the aqua ammonia every third day to start with. I have used it, and it is perfectly harmless. Just moisten the skin and be persistent. The ammonia will smart always when applied, for about a minute, but it quickly passes away.

Blue-eyed Girlie, Beaverville.—You are thirty pounds under weight; see my reply to Phoebe B. in this column. If you will reduce, read my article on "How to Grow Thin." Take a cold bath every morning, avoid heavy rich foods, do not lace or wear tight gloves, shoes or garters.

Canada Rose, Y. R.—In addition to taking hot water cure, take sulphur and molasses once a day. It is an old-fashioned cure, but good. Take a bath every day and lots of exercise in the open air, two hours at least. Rub olive oil into your hands every night, and when you wake up in the morning, being careful to rub across the wrinkles. This massage will also cause the scar to go away if persisted in. A little lemon juice in your hot water will help clear the skin.

Virginia.—Use cocoa butter for the bust and olive oil for the hands. Rub the olive oil all over the neck and hands. The bust develops differently with different people. It will take several months, but when you gain the desired size you can discontinue cocoa butter.

Mrs. J. H.—The bust developer is not harmful and can be put up at any drug store.

Queenie.—Drink the hot water before going to bed and before each meal. You can dilute alcohol with water. To harden gums and prevent bleeding, rinse the mouth every morning with diluted listerine.

Hopeful.—Thanks for your kind letter. Use the remedy given Lou R. in this column and the remedy given Kate A. Get Colgate's Brilliantine at a drug store. Put a few drops on the brush and brush your hair. It will do away with the dry shaggy appearance.

Agnes.—You are about fifteen pounds over weight. You should wear high pompadour with very little fullness on the sides. Do your back hair up on top of your head in a figure eight.

Alta Mace.—Hot water does not make you plump. Peroxide of Hydrogen will whiten your arms and neck.

L. L. M.—Almost any cream will cause growth of hair if used constantly and profusely. Write COMFORT and ask them to send the September number. You have stomach trouble and should be careful what you eat. Chew your food thoroughly and do not eat rich heavy foods or pastries.

Josie Briggs.—Get Quaker Rolled Oats at the grocery. Blackheads and flesh worms are about the same thing. Yes, wash your face with My Beauty Bags and then apply Blackhead lotion.

A. Lin. K. G.—You can correct this roughness and redness by using My Beauty Bags every day.

Rosalie.—You probably did not hold the point of the pencil at your cheek long enough. You should do this every day until the dimple is permanent.

Thelma.—The whitening substance in Beauty Bags is what whitens and softens your face. Let it remain for a moment, then wash off with tepid water. Rinse your mouth three times each day with diluted listerine. Use lemon juice on brown spot.

Mrs. Andrew V.—The milk will make you plump and you will remain so. See reply to L. B. in October number for good skin food formula.

Lillie.—Drop a few drops of brilliantine on your hair-brush and smooth your braid with it. Your braid will then look soft and glossy.

Two Pansies.—Every drug store has Peroxide of Hydrogen and toilet Ammonia. If they do not, they are peculiar drug stores.

Little Sunny Anna.—The tartar on the teeth can only be removed by a dentist. Put olive oil on your lips, also on your hands. If you drink your water hot it will not nauseate you. I wish you would send me your photo. Please don't forget.

S. A. W.—Yes, use the oats your father raises. To keep your skin white during that time use my Beauty Bags and wash your face in Buttermilk every night. Snap your chin very hard first with one hand and then the other for ten minutes every day. This will reduce it.

Mattie Hill.—Drink hot water for the blotches and take a good bath every day. Walk two hours each day. Take the juice of a lemon in a glass of cool water every morning half an hour before breakfast. Dash cold water on your face at night and morning to firm the flesh and use my Beauty Bags.

Mrs. Hannah Flynn.—You lack blood and I wish you could take four quarts of milk each day, two meals and six raw eggs. You would soon gain in flesh, blood and strength and look and feel like a new woman. If you have that trouble you should go immediately to a doctor and stop this drain on your system. I spoke of a milk diet in the October number. Try it.

Mary A. Dinan.—See reply to Virginia B. F.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21)



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Broilers.

Raising young chicks in the winter for what are termed "early broilers," is a distinct branch of the poultry business, and one that is extremely profitable for those who can run it successfully. To commence on a large scale requires a large capital, but there are hundreds of men and women who have accommodation on their premises that will enable them to start in a small way, and by investing the profits from the first year will be able to obtain a really good equipment for the business. My start in this branch of poultry work was made with one incubator and two home-made brooders. In two years we were operating ten incubators, twenty brooders, and a growing-house for the growing birds, one hundred feet long.

To convince yourself of the profits to be made out of broilers, just look at the market quotations from New York, Boston, or any large city, on what are termed "Philadelphia broilers," and then consider what it would cost to raise a chick to the killing age. Or, to save you trouble, I will quote from some of my own past experiences.

White Wyandotte chicks, hatched in June, sold in March (when they weigh two pounds apiece), at thirty-eight cents a pound. Cost of keeping, not more than nineteen cents. Several of the same hatch, kept until June, weighed four pounds apiece, and sold at twenty-eight cents a pound; cost of keeping, thirty-five cents. Last year, June-hatched birds brought \$1.50 a pair the first of April, and had cost forty-five cents. Birds of the same hatch, caponized, and kept until August, brought twenty-five cents a pound, and averaged seven and a half pounds each; cost, sixty-nine cents. Are not such figures convincing?

My first incubator cost \$12, and held one hundred and ten eggs. The brooders were home-made, and cost \$3 each, and the money to buy both incubators and brooders was realized by selling off a lot of two and three year old mongrel fowls, who had passed their usefulness as egg-producers.

Sixty eggs were collected from different farms in the neighborhood, and fifty from our own hens, for the first hatch. The bought eggs cost \$1.25; oil to run the lamps in the incubator and brooder cost about \$1.25. Ninety-seven of a hundred and ten eggs hatched; and I raised ninety-one of the chicks up to the eighth week, when fifty were sold, bringing \$20. Twenty-six were sold three weeks later, and brought \$22. The remaining fifteen were kept as stock, and so do not enter into this calculation. Feed for the seventy-six marketed chicks cost, as nearly as I can estimate, \$5.70, making a total investment of \$26.20. The returns were \$42, which leaves a clear profit of \$16 realized within fifteen weeks, to say nothing of the increase of stock, incubator and brooders. Of the following two hatches, which came off in February and brought a clear profit of \$53.

Of course the real starting-point should be a flock of good strong healthy hens, all of one breed; preferably Leghorns, Wyandottes, or Rocks, though really the hen who lays the egg has as much to do with the success in broiler-making as the care anyone may bestow on the business.

Next in importance is a well-constructed, new incubator, for it is poor economy to buy a second-hand machine, which has usually been allowed to stand in a damp cellar or in some outside shed whilst not in use, and will in all probability warp or go to pieces when put in commission again. I do not mean that you can't own the incubator yourself, and use it for several seasons, but the trouble in buying a second-hand machine lies in the fact that it is only people who have made a failure of the work that are likely to sell their machines.

Brooders come third on the list, but are quite as important as the two foregoing, for there is no use hatching a chick unless it can be reared, and the heat and ventilation of the artificial mother is more than half the battle. The other half—good common sense—rests with yourself. The brooders were made on a perfectly simple plan, empty dry-goods cases were bought from the general store for fifteen cents each. They were four feet long, two and a half wide, and two feet deep. The original lid was carefully removed, fastened together by nailing battens across one end; a circular hole six inches in diameter was cut nine inches from one end; then one quarter of an inch was sawed off of one side and each end to reduce the size of the lid sufficiently to allow it to be fitted inside of the case and down under the battens which were nailed across the sides and ends, one foot from the bottom, so making a false floor, and with a foot space beneath it. A board one foot wide, and two and a half long, had an opening four inches wide and seven inches high cut in the center, to which a door was made; the piece which had been removed being used, and strips of leather being utilized for the hinges and fastenings. A board was then fixed across the inside of the case to form a partition, making two compartments two feet long, two and a half wide, and one deep. Make an eleven-inch opening in the end of the case, parallel with the hole in the false floor, and fit a door to it in the same way as in the partition.

The hovers were made of galvanized tin by the plumber in our nearest town, according to instructions, which were as follows: Two circles of galvanized tin forty-eight inches in circumference, and one forty inches in circumference; one piece half-inch piping, four inches long; one piece two feet long, and a trifle larger, so that it can be fitted over the smaller piece as required; four strips one half inch wide and six inches long; one piece nine inches wide and forty-eight inches long. Solder the four short strips at equal distances on to a smaller circle. Cut a hole six inches in diame-

ter in the center of one of the large circles, the nine by forty-eight one half strip is to make the drum, and must be soldered to the large circle in which the hole has been cut; after which suspend the smaller circle inside by fastening the other ends of the four narrow strips to other edge of the drum. Make a half-inch opening in the center of the remaining large circle; solder a short piece of pipe to it; then the outer edge of the circle to the upper edge of the drum, leaving the pipe on the outside. The hovers put in place over the hole in the false floor, so that the hole six inches in diameter is directly over the corresponding hole in the false floor. Lids have to be made for each compartment, an inch on to the partition, or rather a two-inch batten, which should be nailed across it to give extra strength. The lids were just frames of shingle slats; the one for the hover end being covered with two thicknesses of flannel, with a hole in the center to allow a short piece of pipe to come through; the other covered with one-inch wire netting. It is better to buy a real brooder lamp, because they have tin chimneys, and are really safer. They only cost \$1.25 each, and were included in the estimate of three dollars for each brooder.

When the brooder is to be used, the lamp is lighted and put into the end door in the false floor, and the chimney pushed up into the hole in the hover, which usually necessitates placing a block of wood under the lamp, to elevate it about an inch or an inch and a half. When the heat from the lamp strikes the suspended circle inside the galvanized tin drum, it is equally distributed against the sides of the drum, so furnishing the heat for the chicks to nestle against, and eventually escaping through the pipe. When the lid is closed, the two foot piece of piping is to be put on over the end of the small piece, to carry the bad hot air higher up, and out of the way of the chicks. The drum of the hover must be covered with double flannel, and the floor of the compartment with a piece of old soft carpet.

In the outer compartment, sweepings from the hay-loft make the best covering for it induces the chicks to scratch and keep busy and amused. Anyone handy with saw and hammer can make such a brooder, and kept in a sunny room or even the summer kitchen, it will rear chicks quite successfully. Of course, if you can afford it, a real outdoor brooder of some good make is superior in every way, as it can be used in any outside shed during the months when heavy snows are likely to occur, and out in the orchard when the weather is still. Still, I am sure there are lots of people like myself, who will have to creep before they can run, and will find in the cheap home-made brooder, their only hope of better things.

Chicks hatched specially for the broiler trade have to be steadily pushed along; plump, juicy meat being the main object, instead of bone and muscle, as is the case when they are intended for egg-producers or roosters. The first requisite is warmth. Have the compartment in which the hover is situated heated up to ninety-eight degrees before the chicks are put in, and keep it so for the first three days and nights. Keep the door in the outer compartment shut for the same length of time. On the fourth day it can be opened, and the chicks allowed to run into the cool air, but the room in which the brooder stands should be warm, and the little ones should be watched towards bedtime, for they are apt to crowd into the cooler compartment, and become chilled, until they learn the way in and out of their sleeping place. Being chilled even for a short time is fatal to young chicks, for if it does not kill outright, it causes bowel trouble, and gives them a bad setback which will surely delay the day of marketing, if nothing worse. After they are three weeks old, an opening in the end of the outer compartment can be made, so that they can run out on to the floor of the room, or into the larger box, but wherever they are, let them have plenty of scratching material. If the weather is fine and mild, it will do them good to have an outside run for an hour or two in the middle of the day, but don't be in a hurry to harden them before they are five weeks old, for it is a risky experiment.

Wyandotte chicks when hatched will weigh two ounces. If all goes well, they should gain at the following rate: Two ounces during the first ten days; four ounces for the third week; another two ounces in the fourth week; and at the end of the eighth week should weigh two pounds. The first two days they are fed wheat bread moistened with milk and fed every two hours. Grit, granulated charcoal and water are kept by them constantly after the first feed. From the third to the eighth days Johnnycake is gradually substituted for the wheat bread, but is fed only three times a day, alternating in addition cracked corn, cracked wheat and millet seed either mixed or fed separately in very light litter on the floor. The Johnnycake is made of five parts corn-meal, one part wheat middlings, and one half part beef scrap with a little soda mixed stiff with sour milk and steamed until thoroughly cooked. This is fed cool, not hot. During this time they are fed six times a day.

During the next five weeks the chicks are fed Johnnycake (made as described) three times a day; at 7 A. M., 11 A. M., and 3 P. M. It is very important that they be fed the same time every day. When the weather will permit of free outdoor range whole and cracked grain suitable to the size of the chicks is kept before them in hoppers, but when they are confined, the grain is scattered in litter on the floor, and practically kept by them all the time; that is, they can find some grain by scratching on the floor. Wheat, raked corn, millet seed, or buckwheat can be used, changing frequently. After the chicks are six weeks old they are fed mash twice a day (Mixed same as for hens) and cracked whole corn and wheat are kept before them in hoppers, and all the milk that has been scalded and allowed to cool, that they will drink.

Correspondence

G. B.—Can you tell me what is the matter with my chickens? They have plenty of corn food, grain and running water; good range, dry, clean house, yet several of them have lost the use of their legs. They eat well, and seem perfectly healthy.

A.—But that you say the chicks have a dry house, I should think the birds were suffering from rheumatism, but as that does not seem possible under the circumstances, I can only suggest that you may be feeding too heavily on fattening grains, like corn or buckwheat, and neglecting to provide the birds with lime. The trouble may date back to mistakes in feeding the hens who laid the eggs from which your birds were hatched. Knowing all the conditions, you are in a position to judge which of the suggestions is the most likely to be right. Should

the legs appear swollen and hot to the touch, treat for rheumatism. If you think the fault was in feeding, the parent birds, or present stock when young, use clover hay or chopped and steamed mixed with ground oats or wheat. Pour boiling water over lime, stir very thoroughly, let it stand for twenty-four hours, then pour off the clean water, and use in drinking fountains.

A. M. C.—I have six young Rhode Island Reds. One is a rooster. If I put them into a coop by themselves, will their eggs hatch thoroughbred birds? (2) How often should roosters be changed? (3) Is fat meat good for chickens? (4) What can I give my chickens to keep them laying in the winter?

A.—Yes, if the young birds are pure bred Rhode Island Reds, their progeny would be thoroughbreds, but I gather from your letter that they are all from one hatch, and chicks from such mating would almost surely be under size and wanting in strength. As your birds are relatives and young, to keep the standard of the flock you had better sell the young rooster, and buy one two years old from a different strain, to prevent inbreeding. (2) It is best to change roosters every year, but if you have a good bird, it will not hurt to mate him to his daughters. (3) Fat meat is only good in small quantities for fattening birds which are to be killed. Lean meat is good for laying and breeding fowls. (4) Green bone (fresh bone from the butcher's ground in a bone mill), well-selected food, a warm, dry, clean house, with lots of dry leaves, cut straw, or other scratching material on the floor, will also help in getting winter eggs.

H. S. G.—Have birds any feeling after the head is cut off? (2) Does poultry have consumption? (3) Have birds kidneys? (4) What is the cause of heart disease? (5) What is the cause of large liver? (6) What makes a hen cough? (7) How long will roup stay in a hen's system before it is noticed, and before she dies? (8) Why do hens lose all control of their legs? (9) What is the trouble when hens have a thick black coat inside of crop? (10) What is the cause of black comb? (11) What causes tumors? (12) What causes incubator chicks to be lame and crippled? (13) Can a hen with a brood of young chickens be shipped successfully? (14) Where can I get a good stock of B. W.'s? (15) Have you any for sale? (16) How can you tell a good layer by looking at hens? (17) Has the pelvic bone anything to do with the number of eggs a hen lays? (18) How many eggs does a good pullet lay in a pullet year? (19) What is the disease when nose runs and discharges, is chick turning to yellow matter? Is it roup? What causes it? Can it be permanently cured?

A.—No, the fluttering is only muscular action. (2) Yes; most frequently found among brooder chicks. (3) Yes; kill a bird and dress it; then you will discover the location better than I can explain. (4) Fundamentally, overfeeding, which brings on indigestion. (5) The same as (4). (6) Cold. (7) If hereditary, it may not be detected until the bird gets cold, or is shown in the form of general debility from birth. (8) When a healthy, mature bird contracts roup from cold, it will be noticeable from the first to a careful attendant. (9) I have never seen anything more than a thin black skin in the crop, and that only occasionally in a cross-bred bird. (10) A comb may turn black from freezing, or acute indigestion, but real black comb is a disease. So is white comb. Both arise from general derangement of the system, and would take too long for me to explain in this column. (11) Poor blood or injuries. (12) Badly-regulated heat-ventilation or moisture during the term of incubation. (13) I should not care to ship them, but if you must do it, use a coop with two compartments, or the hen will surely trample the chicks. (14) I can't tell you. (15) No. (16) Bright, active, healthy-looking birds. (17) No. (18) From 100 to 200. (19) Roup can be cured, but will return on the slightest provocation. Never safe to use the bird in breeding pens.

E. H.—I am sorry that my space will not permit my answering your questions about young robins, but I will do so next month.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

will keep better and be firmer this way. I can gooseberries in the same way.

I am going to ask a favor. As I have not been married long, will those of you who can, send me pieces for crazy quilts and sofa pillows.

I would also like samples of Mexican drawn-work, I am anxious to learn how to do such work.

Hoping to hear from many COMFORT sisters, I remain,

MRS. BERTHA WILSON, Shelburn, R. D., 4, Ind.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: Greetings to you this bright, beautiful day. Several of the sisters wrote me asking about myself and this country and I will tell you through COMFORT. As to myself I am tall, dark, very plain and weigh one hundred and thirty pounds. I am nearly thirty years old, and possess all the prerequisites to greatness, though I have not achieved greatness, neither have I had it thrust upon me. I was born of poor but honest parents as the biographies say. All the schooling I ever had, except about four months was in mere shacks of houses, with pine planks turned "soft" side up for seats; said seats being sometimes so low I could rest my chin on my knees, and sometimes so high that my toes played tag with the floor. But I am happy to say our public schools have improved greatly in the last few years.

The county (Winston) is rough and hilly. From the tops of some of the hills one can see the surrounding country several miles distant. It has always been considered the backwoods county of the state, and it is the poorest I think. Cotton is the only market crop raised here. The farmers try to raise only corn enough for their own consumption, and plant the rest of their land in cotton.

The coal mines in this part of the country are very small, furnishing fuel for but few hands. In the counties adjoining this there are fine farms, also mines and other public works. About all this country can boast is beautiful scenery. We have "rocks and rills," and bluffs as beautiful as any in Alabama. Near us we have the Natural Bridge, from which this place takes its name. The bridge, a perfect arch of solid rock, is seventy-five feet long, seventy-five feet high and twenty feet wide.

One sister wrote me that she had heard the people down here were hot-headed, and asked if it were true. Now I know it would be lying in the face of tradition to say we are not hot-headed. But I'll tell you what a hothead is. It's just the same thing in the South that a brainstorm is in the North.

Mrs. Christina Bechtel. "Did you get the seeds?"

To clean your mirrors, put a little kerosene on a newspaper and wipe over with it, then polish with tissue paper.

MRS. SALLIE WEST, Natural Bridge, Ala.

DEAR SISTERS: I have been receiving COMFORT for the last five years and think it contains the most chatty and cheerful news of any magazine and it is cheap too, just think of all we can learn from that little magazine which is only fifteen cents a year. What do you say, sisters?

I live with mamma and papa here in greater New York in the heart of the city. Our house is five stories high; there are two families on a floor and we live one flight up. We have seven rooms and bath and pay twenty-six dollars a month for rent.

I am sixteen years old and go to school, our schools are very large and the average number of pupils is three thousand.

I would like to be one of the country cousins who ride a horse or hitch a buggy; it must be great sport. I never even sat on a horse

in my life. My chief treasures are my camera, bicycle, roller and ice-skates. I like my bicycle the best.

How many of the sisters care for reading? I am nearly always reading, that is, after school or before going to bed I must spend a couple of hours at a book and I have so much to read that I am never through. By the way, there are many beautiful libraries here in New York which were given by Mr. Andrew Carnegie; there are three very near our home.

Saturday, papa took me downtown to Wall street and we entered Trinity church which is now about two hundred years old; we were able to see the pew in which George Washington sat. I saw some stones in the graveyard which dated back before the Declaration of Independence in 1776. We also saw the tombstones of Alexander Hamilton and Robert Fulton.

Mamma is calling me and I must eat my supper. I want this letter off before the last mail so I have to stop writing and I want to tell you so much and it seems as if I hadn't said a thing. I would like the younger sisters who live near the woods or mountains to write to me. I have some beautiful New York views, books by the wholesale and silk and velvet pieces for the invalids. If they will send me a postal with their request for such things, I will gladly send them.

Your little New York sister,
ENEZ WEINSHANK, 428 St. Nicholas Ave., New York, N. Y.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: Since my letter appeared in this corner I have had numerous letters asking about this part of Washington, and as I could not answer all personally, thought I would make this corner the medium to explain to the best of my ability the good and bad points of our locality.

We are situated in a valley near the mountains, so we get the cool mountain air which is both a pleasure and a benefit to our health. We are forty-three miles from Seattle, in a southeasterly direction. The climate is warm, healthful in summer and the winters are not cold. We have good land, and it ranges from five dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars an acre, but the cheap land is uncleared and is not very good. There is plenty of work here with good wages.

As to fruit, you can raise all kinds, also vegetables. All of a farmer's produce brings a good price.

The homestead land is all taken, as is also all the timber claims. The work here is mostly logging or railroad work, and some of it is dangerous. There are a few miners but they do not amount to much. There is much wild game, fruit

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

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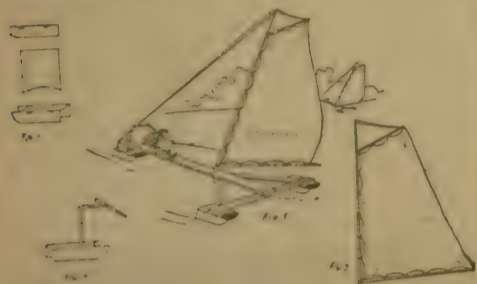
A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

DECEMBER, the first real winter month with snow and ice enough for everyone, is here and there will be much interest among our boys, particularly in the ice-boat for outdoor sport and the indoor winter work, treated this month.

A Dandy Ice-boat

Go right at this ice-boat with a determination to make it as strong as a battle-ship. Notice the simple sled in Fig. 1. That is what we will use instead of steel runner, and if you put a strip of hoop-iron on the bottom they will be almost as good. Make three sleds like the one in the first drawing. In Fig. 5 you can see clearly how those three sleds are going to be used, the front double runner connected with a plank and braced with two slant pieces. Two blocks, as shown, are placed on the hind runner before the long body plank is put in place. In Fig. 3 the sail is pictured so nicely that we need scarcely add a supplementary word. Notice the way the canvas is lashed and the pulley at the top of the upright post for raising and lowering it. At the lower right-



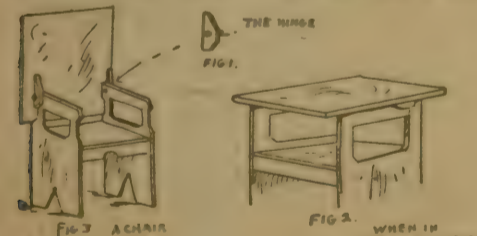
hand corner a rope is tied for swinging it out and in so it will catch the wind properly. Fig. 4 shows the steering device or rudder. Three pieces of tough wood go to form it, or, better yet, get a long metal rod and bend it in the same shape. Now that you know how to make this ice-boat, go ahead with might and main and if you do not have the best winter sport you ever dreamed about then I am badly mistaken.

Earning Money

In New England, the land of originality and good grub, a country lad has built up a good business and incidentally a nice bank account by preparing and selling horseradish. In the spring he digs up the large white roots, washes them thoroughly in cold water, reduces them to pulp with a chopping knife and wooden masher, and then sets the mash in good vinegar diluted with water. At first business came slowly, but by continued, energetic canvassing in near-by communities he was at last enabled to dispose of all he had at fifteen cents a pint. The lad kept on working and figuring and his trade is now so large that he finds it profitable to employ others to gather and help deliver the horseradish.

Chair Table

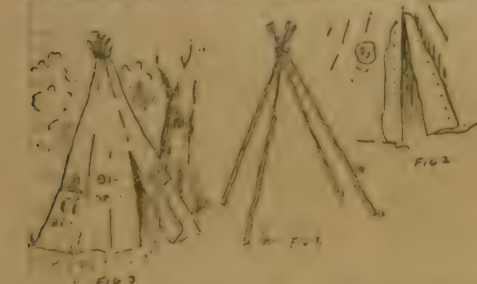
I have great faith in the ability of COMFORT boys and I believe it will be an easy matter for any of them to construct this pretty combination chair and table out of a few boards. The seat is 16 inches by 16 inches. The sides to which it is nailed are each 30 inches by 18 inches. Carefully mark and cut out the first one and you can use it for a pattern to cut the second. Screw a cleat on the inside of each, 18 inches up from the ground for the seat board to rest upon. Then nail on a neat front strip to conceal those seat cleats. The back rest, which



also serves as a table top, is 24 inches by 28 inches. It is held in place by means of two small brackets through which bolts are driven as shown in Fig. 1, and can be raised or lowered like the lid of a coffee-pot. The pictures showing the complete articles in use as a chair and as a table should be instructive. Paint and varnish, as usual, are put on to heighten the appearance.

Indian Wigwam

Now for a dandy Indian wigwam, and I warn you fathers and mothers, be careful or you might get scalped. Get twelve-foot poles cut from saplings, four will do, and plant them in a circle of about eight or ten feet diameter. The top ends of the poles are tied together so that the framework of the tent, as in Fig. 1, is shaped like a pyramid or cone. Now spread on your old carpet or canvas, tacking it here and there,



and holding it down to the ground by placing weights on the inside. A long slit, covered by a flap, is left for an entrance. The flap is secured in place by lacing with a cord through holes which you can punch with the sharp end of a small tile.

Lifting Bottle with Straw

Can you lift a bottle half full of water with one single straw? The illustration herewith shows how this clever trick is performed. Bend a straw to about the shape of a cistern pole, insert it through the neck of the bottle, so that the point touches the bottom and the top of the shorter piece wedges snugly against the shoulder of the bottle. Then a steady pull upward and you have done it.



Indoor Stage

Much effect can be added to all indoor entertainments by the use of an improvised stage or theatre. It may be erected in the following manner: Upon heavy blocks raised five or six inches from the floor place heavy boards or planks. While it is not necessary to use any nails care should be taken to lay them in such a way that they are in no danger of slipping or tipping up. Over this place old carpet or canvas and across the front end on top of the stage covering lay a wide board with a row of nails sticking up three inches apart. Candles are pressed down over those nails to serve for footlights. The curtain is made by hanging a porch curtain or available carpet, drapery or blanket from a wire which is secured to the walls by screw hook driven tightly in. Chairs can now be arranged in rows to add to the effectiveness of the imitation. This idea offers a great chance for a child to make his or her birthday party an event to be remembered.

Wagon Box Contents

A common farmer's wagon box is usually about ten feet long and three feet wide and will hold two bushels for every inch in depth. Hence to find the number of bushels it will contain all you have to do is to multiply its depth in inches by two. For corn in the cob a bushel to the inch is about right. To find the number of bushels in a box or bin of any size, the rule is, multiply the height, width and length in feet together, then multiply by 8 and cut off the right hand figure. Example: How many bushels in a bin 12x10x6 feet? Solution: 12 times 10 times 6 times 8 equal 5760; cut off the right hand figure and we get our answer, 576 bushels. Practice these rules and commit them to memory and you will find them very valuable.

Old Axe Head

As a rule there are several useless old axe heads around the country lad's barn, and these by the exercise of a little skill can be made into very useful cutting tools. Here is the way it is done. Get some heavy blocks, two pieces of two-inch plank being good for the purpose, and make a socket or hole for the axe to rest in, blade up. The drawings herewith leave nothing to be explained. To cut wire, rope, straps, or anything usually severed with the aid of a chisel all you have to do is to place it on the axe blade and pound with a hammer. One great advantage it has is the ease with which it may be used without an anvil.

A Dairy Question

Which is the most valuable, a quart of milk that weighs nine ounces or a quart that weighs ten ounces? At first thought it may seem that the heavier quantity should be the best, but when we consider that cream is lighter than milk it stands to reason that the quart that weighs less contains the larger amount of cream, therefore it is the most valuable. We know that cream is lighter than milk because it always comes to the surface.

Queer Sabbath Days

Christians alone celebrate the Sabbath on the first day of the week, the Greeks celebrate it on Monday, the Persian Sabbath is Tuesday, the Assyrian on Wednesday, the Egyptian on Thursday, the Turkish on Friday, the Jewish on Saturday. So you see, after all, there is some truth in the old saying, "Every day will be Sunday by and by."

The accompanying illustration shows very clearly just how the November puzzle works out. The four triangles put together form the perfect square. How many of you solved it?



Busy yourself with the many interesting things offered this month, be healthy, rugged and happy, and have a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, is the offering of

Your Uncle John.

Heiress of Beechwood

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

sat perfectly still; then leaving Tiger, whom all the time she had been fondling, she came to Oliver's side, and rested her hands on his shoulders and whispered beseechingly:

"I am awful ugly, sometimes, I know. I scratched you once, Clubs, and stepped on your crooked feet, but I love you, oh, you don't know how much; and if I ain't your sister, you'll love me just the same, won't you, precious Oliver? I shall die if you don't."

There were tears on the meek, patient face of Oliver, but before he could reply to this appeal, they were started by the loud, shrill cry of—

"Milly—Milly Hawkins!—what are you lazin' away here for! I've been to the school-house and everywhere. March home this minute, I say," and adjusting her iron-bowed spectacles more firmly on her sharp, pointed nose, Hepsy Thompson came toward the two delinquents, frowning wrathfully, and casting furtive glances around her, as if in quest of Solomon's prescription for children who loitered on the way from school. At the sight of the ogress, Milly grew white with fear, while Oliver, winding his arm protectively around her, whispered in her ear:

"You are sorry I am not your brother, but you must be glad that she ain't your granny," and he jerked his elbow toward Aunt Hepsy, who by this time had come quite near.

Yes, Milly was glad of that, and Oliver's remark was timely, awakening within her a feeling of defiance toward the woman who had so often tyrannized over her. Instead of crying or hiding Oliver, as she generally did when the old lady's temper was at its boiling point, she answered boldly:

"I was kept after school for missing, and then I coaxed Clubs out here to tell me who I am, for I know now I ain't Milly Hawkins, and you ain't my granny either."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 15 cents for one year's subscription for one of the best magazines published. The next chapter "Milly Visits Beechwood," reveals the Judge's loneliness and the right Milly has to a place by his hearthstone and in his heart.

The Death-Bed Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

"There—they are coming—he is coming now!" said the sister, hastily. "See the carriage is passing through the gate. It is—it must be Major Delmore. Yet how late it is, I scarcely thought he would come tonight!" Inez looked out. A carriage thundered beneath the stone arch of the convent gateway. A close carriage, the blinds drawn down, two coachmen in handsome livery.

They went down together to the parlor. A cold wind seemed to sweep through the rooms as the last door swung upon its hinges; the dark curtains that veiled the convent grille flapped like the wings of some monstrous bird. Inez shuddered, and drew her coat closer to her. Even Sister Bernice felt that strange, chilly sensation that seems to forebode coming evil. Outside the grille the convent portress was speaking to someone who had alighted from the carriage.

As Sister Bernice drew Inez to her breast she felt, with something of a mother's pang that the orphaned child that she had cherished so long had a strong and powerful hold upon her affections.

"Inez, my daughter," she said in broken accents, "you are going from us to a world of which you know nothing, to a husband who is a stranger, to a life which will seem new, and perhaps, to trials of which you do not dream. For your motto, your watchword be 'Fidelity.' It is woman's only true courage and true shield."

And the nun placed in Inez's hand a little silver cross, bearing the simple inscription—"Faithful unto Death!"

"It is the motto of our order, the crest of Mount Darcy. Let it be the watchword of our child! And now, go to your husband, he is awaiting you in the parlor without! Go, with God's blessing and mine!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

If not a subscriber, or if your subscription is about to expire, send 15 cents for twelve months and read the next chapter, "Faithful Unto Death," the crest of Mount Darcy.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

and fish, deer being the largest game in our part of the country. There are some wild animals, bear, wild cats, cougar, lynx and grouse, pheasants and quails. We have plenty of wood, also good water, almost too much, for it is nothing but rain, rain, rain. Still after a while one gets used to it and does not mind it so much. I am five feet, one inch tall, and weigh about one hundred pounds, and have blue eyes and black hair.

Gertrude. Have you done all you can to win the love and tenderness you crave? A loveless marriage must be a sad thing. Some girls seem so anxious to marry though, that they do not stop to think of the consequences. A married woman has it hard enough even when she is sure of the love and appreciation of her husband, but without it I should think her life would be almost unbearable.

Thank you Mrs. Crawford, I love my little ones. I have three, and I am sure they love me. At times I find it is rather hard to amuse them and I can not afford to buy toys and all the things that I would like them to have. I am going to ask for some of all of the sisters. I should very much appreciate yards or half yards of gray or brown outing flannel, or anything suitable to make the little cloth animals. Those of you who can, also please include a few old shoe buttons for the eyes.

I thank all those who wrote, and especially those who remembered me with patterns and other tokens of kindness. I will answer you each personally as soon as I have time. At present, who would like more information in regard to this part of the country, I will gladly answer if they will inclose a stamped self-addressed envelope. I should be glad to write to anyone living in Anderson, Ind.

Mrs. LOUISE CHASE, North Bend, Wash.

DEAR EDITOR: There comes in the life of every woman, after her marriage, the thought whether she loves her husband or does not, we are strange beings, always prizing something we can not reach or attain, and the saying is "Familiarity breeds contempt," and one only realizes what steadfast love is through sorrows, crosses and adversities; through these only can we reach happiness. That which we have we fail to appreciate, but if once lost in the after years we understand our regard and love for others better than before. At least that is my experience. I was married to an ideal husband and lover, who lived only six years, and they were very happy years. How often my mind strays back and I wonder if I appreciated his goodness and love. Again we always want something we can not find; we are never satisfied. My husband has been dead fifteen years and still I'm on the sunny side of life, and all alone, when we are young we do not care for the thought of being alone, youth finds so much to interest one, but as we grow older it means much to be lonesome and lonely. Take courage, Gertrude. If you can honor and respect the man you married, perhaps you will find many redeeming qualities and gradually come to love him. A visit to your married friends for several weeks, being absent from your home will help you learn the lesson of love. Do your best, and remember the vow "until death do you part." A man who can command a woman's respect and honor, who can offer a good home, or if they are young make a home together, it is far better for the woman than to remain single. "It is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all," even if you married the other man, I know whom I speak for, I have several cousins who never married, they are alone and on the shady side of life.

I was pleased when I read the paragraph in July COMFORT by the editor about bachelors. I simply agree with him. Will each sister this fall send me seed of her favorite flower. I will return the compliment. I would like friendly letters from the sisters.

My married life was spent in the West, I would be pleased to hear from the sisters there. I

would like to attend the Alaska-Pacific Exposition at Seattle in 1909.

Mrs. ADDIE MARIAN NEFF, The Elms, Attica, Ohio.

COMFORT SISTERS: Will you admit one more cripple and shut-in to your Royal Circle of COMFORTERS? I want to thank Uncle Charlie, and Mrs. Van Dyke for special kindness to me, and particularly Nyna Goran, Mrs. William Merritt, Bess Proctor, Mrs. Roat, Mrs. Brown, Henry Dunham, Allan M. Heard, Mrs. Lulu E. Dale, Magdalene Grabill and Lillie Grabill. These people sent Gladys some good, comfortable dresses and clothing. I hope to be able to return all favors soon. How beautiful and wonderful it seems that these good women should be so eager to help an unknown cripple in a distant state.

As soon as my other letter appeared, I began to receive letters of inquiry about farms in this county. I have received seventy letters from people who wish to buy land. One, Alfred E. Dunbar, lately of Monticello, Wright county, Minnesota, has bought a farm here, and it appears that many others seem likely to follow his example, all as a result of my little letter. I am still receiving letters of inquiry almost every day. I shall be glad to answer as many as I may receive. Truly, the influence, in these United States of the little magazine called COMFORT is beyond the calculation of the human mind.

In all my long and loving correspondence with J. A. D. I have somehow failed to make her see Carrie Phelps, as she is.

I can take care of the housework, in my own house, for myself and little Gladys, because I can walk by taking hold of chairs, the side of the house, the broom, or anything I can reach. I can take hot things off the stove, put them in a chair, and slide the chair to the place where I want to put the dish. I can do all sorts of such ways in my own house, and get along quite comfortably, but I could not possibly hire out to keep house for anybody. I have never carried little Gladys a step in her life, but she has never seemed to mind it because I could not walk. She has had a happy babyhood, and can run as lively as you please on her own little feet, but as for me I can not even stand alone, unless I lean against, or take hold of something.

Another peculiar thing about Carrie Phelps is this, she can write rhymes, verses, poetry or whatever you may choose, to call it, as easily as she can eat her dinner, and as fast as the pencil can move. It is a purely natural gift. I could compose connected verse rapidly at the age of four years. At that age, I daily sang to my doll childish songs of my own composition about birds, dogs, kittens, and the like, that were perfect as to meter and rhythm. It was all done naturally, by a sort of musical instinct, I think. I send you one of my poems, which is a fair sample of the rest, of which I have written hundreds. I wish you would print the poem I send in COMFORT, not because of its literary merit, but for the reason that I think that many of those dear sisters who have remembered me with letters and pretty things, would be pleased to see some of my printed verse. As this has once been printed in the columns of one of the great city dailies, I trust it is not unworthy

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

Christmas Gifts.

What to give children is always a puzzling question. Books and dolls, tops and toys have been almost worn out. The children want something different from toys, and mothers, fathers and friends want to give them something different.

Then why not give them something different—something which will be not only for this Christmas, but for future Christmas days as well? Something which will teach them to be thrifty and careful, something which will help them to form the best habits, and something which will lead to their future prosperity.

This gift is a deposit in some reliable savings bank, made in the name of the child. It would be the beginning of habits of saving and of thrift, which a child could never outgrow. It would be teaching children something of the value of money, and they would soon learn the pleasure of saving and banking. The boy who is early taught to save will never break his mother's heart by improper conduct. The girl who learns the same lesson will develop into a woman "in whom the heart of her husband can safely trust," she will never ruin any man by her extravagance, her home will be peaceful, her husband will have the benefits and her children advantages, and the evil spirit of wastefulness will never enter within it. Then start the children aright by giving them among their Christmas presents a Savings Bank Deposit Book.

Best Xmas Gift of All

is a savings bank book, because it confers real benefit, encouraging habits of thrift, often proving the first step to independence. With ONE DOLLAR you can open an account, and receive interest at 4 percent. for your child, friend or relative with THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO., Cleveland, the largest and oldest institution of its kind in Ohio, with assets of over Forty-two Million Dollars. We will mail pass book in holiday envelope with your compliments so it will be received Xmas morning. Consider this very practical, seasonable suggestion and write the bank today for booklet "A" explaining Banking by Mail.

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The Shadow of a Cross

A Religious Quarrel and Separation

Written in Collaboration by Mrs. Dora Nelson and F. C. Henderschott

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CHAPTER XIX.

THETA'S THEOLOGY.

ON an ideal June day, about two weeks after the trial, Theta, as was her custom, had taken some books and gone to the woods on the hillside to study. Since Gene's return from the West, she had devoted most of her spare time to reading. When the weather was pleasant she went among the trees, there to reflect and digest in solitude. It was now strawberry time and Mrs. Warfield had determined to have a surprise at the supper table. She had never asked Theta the location of her favorite retreat among the trees and Theta, apparently wishing to keep her own counsel, had not told her. It was in quest of the ripe fruit, Mrs. Warfield took her pail to the hillside this morning. As she walked through the meadow she kept up a conversation with Rover, the faithful old family dog, who always accompanied her on outdoor excursions.

"This shortcake, Rover, will be made from wild strawberries. They are the best. I don't know why, but Uncle John says they seem to gather more sweetness from nature. No one must know, Rover, until I set the shortcake on the table. Now you keep close to me for Theta is out here somewhere and she mustn't see us."

From the meadow came the sounds of the mower. Uncle John was mowing. The birds seemed to be more than usually gay, the wild roses nodded in the gentle morning breeze. Mrs. Warfield, perfectly happy in the thoughts of the delightful surprise she was preparing for those she loved, enjoyed it all. The simple grandeur of nature was all she had ever known it was all her mind had craved.

The berries were fine this spring, she thought, and so easy to find. She gathered them carefully, talking to Rover or occasionally using an extra one to tempt a sly squirrel to her apron. The gentleness of nature appealed to her deeply. How grand a life! How beautiful when we are in accord with it! In this good, simple woman's heart there was no jealousy, no hatred, no envy, no remorse. If we analyze closely there was a little pain. It had never quite disappeared since the death of her husband. She had loved him tenderly, simply, trustfully. He had been her ideal. Not a grand man, as the world classifies, but a man, worthy the respect of all. When he was taken all her affection seemed naturally to transfer itself to Gene. Then Theta came into her life and for a time she hoped and sang and prayed that all would be right. Now, as she let her mind go back over the last few years, there was much of mystery. Theta was all she could have wished for in an own daughter. And her boy loved her—worshiped her. The problem grew intense. Mrs. Warfield set her pail aside and rested upon a fallen tree. How would it end?

She thought earnestly, deeply, and the tears came and pushed their way down her cheeks. The one thing which prevented the culmination of her earthly happiness was religion. She had always believed in doctrine. She believed it now. But a doubt was creeping in; her faith in some of the teachings was not so strong. She felt this was very true this morning. She felt her own weakness to meet and determine this question and ended her reverie by slipping to her knees, her head upon the log in earnest prayer. It was thus Theta, returning to the house, found her. She paused to listen to the familiar voice. Mrs. Warfield always prayed aloud.

At first she decided to go quietly away. But as the prayer progressed it became plain to her there was much sorrow in Mrs. Warfield's heart and she was the principal cause of it. It had always been known that Mrs. Warfield devoutly wished her to marry Gene, and now the pallor in his face, was breaking his devoted old mother's heart. Here in the solitude of nature she was pouring out her innermost soul. Rover stood at a discreet distance industriously wagging his tail and shaking his head. He would have bounded to meet Theta only she raised her finger in signal against any advancement. Quietly she tiptoed up to the kneeling form and slipping one arm around her raised the tear-stained face and planted a kiss upon each cheek.

"No, no! mother, don't explain. I know. I did not mean to intrude, but I could not run away without Rover following me and that would have attracted your attention. See mother how guilty he looks! Come here you naughty old fellow. There, that will do! Get down Rover, get down! Let mother alone now. Here, sir! Don't you dare chase that pretty squirrel."

"I am going to help you fill your pail mother, and then I am going to tell you a great secret! How selfish I have been. But you should have told me you were coming for berries today. You'll believe me I did not even know they were ripe. Oh, such a secret mother! I can't keep it much longer, but I am not going to tell you until we get this pail full; not 'pitch up' as Gene used to say, 'just full'!"

Theta's high spirits puzzled Mrs. Warfield. It had been long since she had shown so happy a mood. And her reference to Gene was new. She usually would prefer other subjects.

"Do you know, mother, I have been studying awfully hard? Of course you don't. I haven't told you. But I have. I never studied so hard before. I fear I have neglected you and Uncle John and—of all of you, I am not finding many berries, either, am I? Really mother I think we have enough. Just a few more? All right, here is one. Go away Rover, you crush them. There is one to your left; no it's a red leaf. Have you noticed how beautiful everything is this morning? Have you ever heard the birds sing as they have sung for me today, and the flowers—how sweet their perfume? How I love this all, and how I love you mother and dear old Rover and Uncle John—and—"

"And who Theta?"

Mrs. Warfield stood erect now looking steadily at her. Theta's breath came quickly, and her cheeks rivalled the roses. Her eyes fell for an instant then she gathered her skirts to her shoe tops and fairly danced to Mrs. Warfield's side.

"I can't tell you now, mother; that's part of my secret. But possibly you could guess, and she buried her head upon Mrs. Warfield's bosom. The motherly arms wound around her and for many moments they stood in silent tender embrace. Theta was sobbing now; the violence of the storm shook and swayed her. And when it had passed she looked up thoughtfully into those older, more powerful eyes and said softly, but firmly, "Some day, mother, there will be only one conception of God,—love—eternal love."

"Let us sit here awhile, in the shade of this friendly oak, for I have much to tell you."

To the time of my mother's death I read but little and that little was selected for me. After I came to live with you, Uncle John got me interested in some of his books. Such strange books they seemed to me. I read one in which it told about the strange funeral customs in China. It said when a person died the relatives placed the corpse on a two wheeled cart and the strongest runners to be found started with the

cart and its burden for the cemetery. They ran with all their might until they reached a sharp corner, then they turned quickly and kept turning sharp corners until the grave was reached, then the body was quickly lowered, and covered with earth. The reason for this was the belief that the devil started with the body, but, being big and fat, could not turn corners quickly, so the body would be buried before he could reach the grave and he couldn't get the soul.

"I thought over this a great deal. Then I wondered what was in the other chapters of this book. So I read them all. In one place it told about how some tribes of Indians up near Hudson Bay bury their dead. Relatives place the dead body in a box and with the body a loaded gun, a powder horn, a tobacco pouch, a flint striking fire, a pair of snow-shoes for travel and an ax. This box is then carried to a high hill and left with stones upon it for ten days. Then the relatives open the box and remove the valuables believing the dead one has reached the happy hunting ground and does not longer need the articles.

"There was so much in this book; so much of fear and ignorance, I determined to read more. I realized, mother, my own ignorance. I have read and studied and thought. Life is too big for one mind to solve it, mother, but every mind can help. Science has done much, so much, but ignorance casts aside its wisdom. Just a few days ago I read where a German professor had determined that everything needed to make a man weighing one hundred and fifty pounds can be found in the whites and yolks of the eggs of twelve hundred hens.

"But I am not turning a scientist. I shall leave the discoveries to other minds. What I have learned has only taught me the wisdom of today is the ignorance of tomorrow. I no longer believe that any human soul is to be lost. I have educated my mind to where I can understand the love of God. I have lost my fear of death, I understand much which was once mystery. I believe no religion can endure the light of progress which does not include the salvation of every human soul.

"You will forgive me, mother, I am not now an atheist. I still love the form of religious worship, but I know it is only form and not essential. It may have been necessary in the past. All religious form has changed. Only one thing has not changed—love. It is the same today as it was in the beginning; it is the only element of life worth enduring; it is the element which is everlasting."

"And has this change in your belief caused you to avoid me, to avoid all the members of our family; to be distant, to be so different from your old self? If it has, Theta, I am sorry."

"My religious belief has not changed, it has modified. I could not tell you all I have read, all I have observed, all I have thought. Each

mind must think out its own belief. All I think, all I believe can be best stated in few words; I no longer believe any one sect, any one denomination is pleasing in the sight of God. We are all His children, all going to be saved. The theory that some must suffer eternal punishment because they, in their ignorance lived differently, worshiped differently, thought differently, from some prescribed creed is hideous and unworthy. All these months of study have been to satisfy my mind."

"Then you believe as Gene believes?"

"No, not as Gene believes, as I believe. No two faces are just alike, neither are two minds. The solution of existence is too great for me. What I have studied is conception of God."

"And will you continue to sing in the choir, Theta?"

"If they will let me."

"Why of course they will let you, and be glad to have you, too."

"If I do not disobey the laws of the Church. But I may disobey."

"The idea of you disobeying; you the most obedient of children. But we must go home now, or dinner will be late."

Mrs. Warfield placed an arm around Theta's waist and with pail in the other hand they started slowly home.

"Theta, you had a secret, have you forgotten?"

"The world seems different now, mother. There are other impulses ruling me. I was so happy this morning. I had reached a decision. I had determined to give up the church; I had determined so many things and it seemed so easy. Now I remember my mother and what she taught. I can hear the church organ again. I see it all—the service I love, the relief of the confessional, all comes to me so strongly just now. I had determined to give it all up because I love—I love—the world."

They walked on silently until the house was reached, then Theta hastened to her room, carefully locked the door and threw herself on a bed to sob out her great grief.

She loved Gene so much she would sacrifice everything, even the dear old church. But he did not know; even his devoted mother could not understand. It was not the world she loved, it was he. He must speak to her, he must confess her, he must be jealous as of old, he must tell her the old story again or her heart would break. And he believed her love for him was dead.

CHAPTER XX.

INTO THE SUNLIGHT.

All night long Theta had lain with wide eyes staring into the darkness, but one thought forcing itself into her brain—Gene was going away.

When, at the close of the evening meal he announced his determination to return to the West, his uncle called him a fool in big capi-

tales and stalked angrily out of the room. His mother wept and implored. Theta alone had made no sign; spoken no word, although she felt her heart was breaking. Only in her own room did she give away to the agony which possessed her. She realized that the parting this time would be forever, and before her the years stretched out long, blank and hopeless. Another thought tortured her. Victoria was out there in the West—perhaps she would meet Gene, and there would be a reconciliation. So strong had been Theta's jealousy of this woman she had ceased to read the papers, dreading lest her name meet her eye. The thought that these two might come together again was maddening. When morning came she was feverish with sleeplessness but she forced herself to take up the household tasks as usual until late in the afternoon when she was free to steal away to the solitude of the woods. Reaching the brook where Gene had kissed her on the day of his homecoming, she flung herself on its mossy bank and wept out her stormy heart, wept until there were no tears left.

It was a glorious afternoon, typical of the New Hampshire hills, although so oppressively still; above stretched the blue immensity of sky, with black clouds lying like visible omens along the horizon; the heavy air was sweet with the odor of ferns and blooming flowers; the brook glistened and fell musically over the stones; and the sunlight lay in golden bars across the shadow like a memory of days in the dim vista of a lifetime; the birds awoke the silence with the melody of their love-notes; each thing of earth seemed to cry aloud that summer was at hand and it was time to bloom and love and mate.

Theta's tears spent themselves at last and in a measure her soul grew tranquil. As she lay and listened to the natural world, part of her caught the tones of Nature's voice and bade her live and love and be a very woman, and something within her answered. Her youthful blood, controlled by that magic force as the moon controls the tides, rose in her veins like the sap in the budding trees. To feel Gene's arms about her, his kisses on her lips, to lay her head on his breast—what bliss could be more divine?

"Why should I struggle longer?" she questioned within herself. "I love him! I love him! Shall I let him go away, out of my life forever without telling him how much I love him? He thinks I no longer care—he will speak to me no word of love. Perhaps I shall not even see him alone again."

She broke off in her musings and started to her feet, bathing away the traces of her tears, hurriedly crossed the brook, walking and skipping through the woodlands. She was so preoccupied by her own reflection she did not notice the birds had ceased to call and over all had fallen the great solemn hush which preceded the coming of a gathered storm. When the pines were left behind her and she was out on the open hillside a blinding flash awoke her to the reality of the hour.

With a rush of icy air the tempest broke. Down came the rain in a sheet, crash after crash awakening echoes of the hills.

Half way up the hillside stood a tall pine and to this Theta hurried for shelter. Soon the ground was one mass of streaming water reaching even to her feet. Suddenly she saw a man springing down from point to point of the rocks above. As he drew nearer her heart almost stopped its pulsations. Had he seen her? Would he pass by? Her face paled and flushed alternately as he came toward her through the rain.

"Pardon me, Theta, I feared you were out here in the storm. You are not angry because I came to look for you?"

As he spoke he removed his coat and drew near to wrap it about her, then as she drew back as though to refuse, he said very softly:

"Please, Theta, I don't want you to get cold." He spoke with the old-time caressing note in his voice, and something rose in Theta's throat and choked her, she felt suddenly weak. As he laid the coat about her shoulders a thrill went through her. The same sensation came over her that she ever had when near him, a tightening of the heart, a numbness of the will, and an undefined fear, a blissful torture. She longed to speak to him, and yet no words came. This was probably the last time they would ever be alone together, but she stood there, speechless.

The rain fell steadily, but thinner; the green branches of the tree which sheltered them swayed up and down in the wind.

"Gene!" the word came in a half strangled gasp from Theta's lips.

He started and a flush passed over his face. It had been so long a time since Theta had addressed him directly.

"Yes, Theta?" He stood looking expectantly at her drooping eyes and masses of curling hair damp and shining from the rain.

"Gene, are you going back to the West for the purpose of becoming reconciled with your wife?" the words came straight from Theta's tortured heart.

"My wife!" he cried in astonishment. "I thought you knew—that mother had told you. Victoria is dead. She died three months ago. When on her death-bed, she sent for Judge Blodgett and through him conveyed a message begging my forgiveness. Poor soul! I forgive her long ago. If only I had known of her trouble—" he broke off suddenly, leaving the sentence unfinished, then resumed:

"But what made you ask, Theta?"

For the moment she was unable to answer.

"He is free! He is free!" her soul cried out.

"He can wed me if he will and I need not give up my church." A sudden joy seized her. She waited breathlessly for him to speak out and tell her what she so longed to hear. But Gene had turned away and was gazing down the valley. When Theta asked the question a wild hope had surged up in his heart for an instant, but he put it resolutely away.

"She meant nothing," he thought. "Such joy is not for me."

Theta pressed her hands to her wildly beating heart.

"He thinks I do not care, and he will not speak. Why should it be so hard for me? It is cruel—cruel!"

The rain had almost ceased, but the ground on which they stood was flooded, the water pouring down the hillside. Suddenly Gene turned back to her.

"This will not do. The brook, by this time, is a torrent. To return that way is impossible. You must follow me to the old tree on the left and wait there while I go down to the village for a carriage to take you home."

"If you think best," she replied, submissively.

The path was steep and slippery and Theta in her thin shoes and encumbered by her long dress made but little progress. Gene saw he must help her, but a mere offer of the arm would not suffice; to really aid her, he must carry her. Theta trembled, as, after a brief hesitation he took her in his arms. Neither spoke during the ten minutes' climb, but as Theta felt his head brush her cheek the blood rushed in a flood to her face. He felt the tempestuous rising and falling of her bosom as her heart beat against his own, a loosened tress of her hair struck him across the lips, yet not a single glance did he give her, his whole attention being engrossed by the path. When they arrived at the old tree and he set down his burden, the treacherous quiver of his lips alone betrayed his emotions.

"You will be shocked, here, and I will soon return," he said, and turned to leave her.

Theta trembled in every limb. Gene was going—and she had not spoken.

"Gene!" There was a world of meaning, of passionate entreaty in the word. It thrilled through and through him and he turned swiftly and stood looking down upon her, scarcely daring to breathe as he listened for the low spoken words.

"Gene, will you stay at home and not go back to the West? Will you stay—for my sake?"

Gene's soul flashed through his eyes as he drew nearer and took both her trembling hands.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

Special Editorial Announcement

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to all our readers, with thanks and best wishes for a Happy New Year to our host of loyal subscribers, among whom now we take justifiable pride in numbering the subscribers to the Lane papers "Sunshine for Youth" and "The People's Literary Companion." To you, our new acquaintances,—friends we trust, COMFORT goes forth bearing our Editor's most cordial greeting. We have enrolled you as subscribers and we welcome you into COMFORT'S great family circle confidently believing that you, like our old subscribers, will find the surroundings congenial and the companionship interesting, profitable and agreeable. COMFORT, which we send you in place of and to fill your unexpired subscription to the Lane paper to which you subscribed is a larger, greater, brighter and better paper and should prove more than a solace for the old friend which you have lost. Yet this change will bring no shock or jar, nor will you have occasion to regret any valuable or essential feature of the Lane papers, because we embody these in COMFORT and shall continue in COMFORT the most interesting serial stories running in the last number of the Lane papers, with the exception of "A Fateful Wedding Eve," by Ida M. Black, which will be suspended until the story by the same author now running in COMFORT is concluded. As stated on our title page, COMFORT, which we send you and shall send you only until your subscription expires, is a substantial combination and consolidation of the three papers. You receive all this without extra charge while your subscription runs.

We are able to do this because we have taken over these two Lane papers with the subscription lists and good will of their business, and it is a familiar principle that combination and consolidation add strength and open up the way to greater opportunities and broader fields of usefulness, to make the most of which it will be our most earnest endeavor.

Of course you will no longer receive the Lane papers, but instead, with your consent, you will receive COMFORT, the very best paper published in the world at the price. Therefore, unless we hear from you to the contrary during the present month we shall conclude that you are agreeable to this new arrangement.

If any of you happen to be subscribers to COMFORT and to a Lane paper we shall be glad to extend your COMFORT subscription by giving credit for your unexpired subscription to either of the other two papers, on receipt of your request therefor.

If your subscription to a Lane paper has expired you will receive this number of COMFORT as a sample copy, with the compliments of the editor, hoping that you will enjoy reading the same and that you will find it to your interest to subscribe at once at the present low price of 15 cents a year.

COMFORT'S old friends will find this consolidation to their advantage by giving them an even better paper than in the past, as above explained, for besides any added features, all the old and essential features and departments which have made COMFORT the biggest, greatest, brightest and best paper in the world for the money, 15 cents a year, will be retained and maintained at their present high standard of excellence or improved. We have thus entered upon a great undertaking for the benefit of all concerned, as we believe, and we ask you, in token of your appreciation of our efforts, to do what for you is but very little but for us means a great deal, and that is to renew your subscription promptly, and if possible,—and it is easily possible for most any of you,—to get us a new subscriber. Make COMFORT, which has helped to cheer and brighten your life the past year, a Christmas or New Year's present of just a little of your time in getting us a new subscriber, or still better, a club of new subscribers while the paper can be obtained at the present low price of only 15 cents per year. We beg the hearty cooperation of our subscribers and that they manifest it in this way. Help us to begin the new year with the largest subscription list we have ever had.

The high price of everything that goes into the make-up of a newspaper, and especially the advance in the price of paper, has largely increased the cost of production of our publication and compels us to make a substantial raise in the subscription price of COMFORT at an early date, and we cannot promise to accept subscriptions at the present rate after this month. You must know that everything you buy costs you more than it did a few years ago. The price of everything except your subscription has largely advanced. This increased cost of production also emphasizes the necessity of conducting our subscription business on a strictly paid-in-advance basis. At present we accept subscriptions at 15 cents for one year or 25 cents for a two years' subscription. Don't delay. "Delays are dangerous." Take no chance of missing a number of COMFORT or of losing the benefit of our present low subscription offer. Even if your subscription does not expire for some months to come, it will pay you well to send in your renewal now. In fairness and to give equal opportunity to those whose subscriptions expire in the future, we offer to extend their subscriptions from time of expiration one year for 15 cents, or two years for 25 cents if the money is mailed to us this month.

Thanks again and the Season's Greetings from

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

Lady Isabel's Daughter

or,

For Her Mother's Sin

A Sequel to "East Lynne"

By Mrs. Henry Wood

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

The mysterious tenant of Leith Abbey is a daughter of Mr. Archibald Carlyle with his first wife, Lady Isabel Vane. Lady Lucy is accompanied by Joyce Halliwell.

A young lady stands looking out to sea. Joyce looks up and asks Lady Lucy if she is counting the hours before her father arrives. She turns a vexed look. She is eighteen years of age, it's cruel for her papa to pen her up when other girls mingle in society. She is christened Isabel Lucy Carlyle, and is to be called "Isabel." It takes Joyce back to sad times. Isabel is the living image of her dead mistress, and she does not want to talk of her tragical fate. Lady Isabel cannot understand why she cannot speak to her papa about mamma when he overcomes his grief to marry another. She does not believe all they say at East Lynne about her mother and how she dies, and if you and papa refuse to explain there are those who will. Joyce protests. A servant announces Mr. Carlyle and a turning point for Lady Isabel arrives.

Emma, Countess of Mount Severn, tells her daughter Rosamond her sad miserable story. The Earl of Mount Severn, William Vane is forced to part with East Lynne. Mr. Archibald Carlyle becomes owner. William Vane dies and his brother Raymond Vane becomes Earl of Mount Severn. Isabel, daughter of Archibald Carlyle, after her mother's death is placed under the care of Emma, wife of Raymond Vane. She plunges deep into the life she loves. Among her admirers is Captain Francis Levison. The presence of the girl fetters her freedom. Captain Levison wins the heart of Isabel. Her aunt, jealous, makes life unendurable and convinces her of Levison's doubtful honor. Archibald Carlyle appears upon the scene and marries Isabel. William Vane returns and there is a terrible quarrel. He goes to East Lynne and learns the story from Archibald Carlyle's own lips. Three children bless the union. Before his marriage, Archibald Carlyle is attentive to Barbara Hare. Lady Isabel becomes jealous. Captain Levison visits East Lynne and step by step, fires her imagination by lies and she elopes with him. He promises marriage as soon as a divorce is secured from Archibald Carlyle. Becoming Sir Francis Levison he wears of his toy and the report is given that she dies in a railroad accident. She lives crushed and disfigured. Archibald Carlyle marries Barbara Hare. A governess is needed and Lady Isabel in the guise of Madame Vine, is secured. She reveals herself to Archibald Carlyle and dies of a broken heart. Leith Abbey is alive with gaiety. The Earl of Mount Severn appears and bids his wife dismiss her guests. He confabulates her with secrets disclosed by Lady Isabel's death and refuses to exchange one word with her. He gives his daughter, a girl of eight, the right to choose between her father and mother. For seventeen years the countess is a prisoner. She exacts an oath of her daughter that she work Isabel Carlyle's ruin. Rosamond promises to blight her every hope in life.

Lady Lucy asks her father to give her the name of her dead mother. Is she sorry to leave Leith Abbey? The Earl of Mount Severn tenders it, the countess revokes the privilege and claims it as her own. With his last breath the Earl of Mount Severn requests that Isabel never recognize Lady Emma Mount Severn. Her father will sooner see her dead. She is announced and Isabel declares she will see her.

The Earl of Beresford insists in seeking a woman he does not know. His yacht is under orders to sail. The world holds but one face. The countess declares he brings no bride not his equal in birth and culture. The countess and her son prepare for the Grace of Arleight's drawing-room. The earl's valet can prevent his going, and the countess schemes with the man to make the yacht unseaworthy. The valet brings a sign. The earl finds the mysterious stranger, Lady Isabel Carlyle. The Countess of Mount Severn is responsible for her.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST LINK.

WHEN Archibald Carlyle flung himself before the library door and appealed so frantically to his wilful daughter, he was almost beside himself with horror at the thought of the woman who had wrought such a terrible destiny for Lady Isabel Vane, under the same roof with Lady Isabel's child.

For a moment he was shocked, bewildered, but for a moment only. He recollected that this proud, dark, beautiful girl who stood and faced him with wide-open eyes and head haughtily uplifted, was his daughter, that Heaven had given him control over her, and that he was answerable to that Heaven for the way in which he shaped her life, and the recollection brought a sudden revulsion of feeling. He had never been harsh or cruel to the child who looked at him with her dead mother's eyes and spoke to him with a voice that opened up the old heart wounds and made them bleed afresh; but now when the shadow of that mother's sin seemed about to darken her young life, he remembered only that his duty was to save her, and he thrust all tenderness aside.

"Stop!" he said, suddenly as Isabel haughtily advanced. "Stop! do you hear me? I have appealed to you with tenderness, and you have scoffed at me. I appeal no longer—I now command. Isabel you can not see the Countess of Mount Severn. You are my child and I forbid it!"

The dark girl, who had her mother's proud bloom in her veins, drew herself haughtily erect and flashed him an imperious glance from her elon eyes.

"Forbidden!" with frigid dignity. "I scarcely comprehend. I am the daughter of the Lady Isabel Vane, Mr. Carlyle, and it is not in reason to forbid an earl's granddaughter to show common courtesy to her peer—least of all when that peer is a blood relative."

At any other time he would have laughed at this tragic daughter, who was so proud of her noble descent, so wilful, so imperious, so unsupported from the world. Now he could not. The situation was desperate, and he must be prepared to stem the rising tide, to bridge it with stern discipline and parental zeal.

"I forbid nothing but that you are my child, that you are under age, and you will obey me!" he said sternly. "Isabel be seated. Out

of this room you can not go save by my order. Hush! do not attempt to speak. I must and shall be obeyed. Interest yourself as you see fit until I send Joyce to you. I am going now to meet the Countess of Mount Severn, and I expect to find you here on my return."

Isabel made no reply. Her beautiful lips quivered with wounded pride, her beautiful eyes flashed him one rebellious glance—she looked intensely in his face, read its stern resolve, and without a word turned frigidly and walked to the window. The last he saw of her, as he opened the door and went out, she was standing rigidly erect, her white face looking out on the majestic splendor of the sunset sky, her clinched hands rigid at her sides. A wilful lady, a proud lady, such as the world deals hard with.

"God pity her if that pride is ever crushed," he muttered, as he closed the door and strode away, "and God help her to live it down. Pride like that has been many a woman's curse, and it may be hers. No, no! She can not know the miserable past until the world has softened her. Isabel, my lost wife, look down and guide her, for to tell her now the history of your wrecked and ruined life—oh, no, no, no! Better I should thrust a dagger in her heart. The terrible story would kill her! She must not know,—she must not dream. It were less barbarous to slay her in all her youth and beauty."

He had reached the door of the reception room by this time, and pausing a moment, he had laid his hand upon the knob. For the first time in more than twenty years he was about



"THE BREAD I EAT WILL BE THE SWEETS OF PARADISE, IF THE WORD FORGIVENESS CAN ONLY BE SPOKEN BY YOUR LIPS."

to look upon the woman who had ruined Lady Isabel's life. Even then he could not but wonder how time had dealt with the laughing-loving woman whose beautiful insolent face he had last seen at Castle Marling. Would he find a haggard wreck? Would he look on a worn and wasted figure, or—

He had opened the door, and he turned faint and sick like a woman. A figure standing in the sun-lit window had crossed the room with an odor of patchouly and a frown of silks, a fresh, young face, clear as a lily and fair as a star had lifted to his, and then, before he could realize it, before he could recover from his surprise, she was on her knees before him, her face was buried in her palms and she was sobbing brokenly:

"Oh, Mr. Carlyle, pity and forgive me! By the memory of the past, I appeal to you—save me, help me, forgive me! I am utterly alone in the world!"

He had closed the door, and reeling back against it now he panted like a hunted deer.

"Oh, forgive me—say you will try to forgive me!" broke in that passionate, tearful voice afresh. "Oh, do not shrink from me, I shall die of shame, Mr. Carlyle, if you withhold your pardon from a woman whose race has so shamefully darkened your life. By the memory of your own child, by the memory of the man who lies now in the Mount Severn vault, I beg, I implore you to pity and forgive me!"

For the first time he found strength to reply. "Madam—I—I—that is—I fear there has been some mistake," he stammered. "The servant announced that the Countess of Mount Severn was here, and surely you—"

"I am the Countess of Mount Severn, Mr. Carlyle," broke in that sad sweet voice. "The entail allows the title to descend to a woman in the absence of a nearer male heir, and when poor papa died—Oh, Mr. Carlyle, why was I exiled from my father's heart? Why was I allowed to grow up under the influence of that dreadful woman? I mean my own miserable

mother!" she groaned, bringing her crimson face between her jeweled hands. "I mean the woman whose true character I learned but one short week ago—the woman who darkened your life."

"It was your own choice, Lady Rosamond," he answered coldly. "Your forsaken and dishonored father told me that you chose between your mother and him, and what was part of her life could never enter again into his."

Lady Rosamond arose impulsively and lifted her eyes to his—beautiful azure eyes that seemed melting with purity and truth.

"I was but a child," she said, bitterly. "Was it just to condemn the woman for the child's action? What did I know of my mother save that she was my mother and I should cling to her as I had seen other children cling to theirs? Oh, may you never know the horror which has been crowded into my life by that one blind act of childish faith! For seventeen years I have been shut up in a living tomb, for seventeen years I have been living under the baleful influence of a creature whose very name fills me with horror, and for seventeen years I have been wearing Heaven with my appeals for release. As I grew up in that living tomb, Mr. Carlyle, I grew to feel that my mother and I were of different clay, I grew to shudder as she approached me, to blush when she spoke of her past life, but as Heaven is my witness I never knew all until one week ago. From the hour they brought us news of the earl's death my mother seemed like a madwoman, and while I was shocked and grieved at the loss of the father whose kiss of forgiveness for my childish folly had never, and could never now be pressed upon my brow, she—oh, how can I tell it? how can I live through the shameful recital?—she—she revealed in words, Mr. Carlyle, until I found her in—intoxicated! Oh, the shame of that moment! I was palsied by it, and while I stood looking down upon her she burst forth with drunken ribaldry, and for the first time told me all!"

"I knew then why my father had thrust her into that dungeon at Carnarvon, I knew then why he would have nothing of the child who clung to such a mother, and standing there, numb with horror, I heard the dreadful history of your hapless wife. Mr. Carlyle, from that moment I had no mother! I put her from my heart and life entirely, and leaving her talking incoherently of her terrible past, I walked away and prayed—prayed that I might

Take from me this suddenly acquired wealth—strip me of title and position—I can work with these hands, and the bread I earn will be the sweets of Paradise, if the word forgiveness can only be spoken by your lips. Have mercy and say it, Mr. Carlyle, for mercy is that sweet quality alone in which man may imitate his Creator."

The sweet, strained voice broke down suddenly, the little jeweled hands locked and extended in a passionate appeal, and still kneeling on her knees at his feet, she looked up at him with that beautiful pleading face.

For one instant he stood and looked down on it with eyes that were dim with tears.

He did not speak—it is doubtful if he could. Instead, he opened the door and walked swiftly out: while my lady yet knelt there in the last flush of the fading sunset. But she never stirred. She had read that face too well, and so he found her kneeling when he crossed the threshold again.

He walked to her side and gently lifted her. In another moment a white figure came up the corridor and entered the room, and turning to greet it with a smothered sob, he led the countess forward saying:

"Isabel, my child, I want to present you to the noblest woman I ever knew—Lady Rosamond Vane, the Countess of Mount Severn!" There was no pause for words. The dark eyes lifted proudly to those tender azure ones of the countess, the proud young heart went out in all its girlish innocence to that beautiful lily mask, and as Archibald Carlyle turned away to hide his wet eyes, the serpent and the dove were folded in a close embrace.

He would not interrupt them; he would let them mould this meeting to their own fancy, and while they ensconced themselves in a corner and chatted like two brilliant birds, he walked away to the windows and studied the flaming sunset until his tears were dry.

There were two old proverbs he might have chosen for them: "Fear the Greeks when they bring gifts," and "Judge not the fruit from the tree." He chose to think of the latter, and his fool's paradise was pleasant.

"Papa," broke in Isabel's voice, presently, "papa come away from the window and tell me why you deceived me so. You said the Countess of Mount Severn knew my mother and she could only have been a child when mamma died."

Archibald Carlyle laughed nervously and shot Lady Rosamond a stealthy glance.

"You were determined to have a mystery, puss," he said, "and so I laid the plot, built up the flame that it might die at its brightest, and show you how intensely ludicrous it was. The countess is my ward; she has been in a convent for many years and you were simply confined here that you might make your debut together."

"And it was simply acting just now in the library?"

"It was simply acting. You may ask Lady Mount Severn of your mother if you wish."

Isabel did not ask. She merely lifted her dark eyes, but Lady Rosamond read their questioning glance and threw one arm about her.

"She died abroad in a railway accident, did she not, Mr. Carlyle?" she said, sweetly, "I remember hearing of it in the convent, but I never knew there was any mystery."

"There never was except in Lady Isabel's fancy," he replied. "You mustn't mind us calling her Lady Isabel, Rosamond. She was so proud and imperious as a child that when she knew her mother was an earl's daughter she demanded the title of 'my lady.' It fitted her so well that we adopted it and it has grown up with her. She is simple Miss Carlyle, you know, but everybody calls her 'my lady.'"

"Surely the title fits her," murmured Lady Rosamond sweetly: "and who knows but she may yet wear it by royal right? The peers of England are not what I take them to be if she is not a countess or a duchess before her first season ends. Shall I cast your horoscope, Isabel, dear?"

Lady Isabel blushed and lowered her eyes. "You will make it far too bright to be true. I fear," she said, timidly. "Let us talk of other things. Tell me of the world, Lady Rosamond—tell me of all you have seen since you left your convent."

Lady Rosamond smiled. She had noticed that vivid flush, and that soft drooping of the eyelids, and inwardly she muttered:

"Even the walls of Leith Abbey have not shut you out from love, my dark-eyed, dark-skinned, imperious cousin. You have met your fate, and Heaven will it may be a man as proud as Lucifer, or—yourself."

"Tell me of your convent," pursued Isabel, winding her arms about Lady Rosamond. "Was it in France or in Spain?"

"Neither, dear," responded my lady, sweetly. "It was in a cold, bleak spot where there is little to charm the eye of girlhood—in Wales."

Isabel involuntarily shivered.

"Oh, I hate Wales," she said, impulsively. "I never mean to go there—never!"

And, as she spoke those words, there came back to Archibald Carlyle a vision of the library they had lately quitted. He saw her as he saw her there, standing with the sunset crimsoning her beautiful face, and soft white robe, and he seemed to hear her sweet voice say:

"If any harm should come to me, papa—I am sure it will come from Wales!" And in the terrible after days he never liked to recall that picture.

The sun had long gone down and the moon hung over the sweeping channel. Isabel and Joyce were rambling through the gardens, while "papa talked some horrid business affair with his lovely ward," and in the lamplit library of Leith Abbey Archibald Carlyle and the Countess of Mount Severn held solemn conclave behind drawn curtains and bolted doors.

It had all been arranged. My lady was quite friendless and she was to be regarded as his ward. She should return to London tonight and arrange for her maid to bring all her effects to Leith Abbey, where both she and Isabel would spend the time until every preparation was made for their debut and a peeress of suitable rank could be found to "bring out" the young countess and her lovely companion. But few would remember the former Countess of Mount Severn, and fewer still the Lady Isabel Vane, for she had seen very little of society, and the history of the past might easily be put behind them.

"It would kill Isabel—she is so proud," murmured Mr. Carlyle, as my lady went down the steps to her carriage, and my lady smiled an odd smile.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

Elaine.

WORDS BY JAS. O'DEA.

MUSIC BY W. C. POWELL.

1. The har-vest moon is shin-ing o'er the val-ley, The
2. The mem-'ry of your voice is al-ways with me, The

Andante espressivo.
mf

song birds all have sung sweet lull-la-by; . . . The gold-en-rod is wav-ing in the mead-ows Where
sweet-est-dream of all the dreams I know . . . Is when with-in my arms I gent-ly hold you, And you

just a year a-go we said good-bye. . . . I seem to see you once a-gain be-side me, You vain-ly ask me not to go a-
kiss me as in days of long a-go. . . . The moon-light on the gold-en-rod a-glist-ning Will hold no charms for me un-til a-

way, . . . Your tear-ful eyes I can-not help re-call-ing, As here with lone-ly heart to you, I say: . . .
gain . . . We meet as in the days be-fore we part-ed, When you were all the world to me, E-laine. . . .

CHORUS.
Slow and with much expression.

E-laine, . . . E-laine, . . . Oh call me back a-gain; . . . For-give, . . . for-get . . . the past and all its pain. . . . Your

smile . . . will seem . . . like sun-shine aft-er rain, . . . Then say you love but me, . . . E-laine, . . . E-laine. . .

DC

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The publishers of the above music are Messrs. Whitney, Warner Co., Detroit, Mich. They have just issued a nice music catalogue containing extracts, same as we print here above, of some of the most popular late Marches, Waltzes, Songs and Dances; they will send this catalogue free to all who mention COMFORT and write them at once for it. You can get an idea of all of the most popular music by running over the chorus to songs and snatches of other tunes you will find printed therein. Write them today and please say you saw this announcement in COMFORT.

STUB ENDS OF INFORMATION

The rattlesnake doesn't bite, but strikes with his head, and drives his fangs into whatever he hits.

By intermarriage of royalties scarcely any country in Europe is ruled by persons of the nationality of their subjects.

If the Mediter-ranean Sea were placed across the United States we could sail from San Diego, Cal., to Baltimore, Maryland.

In Iceland it is the custom to present a lamb to the baby when its first tooth appears. The lamb must never be parted with.

The automobile heart is the latest disease, and persons with weak hearts should be careful how they ride in the whizwagons.

People live longer in Bulgaria than anywhere else, apparently, as there is one person a hundred years old to every thousand of the population.

Mental diseases are on the increase in this country. In 1890, one in 765 native-born persons were in insane institutions, while in 1904 the ratio was one in 680.

Though life in city "flats" is said to be imperilled by bad health resulting from the crowding, statistics show that cities with many "flats" have better health than those having fewer "flats."

The average annual wages for a male farm-hand in Russia is \$32, and for a woman, \$18. The cost of subsistence is, however, correspondingly low, being \$24 for a man, and \$22 for a woman.

Seventy thousand pounds of so-called catgut are used annually in Germany in the manufacture of musical instruments. It does not come from cats, however, but sheep. English sheep furnish the best quality.

The American Board of Foreign Missions has 565 missionaries, over 4,000 native helpers, and during the past fifty years has received more than \$90,000,000.

In America over seven hundred million people travel on railway trains annually, covering twenty-two millions of miles and paying four hundred and fifty-six million dollars for tickets.

Washington was not born on the 22nd of February, but the 11th. It was not until 1792, twenty years after his birth, that England adopted the Gregorian calendar, by which the days between September 3rd and 14th were lost.

FREE CATALOGUE

Comfort Sisters' Corner

Letters of Thanks

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

A little ammonia added to the water for plants will make them bloom.
Write to me sisters, would like to hear from all young housekeepers about my own age (21) and will gladly answer all letters.
Wishing our paper continued success,
Mrs. E. B. JACKSON, Jackson, Beaverhead Co., Mont.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have read these letters for some time and at last decided to try my hand.

One of the skin troubles easiest to cure is "ring worm." It comes in two forms, one on the scalp, the other one on the skin. The best treatment for it is iodine. If the skin where the ring exists is painted twice a day until killed the scales will entirely disappear.
A little borax dissolved in water, will keep the mouth of an infant sweet and prevent cancer and thrush.

Mrs. Anna Petzel, Box 165, Corpus Christi, Texas. Paint the goiter with a solution of iodine made as follows:

Take of iodine, one drachm; iodide of potassium, two drachms, and dissolve in two and one half ounces of rain-water. Apply this solution with a feather, and continue its use twice a day until tumor disappears. The solution is also good for scurvy or scrofulous tumors, ulceration of the bones, etc.

To ulcers, if inflamed or angry, a poultice made of powdered slippery elm bark and water should be applied and repeated until the inflammation subsides. If painful the poultice may be made in the same manner, using a decoction of hops instead of water, after which the ulcers may be dressed two or three times a day with the following salve for ulcers, which is made with three parts beeswax, two of lard, one of mutton-suet and one of common rosin, melted together and stirred until cold to prevent separation. Ulcers of long standing when irritated or painful, with a burning sensation, or when they do not show a disposition to heal, or when the edges are covered with a dead white skin or scurf, should be penciled on the edges every week or ten days with lunar caustic, then poulticed until inflammation subsides, after which they may be dressed with the salve.

Anyone wishing to write me about this I will gladly answer if a stamped addressed envelope is inclosed.

M. L. UNDERWOOD, Amo, Ind.

DEAR SISTERS:

Did any of you ever try putting two tablespoonfuls of paraffine wax to a gallon of starch? Mrs. H. D. Giesel. My cousin had four girls, two of them had short hair—cut several times—when they were children, and the other two had long hair, as they grew older, the two whose hair had been cut had beautiful heavy heads of hair, but the others were very ordinary and rather thin, so I think it is better to keep a child's hair cut. What do the rest of the sisters say?

Miss Nannie Hays. You certainly have a picturesque home.

J. A. D. Thanks for your many helps and recipes in our dear paper.

WILMUNA MORRIS, Lisbon, R. D., 2, Ohio.

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

Pound-cake
The excellence of this cake depends upon the rapidity and lightness with which the batter is beaten, and sometimes several efforts are necessary before it proves a perfect success in the making and baking. The baking has everything to do with success; the cake pan should be lined with soft writing paper, and a test of the oven made to see if the temperature is right—if a piece of writing paper turns brownish-yellow when left in the oven for two or three minutes the heat is right for baking the cake. Now for the cake, put in a mixing bowl one half pound of sugar, beaten to a cream with a scant half pound of cottonseed, butter, or lard, beat one egg into them, beating each egg two minutes. Flavor with twenty drops of the strongest vanilla extract. Last of all sift in slowly half a pound of finely sifted flour, beating all the time until a smooth light batter is formed; this should be carefully followed as directed. If directions are strictly followed you will be rewarded by a delicious, old-fashioned pound-cake. Now for the modern pound-cake.

One cup butter, one cup sugar, four eggs, beat yolks and whites separately, one and one half cups of flour, one half teaspoonful cream of tartar, one fourth teaspoonful of soda, one large tablespoonful of milk, flavor with vanilla or lemon.

In making the first pound-cake remember that one quart of sifted flour makes one pound, one pint of butter one pound, one scant pint of granulated sugar makes one pound.

Fruit-cake
One egg, one half cup brown sugar, one half cup molasses, one half cup sour milk, one and a half cups flour, one cup raisins, one half teaspoonful of soda, salt and spices. This is a good plain everyday cake.

Squash Pie (without eggs)
One and one half cups of squash boiled and mashed, two and one half cups of boiling milk, two common crackers rolled fine, one small cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of ginger, one half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one quarter of a teaspoonful of cloves, one half teaspoonful of salt. Bake with one crust.

Hop Toads
One cup sour milk, one egg, one half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk, flour for stiff batter, drop from spoon into hot fat like doughnuts, and fry, eat with maple syrup, or plain sauce.

Plain Sauce
Melt a piece of butter size of an egg, add one tablespoonful flour, stir till it bubbles then add boiling water and cook until creamy, sweeten to taste and flavor.

Custard Pie without Crust
One quart of sweet milk, four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of flour, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little salt, teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake one hour in shallow pie tin without any crust.

Snow Pudding
Into one pint of boiling water stir three tablespoonfuls of corn starch, wet with a little cold water, with one teaspoonful of sugar and a little salt. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth and stir into this mixture rapidly, as soon as taken from the fire, let cool, then beat with an egg beater until cold, pour into a mould wet with water. Have one cup of milk boiling, add the yolks of the three eggs, beaten, with one half cup of sugar, boil until it creams, remove from the fire and add a little salt, when cold add one teaspoonful of any flavoring desired. When wished for turn the white out on a dish and pour the custard around it.
For fine up-to-date pastry, use the yolk of an egg, and the juice of half a lemon.
Custard pies can be made without eggs by using rolled crackers, or a tablespoonful of corn starch to each pint of milk.
J. A. D.

Pink Sauce or Jam
Make apple sauce or jam, add to it, while cooking, when nearly done, one pint or more of blackberry juice. It makes a delicious flavor and lovely color. Use at once or can for winter.

MRS. T. S. BRAMAN.

Pigs' Feet Jelly

Cook two pigs' feet till the meat falls from the bones, with one large onion, the white part of a leek cut fine, one teaspoonful of mixed spices. When the meat is tender strain through a colander. Put liquor back in stew pot, add all your meat you have picked from the bones to liquor, and one tablespoonful of salt. Cook twenty minutes, stirring continually, take from stove, and put in a jar or mould. Serve cold.
MRS. LINDEN.

Pickled Figs

To seven pounds of figs put four pounds sugar and one pint of vinegar. Let stand all night. Boil fifteen minutes, take out fruit, boil down syrup to taste, and can. Spice to suit taste.

Don't Care Salad

Mash three or four potatoes, chop fine several large pickles and two hard-boiled eggs, and a couple of finely chopped onions, add a little butter, vinegar, salt and pepper, and garnish with eggs.
MRS. W. C. E.

Salad Dressing

Six tablespoonfuls melted butter or salad oil, six tablespoonfuls cream, one tablespoonful salt, one half tablespoonful pepper, one teaspoonful mustard, one cup vinegar. Boil and add three well-beaten eggs. Remove from fire and stir for five minutes.

Cream Salad Dressing
Rub the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs through a sieve, add one dessertspoonful of dry mustard, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one half pint of cream; either juice of one lemon or two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and as much cayenne pepper as can be taken up on the blade of a small penknife.
MRS. FRANK ANDERSON.

Peach Mangoes

Wash good firm peaches, remove pits. Make a mixture of grated horseradish and mustard seed; fill one half of peach and put together by sticking a toothpick through, prepare vinegar as for any spiced fruit.
CARLYLE HAVERLY.

Veal Loaf

Three and one half pounds of minced veal (the leg is best for this), three eggs well beaten, one tablespoonful of pepper and one of salt, nutmeg, four rolled crackers, one tablespoonful of cream, butter the size of an egg. Mix these together and make into a loaf, roast and baste like other meats. Beef may be used instead of veal by adding one fourth pound of salt pork minced.
MRS. L. A. WEBER.

Cottage Pudding

One cup sugar, one tablespoonful butter, one egg, one half cup sweet milk, two cups flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder.

Sauce

Four tablespoonfuls sugar, two tablespoonfuls flour, two tablespoonfuls butter.
Mix well together, add boiling water till clear and let it come to a boil. Add flavoring and serve hot.
DELLA ANDERSON.

Home-made Mustard

To three tablespoonfuls of mustard, add two tablespoonfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of sugar, one half teaspoonful of salt, add enough cold water to form a smooth batter, then thin out with vinegar, just enough to give a little sour taste.

Sponge Cake

Three eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately, one cupful of sugar mixed well with the yolks till they are perfectly white, one teaspoonful of vanilla, and one cup of flour sifted together with one teaspoonful of baking powder and one half teaspoonful salt. Add five tablespoonfuls of cold water, and lastly the whites of the eggs whipped stiff. Bake twenty minutes.
MRS. JENNIE STENART.

Dandy Doughnuts

Two eggs well beaten, one cup sugar, one half cup cream, one half cup milk (sweet or sour), two teaspoonfuls baking powder if sweet milk is used or one of soda if sour. Nutmeg to taste. Flour to roll out.

Apple Snowballs

Pare and core tart apples. Boil a cupful of rice until tender. Moisten squares of white cotton cloth and spread half an inch thick with rice. Fill each apple where the core came out with sugar and nutmeg, lay one on each cloth, wrap and tie securely. Steam one hour. Dip in water before turning out the balls. Serve with pudding sauce.
IDA E. WAKE.

Dandy Cake

One cup butter, two cups sugar, one cup sweet milk, one half cup corn starch, three cups flour, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, two teaspoonfuls lemon extract.
MARY STRUBLE.

Rice Snowballs

Boil two cups of rice in two quarts of water and one pint of milk two hours. Mold in small cups. Serve with boiled custard or fruit sauce.

Economy Cake

One cup sugar, one cup buttermilk, one egg, butter the size of an egg, two cups flour, one teaspoonful soda.

Orange Whey

Juice of one orange and one pint sweet milk. Heat slowly until curds form. Strain and let cool.
MRS. ESTELLA S. EQUILS, Scranton, N. C.

Soda Cake

Mix well two heaping cups of flour with one heaping teaspoonful soda and three tablespoonfuls brown sugar. Add three well-beaten eggs, one cup molasses, one large tablespoonful butter and one cup warm water. Beat all together fifteen minutes and bake in a moderate oven.
MRS. JOSEPHINE LINDEN.

Baked Apples with Sauce

Peel and core twelve apples; set them in a baking dish and fill the holes with raisins and sugar. Make a sauce by melting over the stove one cup of sugar, stirring constantly till it is a rich brown color. Add three cups hot water and boil till the sugar is dissolved. Thicken with two tablespoonfuls flour wet with a little cold water. Add a piece of butter and cinnamon or any spice. Pour the sauce over the apples and bake till tender.
MRS. MAE HOB.

Tomato Soup

Cook a can of tomatoes with a pint of water till soft. Strain through a sieve, return to the fire and add a teaspoonful of soda. Add a pint of scalded milk, a tablespoonful of butter and salt and pepper to taste. Serve at once.

To Use Cold Potatoes

Cut cold potatoes into dice and fry five minutes in boiling lard. Skim out and drop into a tablespoonful of hot butter and fry till a light brown. Season with salt and pepper and serve with chopped parsley and the juice of a lemon.
MRS. L. A. W.

Walnut Candy

Three cups brown sugar, one cup granulated sugar, one cup sweet cream. Stir constantly while boiling and when a little dropped into a cup of cold water forms a ball it is done. Then stir in one cup of English walnut meats and one teaspoonful vanilla.
Pour on a buttered platter and when cool cut into squares.
MRS. FOSTER.

Fudge

Three cups granulated sugar, one cup of milk, one tablespoonful of butter. Put it on the fire, and when sugar is melted add four or five tablespoonfuls of cocoa or grated chocolate. Boil just fifteen minutes. Stir constantly while boiling. Take from the fire, add one teaspoonful of vanilla. Stir till creamy, then pour in square tin buttered pan. When partly cool cut in squares. This is an excellent recipe.

English Taffy

Melt one pound butter and add to it one pound sugar. Boil until it will harden in cold water. Pour into buttered pans and mark off in squares.
C. L. P.

Float

One quart of sweet milk, four eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, two teaspoonfuls extract vanilla or bitter almond, one half cup of currant jelly. Heat milk to scalding point, but not boiling. Beat the yolks, stir into them the sugar, and pour upon them gradually, mixing well, the hot milk, put into saucepan and boil until it begins to thicken. When cool, flavor and pour into a glass dish. Heap upon the top meringue of whites of eggs beaten stiff, into which you have beaten the jelly, a teaspoonful at a time. MRS. C. J. OLSON.

Butterscotch

One cup sugar, one half cup of water, one teaspoonful of vinegar, butter size of a walnut, boil twenty minutes, pour off into buttered pans and let get cold.

Chocolate Caramels

One cup of molasses, one half cup sugar, one half cup of milk, one fourth pound of chocolate, butter size of a walnut, boil until it will harden in cold water, pour into buttered tins, and cut in squares before it is hard.
IDA E. WAKE.

Ginger Cookies

One cup sugar, one cup lard, one cup molasses, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one teaspoonful ginger, one half cup boiling water, one teaspoonful soda and flour to make a soft dough. Bake in a hot oven.
ESTELLE FREELAND.

Devil's Food Cake

One cup brown sugar, one half cup butter, one half cup sweet milk, two and one half cups flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, yolks of two eggs. Boil together one small cup grated chocolate, one half cup sweet milk, one cup brown sugar. When cold add to the cake mixture.
BERTHA STRUBLE.

Comforting Hints of All Sorts

Arnica Liniment
Pick the flowers of the double marigold, when in their prime, put them in a bottle and fill the bottle with alcohol, shake occasionally. Whiskey can be substituted for the alcohol if desired.
MRS. G. L. BRADSHAW.

Remedy for Inflammatory Rheumatism
Take a piece of gum camphor about the size of an ordinary hen's egg, pulverize and dissolve in a cup full of melted lard. Rub in well on the inflamed parts twice a day, as warm, and as long as it can be endured. MRS. JOSEPH HOSKINS.

Croup
Rub kerosene oil on the throat, it never fails to give relief.
MRS. BLANCHE U. SMITH.

Ice Cream Pudding
Place one quart milk in double boiler, with a pinch of salt. When hot add three tablespoonfuls of corn starch dissolved in some cold milk. When thick remove from the stove and add the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs. Stir briskly until well mixed. Place in a dish to cool.

Sauce
One cup milk, one cup sugar, yolks of four eggs. Place in double boiler and cook until creamy. Place in a small pitcher and when cool flavor with vanilla. Eat when cold. Serve by placing a spoonful of the white in a side dish and pouring some of the yellow sauce over it.

The following is sent in by an interested reader:

Topsy Turvy
Tune, Sweet Marie.
Several children are behind a long strip of muslin to represent a wall. They must be on their knees to make changes quickly. Hats or bonnets on heads and shoes and stockings on hands. In chorus they drop heads behind wall and raise hands.

We're a merry group of children, so are we,
We've a smile upon our faces, as you see.
We can hop and skip and run and we have no end of fun,
Of our tricks we'll show you one, just to see.

CHORUS.
Topsy Turvy, now are we,
Topsy Turvy, don't you see,
Ain't we pretty, ain't we graceful as can be,
On our heads or on our feet
You are bound to think we're sweet,
And you know we're hard to beat, tra la lee.

Oh, you wonder how we do it, guess you do,
And you only wish you knew it, now don't you?
Cause you'd give most anything
To stand upon your head and sing,
In the air your feet to fling, as we do.

Oh, our secret we could tell you if we would,
But we're 'fraid you wouldn't keep it, if you could.
Well just say our little band,
Does this trick by sleight of hand,
Good as any in the land, tra la lee.

Good Old Songs We All Love

By special request from many of our readers we print the words of a few songs and will continue to do so each month as space allows. We invite our readers to send in the words of popular old songs which they think would please our six millions of readers. In copying, give each line of poetry a line by itself, do not run it in, as though solid. Please write on one side of paper only.

Sometime We'll Understand
Not now, but in the coming years
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, sometime, we'll understand.

CHORUS.
Then trust in God thro' all thy days,
Fear not for He doth hold thy hand,
Tho' dark thy way still sing and praise,
Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.

We'll catch the broken threads again
And finish what we here began,
Heaven will the mysteries explain
And then, ah then we'll understand.

We'll know why clouds instead of sun,
Were over many a cherished plan,
Why song has ceased when scarce begun,
'Tis there sometime we'll understand.

Why oft we long for most of all,
So oft eludes our cherished plan,
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall,
Up there, sometime we'll understand.

God knows the way, He holds the key,
He guides us with unerring hand,
Sometime with tearful eyes we'll see,
Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

RHEUMATISM Cured Without Medicine

Remarkable Appliance of Michigan Plan
is Curing Thousands. A Postal
Brings Anyone

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Virgie's Inheritance

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Virginia Abbot, the only child, of a once honored bank president, lives alone with her father and Chinese servant, Chi Lun, in a retired mining district. Her father is slowly dying, and she begs him to go home. "We have no home, but this," is his hoarse cry. He is dead to everyone, but his daughter, and his real name sunk in oblivion. A wild storm sweeps through the mountains. William Heath loses his way, and Mr. Abbot gives him shelter for the night. Five years before, Mr. Abbot built a comfortable house near his mine, furnishing it with a few elegances from his former home. Carefully he attends to Virginia's education, providing her with new books and papers. The girl's destiny is settled in a way unexpected by either father or daughter.

Mr. Abbot admits he is willing to dispose of his claim. In one week William Heath will return. In the meanwhile he asks for the refusal of it. Mr. Abbot busies himself with writing. William Heath returns from his trip. He purchases the mine. The young people are thrown into each other's company. Virgie learns to love William Heath. He asks Mr. Abbot for Virgie's hand in marriage and admits his identity; he is an Englishman, Sir William Heath. The consent of the father gained he asks Virgie to be his wife. Mr. Abbot desires an early marriage—he cannot live long. Doctor Thornton performs the marriage ceremony. Mr. Abbot dies in October, and Sir William takes his bride to San Francisco. They come to New York. Sir William is called to England. His mother is ill. He leaves his wife. A little heiress is born who is christened "Virgie May." Sir William's sister Miriam, Lady Linton, treats his marriage with contempt. The idea of a plebeian being the equal of a Heath of Heathdale. The household know nothing of the marriage. Unless she receives her as becomes a sister of the house the doors of Heathdale will be closed to her. With his mother out of danger he will announce Lady Heath's existence.

Lady Linton reads private papers belonging to Sir William. She writes a letter to Mrs. Sara Farnum, San Francisco, Cal., destined to do much harm. Lady Linton's disappointment in her brother not marrying Sadie Farnum is hard to conceal. Sir William is kept in England by the doctor's verdict. He will go to Virgie as soon as he can leave. He fears he is missing her letters. Virgie becomes anxious regarding her husband's letters. She meets Mrs. Farnum and her daughter. The elder woman poisons the young wife's mind and tells her it is impossible that Sir William Heath is her husband. Virgie receives a letter from Sir William and allows Mrs. Farnum to read it. She fears she has been terribly deceived and shows a letter written to her by Lady Linton, in which she speaks of the marriage of Will and Margie. If what she says is true, Virgie sails for Liverpool on the next steamer. Her child is the legitimate heir of Heathdale. Mrs. Farnum realizes the girl has spirit. Sir William has a cousin who bears his name and marries Margaret Stanhope. Mrs. Farnum writes Lady Linton and poisons the minds of the guests of the house. Virgie notices the suspicious looks. She writes her husband. In his absence Lady Linton destroys her husband's letter to him. Upon her brother's return she has a serious talk with him and in her letter to Mrs. Farnum represents he is troubled over his American escapade and she incloses a hundred pound note for Virgie. It is the gift of Sir William for the benefit of a crippled girl, and while Lady Linton artfully weaves some theory of truth, it serves the scheming woman's purpose. Virgie clings to the conviction she is a lawful wife and will prove it. The proprietor of the house requests her to vacate her rooms; he is informed she is not Mrs. Heath and he produces an English paper with a marked paragraph.

Sir William makes arrangements to leave home. It must be known he has a wife and child. Arriving in New York he calls upon Mr. Eldridge and demands the reason for his wife's absence. The paper is produced with Sir William's supposed marriage. He goes to Virgie's old home in the mountains. He sees Doctor Thornton who married him; he is convinced there is a conspiracy to separate Sir William and Virgie. Sir William returns to England. He receives a notice of the coming separation. A serious illness follows.

Virgie seeks and obtains employment as a designer for Christmas souvenirs, and gives the name of Alexander to Mr. Knight, the publisher. She meets a man whose eyes are like no others in the world and reads a personal which puzzles and alarms her. Going out she is closely veiled. Her residence in San Francisco for a year, gives her a right to apply for divorce. Mr. Knight fears there is some mistake.

Ten years pass. Sir William finds no trace of his wife. He becomes guardian to the son of Major Hamilton. Mr. Knight makes a proposal of marriage. Virgie refuses. She receives an unexpected visitor—her Uncle Mark. He will make restitution for the money stolen from the bank and clear the name of Virgie's father from dishonor. He places in Virgie's hands, a package committed to his care, and advises her to keep it twenty years, then go as she pleases with it. The package is sealed with a motto meaning "Upright and Loyal." The uncle dies, leaving Virgie a fortune. She moves to New York. Several years later she goes to Niagara, and at one of the hotels reads on the register, William Heath and wife, Master Willie Heath and maid. She meets Mrs. Heath, who is fascinated with Virgie. There may be a son but Virgie shall have her inheritance.

There is a railroad accident and Virgie rescues Lady Linton from a horrible death. She makes her comfortable in her illness. Before they separate Virgie admits she is the woman whom her brother loved, and Lady Linton realizes her treachery and wickedness. Virgie goes away and the opportunity for Lady Linton is gone. She recalls Virgie's threat.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AFTER EIGHT YEARS.

EIGHT years have passed since Lady Linton, with her son and daughter, her cousin William Heath, and his family, visited America; since she so nearly fell a victim to that railway disaster.

It is a beautiful winter morning, and in the sunny, elegantly appointed dining-room at Heathdale a winter-sting group of five persons is gathered around the bountifully spread breakfast table.

At one end sits Sir William Heath, a handsome, dignified gentleman a little above forty, yet hardly looking that, for the fleeting years have touched him but lightly, in spite of the great sorrow which has lain so heavily upon his heart and robbed his life and his home of its chief joys—the love and presence of a fond, true wife, the patter of little feet, and the happy laughter and merry chatter of childish voices.

Opposite him, and engaged in serving coffee, is his sister, Lady Linton, who has changed greatly during the last eight years. She has grown old and wrinkled, and her face has hardened, if that could be possible. There is a cynical expression about her thin mouth, and her eyes are cold and critical in their expression, excepting when they rest upon her children, who now sit beside her, one at her right, the other at her left hand.

Percy Linton has done credit to the promise

of his youth, and is a fine young man of twenty-one, honest, noble, and thoughtful beyond his years. He is lately home from Oxford, where he achieved great honors, and is now planning to return to the neglected and impoverished estate which his father's prodigality nearly ruined, with the intention of reclaiming it and restoring it to something of the thrift and prosperity for which it was noted under the care of his grandfather, for whom he is named, and whose mantle seems to have fallen upon him.

His mother is not at all in sympathy with these plans. She wishes her son to adopt a public career. She still has strong hopes that he will fall heir to her brother's title and property, in which case there would be no need of his spending the best years of his life in striving to redeem a heavily mortgaged estate.

Sir William, however, heartily approves of his noble resolve, and promises to assist him in every possible way, and, with this encouragement, he has decided to devote himself to Linton Grange.

Lillian Linton is a brilliant and beautiful girl of nineteen. She is a clear brunette, with a lovely bloom on her cheeks, vividly red lips, dark eyes and hair. Her features are delicate and regular; she is tall and finely formed, attractive in manner, but in disposition and temperament she is much like her mother.

The remaining individual of the group was Rupert Hamilton, Sir William Heath's ward, and the child of his dear friend, Major Hamilton, who died several years ago. He is now a young man of twenty, tall and stalwart in form with a well-shaped head set proudly upon a pair of square, broad shoulders. One would know at a glance that he was true and generous, kind and genial.

One could perceive also that Sir William loved him like a son by the affectionate glances which he bent upon him, by his answering smile whenever their eyes met, and the confidential tone which he used when addressing him.

The young heir to half a million of pounds thought his guardian the noblest man in the world, and he would have deemed no service too difficult or disagreeable to perform for him. He knew something of the trouble of his early life, that he had been married and parted from his wife, although he had never heard her name spoken, or asked a single question upon the subject, and he had always felt a peculiar tenderness and sympathy for him on this account.

The fact of Sir William's marriage was no longer a secret, although Lady Linton had tried every way to conceal it. It was not very generally known, however, even now; but in his own household and among his intimate friends it was understood that he had married a beautiful woman while on his first visit to America, and that some cruel misunderstanding had resulted in a separation. He had insisted upon this explanation, for hope was not yet quite dead in his heart that sometime he might find Virgie, effect a reconciliation, and bring her home to Heathdale.

Those who knew that he was free to marry again, if he chose, sometimes urged him to do so and not allow his name to become extinct.

But he always replied, with a heavy sigh: "I have a wife already, and sometime, please Heaven, I shall find her. No other shall ever be mistress of Heathdale while I live."

This reply never failed to arouse the fiercest anger in Lady Linton, who grew more bitter with every year toward the woman whom she had wronged, and who had repaid her injuries with such kindness and Christian charity to her everlasting shame and humiliation.

"Wife," indeed! she once retorted. "A woman who divorced herself from you in the way she did, coolly severing the bonds, which you seem still to hold in such reverence, is not worthy the name."

"But I loved her, Miriam—I love her still! I shall be true to her till I die," her brother answered. "Our separation has been the strangest thing in the world—it is wholly incomprehensible to me; but if I ever find that we have been the victims of treachery, let the enemy who has meddled beware!"

Twice during these last eight years he had crossed the Atlantic and renewed his search for Virgie, but without obtaining the least clue to her whereabouts, and so he returned again to his home.

He never intruded his sorrow upon anyone; indeed his life flowed along so calmly and smoothly that a stranger might have supposed that he had remained single from choice, although there was a wistful sadness in his eyes that impressed everyone.

Of late he had interested himself considerably in politics and been in Parliament, having been returned for his borough seven times.

But to return to the breakfast-table, from which we have roved, and where an animated discussion was in progress, together with the disposition of the many tempting viands.

"I am sure I do not know what I am going to do without you during the next six months, Rupert," Sir William remarked. "Here I was anticipating having you all to myself for awhile, after you got through school, and now you want to go roving the first thing."

"Yes, I do want to see a little of the world I live in, I confess, before I choose my profession; and you have told me so many interesting things about America, and American people, that I have a curiosity to see the country and mingle with the people myself. Why can't you come with me, Uncle Will? then we need not be separated," concluded the young man, wishfully.

"I should be glad to, my boy, but my time and attention will have to be given to the interests of the borough for this year," responded his guardian. "The troubles in Ireland, too, bid fair to be pretty serious, and every true-hearted Englishman ought to give careful thought to the questions that are arising in connection with them."

"I hope that I am a true-hearted Englishman, but since I can not cast my vote until next year, I presume you will not consider me disloyal for running away for a little while," Rupert said, earnestly.

"No, indeed, I want you to go, since you desire it so much, and, considering all things this is the best time for you to go. Let me see; it is a Raymond excursion to California that you have decided to join after reaching New York, I believe."

"Yes, the circular which Raymond has issued is so attractive I could not resist it. I feel sure that by joining this party I shall see more of the country, in less time and to better advantage, than I could to travel by myself and lay out my own route."

"Will you be with a large party, Rupert?" Lillian asked, her color deepening and a rather anxious expression in her eyes.

Lillian Linton had learned to love Rupert Hamilton with a strong and passionate affection, and this attachment had been most undesiredly fostered by her mother, who was still determined that her idolized daughter should marry her brother's wealthy young ward, and the heir to still greater prosperity and honor, if it was possible to accomplish it.

"I do not know how large the party will be, Lillian; probably there will be quite a number in it," he answered.

"All gentlemen?" "Oh, no, I judge not from some hints that are given regarding the equipments necessary for the journey; for articles which only ladies require are mentioned in them."

Lillian lost some of her brilliant color, and her eyes drooped at this reply.

"But do you like the idea of mingling so freely with strange people?" she asked, with a slight curl of her red lips. "Americans too," she added, slightly.

"Why, Lillian, are you so prejudiced against our neighbors over the sea?" exclaimed the young man, in surprise.

The girl shrugged her graceful shoulders and arched her pretty brows, but designed no reply. The act, however, expressed far better than words could have done her contempt for the people of whom they had been speaking.

Percy glanced up at her with a roguish twinkle in his eyes.

"Rupert will doubtless meet some fair damsel among his party whose bright eyes and charming smiles will prove too much for his susceptible nature, and, before we know it, our loyal Englishman will have forsown his colors and joined the great republic," he said, to tantalize his sister.

"Oh, Percy, how little faith you have in me," laughed Rupert. "Of course I expect there will be some fair damsels in my party, but doubtless they will be so self-guarded by jealous parents and vigilant chaperons that no young man of my age will have an opportunity to play the agreeable to them."

Neither of the young men observed the spasm of pain that contracted Sir William's brow at these remarks, nor the hardening of Lady Linton's face, as they thought of that episode in the life of the former, some eighteen years previous, while he was traveling in America.

"I trust that Rupert will not be beguiled into any indiscretions, no matter how attractive the ladies of his party may be; he owes it to his self-respect to choose his wife from his own countrywomen," remarked her ladyship, with a swift glance at her daughter, whose eyes were fixed upon her plate, as if she had no interest in anything but the morsel that she was diligently reducing to mince-meat with her knife.

"Are the ladies of America more artful in that respect than those of any other nationality, Lady Linton?" asked the young man, innocently, but with a quizzical smile.

"I am happy to say that I know but very little about them, but what I do know has not served to prepossess me in their favor," was the sharp retort of her ladyship.

"Miriam, I will trouble you for another cup of coffee," said Sir William, quietly, but in a tone which warned his sister that she had better not pursue the conversation further on that line.

Then he turned to his nephew, with a genial smile, saying:

"I only wish Percy had not been in quite such a hurry to settle at the Grange; I would really like to have you run over to the United States with Rupert for a little holiday before you begin work."

"Thank you, Uncle Will; but, truly I feel that it would not be right to take either the time or the money for such a journey. My duty plainly points to the earliest possible restoration of my fallen house," the young man answered, gravely.

"I wish that every young man possessed as conscientious a regard for duty as you do, Percy. I confess I honor you for your desire to clear the Grange of all incumbrance, though I would gladly be your banker if you would consent to accompany Rupert."

"You have already been my banker to such an extent that I do not feel willing to draw upon you any more. I am very grateful for all your kindness, Uncle Will, but indeed my self-respect demands that I should begin to depend upon my own exertions; so I shall wed myself to the home of my ancestors until every debt is paid and the glory of the days of my grandfather is restored," Percy concluded, smilingly, but with a firmness which plainly told that his mind was made up regarding the course he was to pursue.

"I consider it a senseless, quixotic notion; I think you had much better sell the place and realize what you can from it, rather than spend the best of your life in trying to pay debts that other people have contracted," said his mother, resentfully.

"Sell Linton Grange," exclaimed the young man, aghast. "Why, mother, where is your loyalty to the home of more than a dozen generations?"

"I have suffered too much at Linton Grange to feel very much loyalty for bundles of mortgages, promissory notes, etc.," retorted Lady Linton, a deep flush suffusing her face.

"Percy is right, Miriam, so do not try to discourage him. It would, indeed, be a pity to sacrifice such a grand old place, while there was the least hope of reclaiming it. It will no doubt, be up hill work for the first few years, but, with the spirit which animates him, I am sure he will succeed, and his reward will be sweet," Sir William said, heartily, as he arose from the table.

Then turning to his nephew, he continued: "I will ride over to the Grange with you in a couple of hours, and we will consider further the measures you proposed to me yesterday."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A GLIMPSE AT LILLIAN LINTON'S HEART.

"Rupert, have you seen my orchids since they bloomed?" Lillian asked of her uncle's

ward, as the family were leaving the dining-room.

"No. Are you indulging in orchids, Lillian?"

"Yes; I am wild over them. Uncle Will gave me several varieties on my last birthday, and they are just coming their best for me now. Come into the conservatory and let me show them to you."

"All right. I have a fancy for the pretty things, too," replied the young man as he followed the fair girl toward the conservatory, and thinking, as he did so, how lovely and graceful the girl was in her perfectly fitting morning robe of garnet cashmere trimmed with swansdown, and which harmonized delightfully with her brilliant complexion.

She took him to a sunny corner of the conservatory which Sir William had set apart and fitted up expressly to gratify this extravagant whim of his pretty niece, and where the young lady had really displayed much taste and appreciation of the rare things in which she was interested, both as to choice and arrangement.

They spent half an hour or more in examining the beautiful things, and Rupert became almost as enthusiastic as Lillian herself over them.

But she had no notion of allowing even her favorite flowers to monopolize all his attention. She had had a far more important object in view in bringing him there with her.

"So you are really determined on taking this American trip, Rupert?" she remarked, as they paused before a lovely anemone in full bloom, from which she broke its fairest blossom, and, bending forward, fastened it to the lapel of his coat.

"Oh, Lillian, what a pity to break the pretty thing!" he said, regretfully.

"Not for you," she answered, looking up at him with a smile, and flushing as she met those frank brown eyes that were regarding her with unmistakable admiration. "You would be welcome to more if you wished."

"You are very generous," he returned, regarding the flower thoughtfully, and wondering what made her blush so when with him. "But about my trip. Yes, I have decided that I will go."

"When?"

"I sail just a week from today. I wrote yesterday to engage my passage."

"So soon?" Lillian cried, catching her breath, and losing all her brilliant color.

"Yes; if I am to join that excursion to the Pacific coast on the 12th of next month, I must be off."

"The house will seem like a convent when you are gone; you are the life and soul of everything here," said the girl, tears starting to her eyes.

"Thank you; I had no idea that I was of so much importance," he returned, lightly.

"Didn't you?" she asked, sweeping him a coy look from beneath her long, dark lashes. "You have something to learn yet, then. But how long will you be away? Surely not six months, as Uncle Will said this morning?"

"Yes, I think so. I do not wish to hurry, and I mean to get a pretty thorough idea of what the United States are like. I think I shall be away until July or August."

"Oh, Rupert, don't! It will be too lonely and wretched for anything without you!" Lillian burst forth, impetuously, and in an agitated voice.

"Why, Lillian!" he exclaimed, astonished, and bestowing a puzzled look upon her downcast, agitated countenance: "will you miss me like that?"

"Did you expect you could go away for so long and not be missed?" she asked, triumphantly.

"I confess I had not thought much about it," he replied, gravely; "but I suppose, as we have all been brought up together, and had so much in common, that no one of us could go away without being missed. However, you will have Percy."

"But Percy is soon to go to the Grange, and will be so taken up with his interests there that we shall see but very little of him. Oh, Rupert, I wish there was no such place as America," Lillian concluded, with quivering lips.

"Bless you, little sister! I never thought that my going away would upset you like this," Rupert said, laying his hand lightly on her shoulder, and really moved to see how she was taking it to heart.

"Little sister," she repeated, flushing crimson, and drawing her figure to its full height.

She was very handsome at that moment, and Rupert wondered that he had not noticed of late how exceedingly lovely she had grown, while there was a nameless something in her expressive face, and even in her attitude, that thrilled him strangely.

"Does that offend your young ladyship?" he questioned, laughing. "You are not so little after all, and I was unfortunate in my choice of an adjective; but you were such a tiny widgeon when I came here, eight years ago, that I have always regarded you as very petite."

"But I am not—your sister; we are not related at all," she murmured.

He started, and bent a puzzled look upon her. She was standing before him, with half-averted face, her darkly fringed lids almost touching her cheeks, her bosom heaving with the heavy pulsations of her heart.

"True," he returned, in a constrained tone, "and you must pardon me if I have presumed too far; but you must understand, Lillian, that it has become a natural consequence for me to regard you almost in that light, since one can not live so many years in a family without becoming strongly attached to its members. I had flattered myself, too, that I had won at least a little corner in the hearts of my friends here."

"You have! you have! Oh, Rupert, I did not mean anything like that!" Lillian cried, in a distressed tone, and with visible agitation.

"Then what did you mean? I do not understand you," the young man asked, and leaned forward to look into her downcast face.

Lillian lifted her great dark eyes to his for an instant, and his heart gave a startled bound at what he read in their dusky depths. Then the rich blood rushed in a crimson flood to her very brow, dyeing even her white neck with its rosy hue.

At that moment a door of the conservatory opened and shut, and the girl started guiltily from his side.

"There comes the gardener," she said, with evident confusion, "and I must speak to him."

She darted away, speeding swiftly down the walk, leaving the young man speechless and amazed at the discovery that he had made; (CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 25th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

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Mrs. H. L. B., Ranger, Tex.—Write to Home Bureau, 52 West 39th St.; or Knauth Brothers, 220 Fourth Ave., New York City.

Avel, Austin, Va.—You have the right to issue such circulars and sell them if you have the permission of the persons to be named in them.

O. B., Sigel, Ill.—Write to Charles N. Crittenton Co., 117 Fulton Street, New York City. Such preparations may be made and sold if they do not infringe upon those already in the market, and they are in accordance with the Pure Food laws.

A. G. B., Gamelle, Ark.—As there is not more than one railway hospital in a town, if that many, a letter sent simply to Superintendent Railway Hospital, would reach in any place where there was one.

J. T. M., Greensboro, N. C.—The city can compel you to pay the taxes whether you get what you pay for or not. Your only recourse is the ballot-box. Vote for the kind of men who will give you what you pay for.

T. E. P., Woodville, Wis.—You had better get much extended information about caring for plants from your local flower man, or some lady who has luck with flowers. (2) The "Hello Girl" in the city must know how to run the switch end of a telephone. Not much experience required and not much wages paid.

A. F. B., Ludowici, Ga.—You can get "Barriers Burned Away" from any bookseller, as it is one of the old standbys. You can get it in paper-cover, we fancy, from a second-hand dealer for a quarter or less.

J. M. O., Dunkirk, Ind.—See answer above to "J. F. A., Hornsboro, N. C."

E. E. E., Chicago, Ill.—The old paper money that is returned to the Treasury Department is destroyed by maceration and fire. And great care is exercised that no part of it is left in a condition to be used again.

Mrs. L. R., Appleton, Wis.—Write directly to the editors of the papers you mention, just as you wrote to COMFORT. John H. Hubbard is the editor of the Edgerton Journal, and G. W. Calvert, of the Dearborn Journal. The papers are a dollar a year each, we suppose. Of course you can get them just as easily as any other paper that you pay for.

M. M., Tampa, Fla.—We can not take either side in a controversy of this sort.

H. S., Wick, Iowa.—You might find what you are looking for by applying to Dr. A. B. Storms, Pres. Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa. If not there, try other Iowa colleges and normal schools. Your county School Supervisor can give you addresses.

H. B. E., Carmi, Ill.—Richard G. Badger, publisher, makes a specialty of publishing poetry. Submit your poem to him and get his decision. Write to him first and ask if he wishes to entertain it. If he does not, you must keep trying with all publishers till you find the one who wants it. We'll say to you in advance that publishers are not anxious for poetry.

E. A. E., Ardmore, I. T.—We do not know his address, but a letter sent to him in care of his publisher will be forwarded. If this does not find him, we can print your address and ask him to write to you.

J. H., Anglum, Mo.—We can not make out the name of the company as you have written it. At least, we do not know one by the name we do make out.

F. A. N., Holland, Minn.—We never heard of a whistling school. Professional whistlers succeed by adding constant practice to natural ability. (2) Nicked pennies are not as valuable as the plain, because a penny attaches to the mutilating of any coin of this realm.

S. W. K., Reidsville, N. C.—The book of Jasher as mentioned in Joshua, and again in 2 Samuel, is almost, if not quite, mythical, and there may never have been such a book. All sorts of conjectures have been indulged in about

it by scholars, and if you will get a copy of Smith's Dictionary of the Bible you will find therein about as much concerning it as a layman need know.

Reader, Dover, O.—Write to Supt. Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C. for the information. We believe there is no charge for making such tests.

E. G. D., Springfield, Mo.—There is no such publishing house, as the ordinary music publisher will place such songs. Write to Harry Von Tilzer, 37 West 28th Street, New York City. (2) The magazine is published in New York.

A. W. B., St. Joseph, La.—Write to F. V. Browne, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City, who will give you all the information you need to start with.

Virgie's Inheritance

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

for he had read in the girl's beautiful face and speaking glance the confession of her love for him.

"Whew!" he ejaculated, recovering himself after a moment; "I never dreamed of anything like that! What in the world have I been thinking of not to realize before that she had grown a young lady, and a very beautiful one, too; I wonder if I could—can it be possible that I have—bah! I never have meant to do any mischief in that way. Perhaps I'll—no, I'll wait until I get back from my trip. It is very awkward. I wish it had not happened just now," he soliloquized, brokenly.

He stood gazing out of the conservatory in an absent way for several minutes, his face very grave, an anxious look in his fine eyes; but, as he heard Lillian and the gardener approaching, he passed around to another path and so out of the hothouse, and thus avoided meeting them; he did not feel that he could encounter the young girl again just then. He wished to get away by himself and think over the revelation he had just received.

The thought of love in connection with Lillian Linton had never entered his mind until now.

She had simply been a genial playmate during the earlier years of his life, sharing many of his own and Percy's sports, and a pleasant companion when, of late, he had returned to Heathdale from college to spend his vacations.

He had scarcely realized—as his own words betrayed—that she had reached woman's estate. He knew she was very pretty, very bright and sparkling; he knew that Heathdale would not seem like home to him without her, and he enjoyed her society as he would that of a dear sister; but as for anything nearer, as a wife, he had never thought of her.

More and more he regretted that little episode in the conservatory. The memory of it embarrassed him, try hard as he would to

Rupert looked troubled at being thus repulsed. He understood the reason for it, however, and it was with a feeling of relief that he realized he was to have six months in which to make up his mind as to what his duty was toward his guardian's niece.

Sir William accompanied him to London, thence to Liverpool, where he saw him safely on board the stanch Cunarder that was to bear him across the Atlantic, after which he returned to Heathdale, feeling as if half the sunshine had suddenly been blotted from his life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Send a club of two subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each, for one year, and receive in book form, "Virgie's Inheritance." We have a limited number of this most interesting and popular story in fine colored paper binding.

ANSWERS

BY ELIZABETH STUART.

Zella.—You are both too young to have such a matter the cause of a family rupture. Take your mother's advice and be sensible.

Herbert.—Don't worry about her fickleness. When you find the girl you ought to have she will be the girl who wants you.

Bluebell.—In this instance, as your mother is so fair, I hardly see how either of you can be dissatisfied.

Mrs. H. F.—I am truly sorry, but it is absolutely impossible for me to comply with your request.

B. U. Z.—At present we are not in need of any manuscripts such as you describe.

Steven R.—I am very sorry, but it is absolutely impossible for me to furnish you the correct address of the person asked for.

A. M., Pikeville, Ky.—I hardly think you can buy covers, but have known of people successfully making them, using the old one for a pattern.

Margaret.—I think there is certainly too much difference in your ages, and as your tastes are also so unlike, there would be the lack of a comforting companionship which is so necessary to a happy married life.

Katie J.—Your letter is so indefinite it is absolutely impossible for me to intelligently advise you, and although you may not be absolutely happy, do not hastily leave your home with relatives for one with strangers.

A Widow.—It would be perfectly proper for you to wear pure white, and I should consider this much preferable to all black, which is the only alternative.

Ted, Mich.—If you are so deeply in love what stands in the way of your frankly telling the

TO THE LANE SUBSCRIBERS.

If you are a Lane subscriber and receive this number of Comfort as a sample copy you will know that your subscription to Sunshine or to The People's Literary Companion has expired. Elsewhere in these columns we explain that Comfort will be sent instead of the Lane papers to fill out the unexpired Lane subscriptions, but if your subscription has expired you will not receive Comfort after this issue unless you subscribe at once. In this way only can you read the coming parts of the best stories which were running in the last number of your Lane paper and which you will find continued in Comfort. Subscribe today while it is only 15 cents a year. Look on the title page and see if this paper is marked "Sample Copy." If so it is the last number you will receive until you subscribe. Increased cost of production will compel us to advance our subscription price at an early date and you should take advantage of the present low rate. 15 cents a year, or 2 years for 25 cents if you subscribe now.

overcome it, and he found himself avoiding the possibility of a *tete-a-tete* with Lillian again, while he began to grow anxious for the day of his departure, that he might escape the unnatural constraint that seemed to have fallen upon him.

Sir William wondered what had come over him during the next few days, but attributed his unusual gravity to his regret at the approaching separation.

Lady Linton knew from Lillian's manner that something had gone wrong; but, although she questioned her, she could learn nothing satisfactory, and she became more and more unconvinced over Rupert's projected tour.

If she could only have succeeded in arranging an engagement between him and Lillian before he left, she would have felt quite safe in letting him go; he would have stood committed then, and it would have been a safe-guard during his absence.

She did everything in her power to make it pleasant for him during the little time that remained to him at home; she meant that he should at least take away agreeable memories with him, and he assured her again and again that he should never forget her kindness to him, for all that she was doing for him.

"You have been like a mother to me, Lady Linton, ever since I came to Heathdale," he said, gratefully, to her one day when she was arranging something for his comfort during the voyage.

"And you have been like a son to me, my dear boy," she returned, with a fond glance. "I shall always regard you as such. I am sure I do not know what we are going to do without you."

"Six months will soon pass," Rupert said, trying to speak lightly.

"They may to you, who will be traveling constantly, but they will be long to us who wait at home. Poor Lillian! I set her to making some handkerchiefs for you this morning, but she broke down and cried so over her work that she had to give it up."

"I am afraid I am an unworthy subject for so much regret," Rupert said, with a sigh.

Lillian's regard for him, her pale, sad face and hollow eyes, were a great burden on his heart.

The day for his departure arrived, and he took an affectionate leave of his friends.

Lady Linton embraced him as fervently as if he had indeed been her son, bade him take care of himself and come safely back to them, for it would break their hearts to lose him entirely. Percy wished him every possible pleasure, and promised to write to him every week. Lillian gave him an icy cold hand at parting; there were tears on her dark lashes, and her lips quivered painfully over her farewell; but she would not allow him to kiss her in the old friendly fashion, as he used to do when he and Percy went back to school at the end of their holidays. She had vowed that their lips should never meet again until he had given her a lover's kiss.

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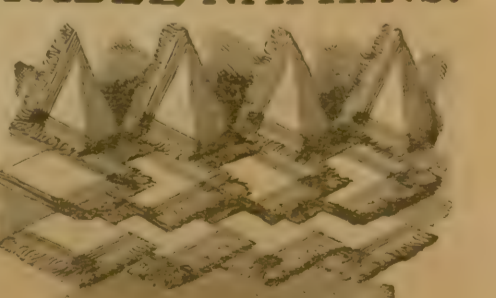
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FREE TREATMENT COUPON—Any sufferer cutting out this coupon and mailing it, with their name and P. O. address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 862, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial, by return mail, free of charge. Enclose stamp for postage. Don't risk death by delay.

TABLE NAPKINS.



What an acceptable gift is a dozen white napkins for the dining table. A clean, fresh napkin gives a relish and delight to the table that nothing else will. There is nothing more appealing to the husband than the wife's effort to have his meals tempting. Table linen goes far to meet this effect and it will be a great pleasure for you to possess a set of one dozen of these domestic linen napkins. It matters not how many you may have in use, a few more will be acceptable and can be saved for "best" or when you have visitors. Rich is the housewife who has a large quantity of fine table linen, and the privilege of adding a few pieces free of any cost must appeal to our lady readers.

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Garden Adornment

How to Make a Garden Chair, Sundial, Etc

By Thomas L. Peck

HERE is now little that can be done outdoors in the garden, and there will now be time to devise means for adding to the interest and attractiveness of the lawn or garden. Most people have noted the beauty, and experienced the charm of the old-fashioned garden to be met with in the older portion of our country, and also in Europe. Their great interest lies in the various adornments which the gardeners of a hundred years ago knew so well how to use and place. The formal beds and paths, bordered with clipped

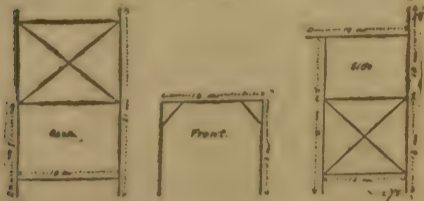
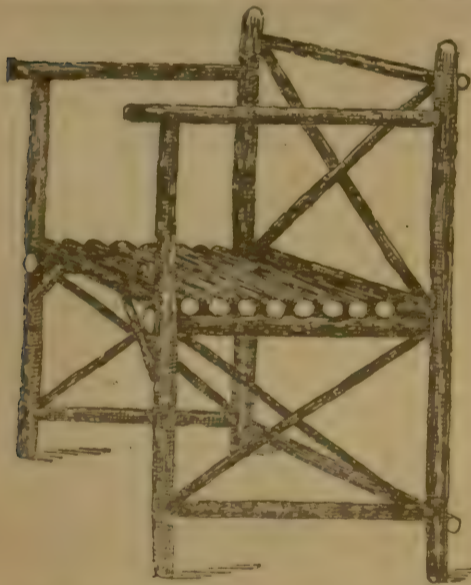


DIAGRAM FOR CHAIR.

box, and the low hedges dividing the various portions are all in harmony with the sundials, seats, fountains and statuary which are used to lend attractiveness to their gardens.

The principle involved is, that objects which show the handiwork of man will always attract the eye, and invite our attention before the works of nature.

A sundial, for instance, will compel our attention whether we will or no, before the near-by bed of flowers, however bright and gorgeous they may be. So all gardens, large or small should have such adornments in moderation, for we must not lose sight of the fact that a garden is primarily a place to grow flowers and plants in. Of course we can not all afford to have statues and fountains and expensive stonework, but there are many things we can have, for they are easily constructed by any person at all handy with tools. A sundial, a garden chair or bench, or a log seat can be made at very small cost. A sketch is shown herewith of a garden chair made of cedar poles with the bark left on. The accompanying drawings and measurements explain themselves, and no one will have any difficulty in constructing the chair. The poles used for the main supports are about two and a half inches in diameter, and the rest, such as the cross pieces and the poles used for the bottom of the seat are smaller, about one and a half inches in diameter. The chair may be nailed together throughout using large or small nails as required. The ends of some of the pieces are hollowed out somewhat, where they fit against the upright pieces. The effect to be aimed at is a rustic appearance, and the poles should not be trimmed smoothly but left as rough as possible. Of course the piece used



GARDEN CHAIR MADE OF CEDAR POLES WITH THE BARK ON.

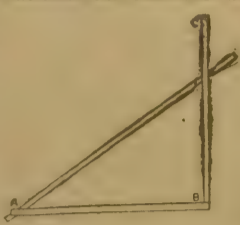
for the seat should be trimmed as smooth as is possible. A bench or seat may be easily made from this plan by lengthening the seat. Such a chair or bench makes a very nice adornment for an arbor, or to place under a shade tree. The most interesting and picturesque object that can be made for a garden, is a sundial, and every garden should have one. They should be placed in a sunny portion of the lawn or garden, and if at the junction of two paths all the better.

The sketch shows a simple form of sundial with dwarf, compact, bedding plants at the base. Such plants as Echeveria, Alhambra, or Sweet Alyssum, and a few Gladioluses are the best to use. The pedestal for the dial and finger to rest on will be easily made.

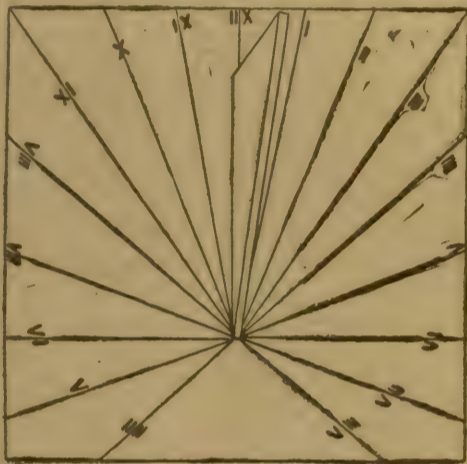
Boards, half inch, or three quarter inch in thickness should be used, and the pedestal made four feet six inches in height. The column may be one foot square at the thinnest part, and the mouldings etc. nailed onto it. Paint it over with one or two coats of white lead paint, and then a coating of white enamel paint. The sketch of the dial plate shown is calculated for the latitude of New York, but you can make a dial plate suited to your latitude by the following method. Make a triangle of laths as shown letting the sides A. B. and B. C. each one foot in length and nail them together. A. C. is of any convenient length and is left loose. At twelve o'clock noon, place the triangle on the dial plate, letting the base line A. B. run north and south. B. at the northern end. A compass should be used to get it exact. Let the southern end A. of lath A. C. rest on the plate, and raise the northern end C. For the latitude of New York you would have to raise it six and a half

inches. For Washington, D. C. you would raise it six and one eighth inches. For Montreal, Canada you would raise it seven and five eighths inches. Your latitude can therefore be determined from these figures. The shadow cast by the shade line A. C. will be pointed exactly north at twelve o'clock noon, so you will then have the position on the dial plate for the figure XII o'clock. You may test it for a day or two by a watch, and if the shadow returns to the same place at twelve o'clock noon then you have the correct inclination. If, however, the shadow has moved, then move your lath to correspond. The places for the rest of the numerals are easily obtained by noticing where the shadows fall at corresponding hours. When the space for XII has been found you may make your permanent shade finger from a piece of smooth wood and place it in position.

Besides sundials and garden chairs of regular make, seats made of logs or tree stumps placed about the garden under trees or arbors have a very picturesque effect. A very good seat to be placed under a tree may be made of six logs each about two feet in length. Three of the



TRIANGLE OF LATHS.



SUNDIAL PLATE.

logs are piled up at each end to make the supports, and resting on these are two boards nailed down at each end. Two uprights of cedar poles are nailed to the ends of the logs at the back and a couple of cross pieces to form a back rest. Placing a few objects of this kind around the garden will be found to produce a surprisingly good effect, and lend an added interest to many a nook and corner.

Questions and Answers.

All questions relating to gardening matters will be answered in this column so far as possible. Readers desiring an answer by mail must inclose a two-cent stamp. Address Thomas L. Peck, Essex St., Hackensack, N. J.

Mr. C. R. Sturtevant, Colegrove, Pa.—Your roses are not house plants and will not bloom in the window. The only varieties that will bloom in the house are Agrippina, and the French Polyantha roses. The leaves you send show them to be affected with mildew and also to have been attacked by Aphids or green fly. In the spring plant the roses out, say about the middle of May, after all danger from frost is over. In the mean time get some Fir Tree Oil Soap. One ounce of this will make a gallon of wash, and the best plan would be to immerse the plants in it. Do not water too often and do not keep in a very hot room.

Mr. R. J. Ireland, Stanton, Miss.—I have no plants or seeds for sale myself. Send for catalogues to dealers whose names you see in the paper in early spring.

Miss Belle Johnson, Galena, Kans.—The best bulbs to bloom in the house at Christmas time are Roman Hyacinths. You can get them from dealers in bulbs and seeds. Plant them in a box placing them close together, and press them down in the soil until they are barely covered. Then cover them with coal ashes, and put away in a dark cellar so that roots may develop. Give them a good watering when putting them away. When they begin to show leaves bring them to the light and they will soon bloom freely. There are white, pink, and blue varieties to be had.



SUNDIAL WITH BEDDING PLANTS.

Miss M. Boomer, Jerseyville, Ill.—The best time to plant the Dutch Tulips and Hyacinths is in the fall. You can plant them any time before the frost closes up the ground. Plant them six inches deep and from eight to twelve inches apart, according to the way you want them to grow. If you wish a compact mass of color plant them eight inches apart.

Answered by Mail.

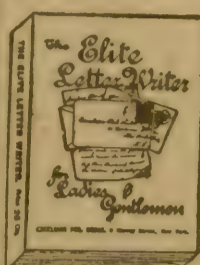
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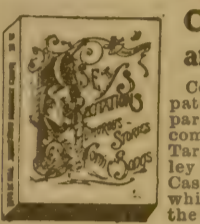
You may have a discussion on this or that subject but if you have at hand a copy of CUSHING'S MANUAL you have a solution, or you may wish some information on the German language, or to teach the young children a FANCY DRILL or MARCH, or prepare them to deliver a RECITATION or READING. Father or Son may want to go HUNTING AND TRAPPING, all these and many more subjects intelligently treated by these comprehensive works. A more complete description of each is given below and you should carefully read and make selections, so as to have at hand JUST SUCH BOOKS YOU ARE LIKELY TO NEED, now or later.

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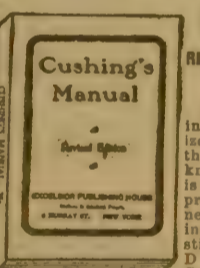
Burdett's Irish Dialect Recitations and Readings.

This new collection of rare Irish sketches in prose and verse, arranged for public recitation, embraces the most sparkling Irish wit, set forth with the irresistible humor of Irish brogue. Besides the new and original pieces never before published in book form, this volume brings together all of the most popular Irish dialect readings and recitations of the time. It contains the gleanings from the whole field of Irish drollery. No other book of the kind equals it for brilliancy and fun.



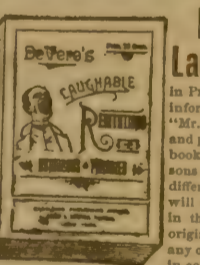
German at a Glance.

A new system on the most simple principles, for universal self-tuition, with English pronunciation of every word. By this system any person can become proficient in the German language in a very short time. It is the most complete and easy method ever published. By Franz Thimm. (Revised edition.)



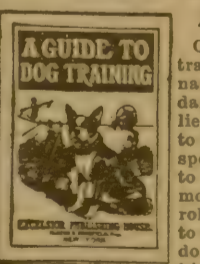
CUSHING'S MANUAL

REVISED EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS. No one who wishes to take part in the proceedings of any organized body can afford to do without the help of this little volume; knowledge of its contents alone is a valuable education, and the price is so moderate that no one need deprive himself of its teachings. Also containing the Constitution of the United States and Declaration of Independence. Containing 200 pages.



De Vere's Original Laughable Recitations

In Prose and Poetry. We are pleased to inform our readers that we have induced "Mr. Wm. De Vere," the great humorist and poet, to bring out his original Gems in book form. No doubt a great many persons have heard these pieces recited by different "stars" of the profession, and will be delighted to get them all together in this convenient form. Containing 62 original pieces which cannot be found in any other book. Illustrated. Paper cover in colors.



DOG TRAINING.

Contains simple tricks and training, to teach him his name, to leap, to walk erect, to dance, to jump rope, to sit and lie down at command, to beg, to give his paw, to sneeze, to speak for it, to fetch and carry, to bring up his tail in his mouth, to stand on a ball and roll it up and down a plank, to walk on stilts, to go up and down a ladder, to stand on his head, to "sing," etc.



HOW TO RAISE POULTRY FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

A great and valuable work on the breeds, breeding, rearing and general management of poultry, with full directions for caponizing, etc. By WILLIAM M. LEWIS. It gives the practical and successful experience of the author and of many other successful breeders. It is a complete treatise, going over the whole subject, with carefully made illustrations. It tells all about the qualities of the various breeds and how to cross them profitably, how to make selections for eggs or for fattening, how to treat them in health and disease, gives plans and simple instructions for feeding and rearing and for building their houses, coops and yards, and tells also all about the incubators and artificial mothers, giving plans for their house construction, and showing just how and when this can be profitably used. The book has more than a hundred excellent illustrations, and is, in short, as thorough and in every respect as valuable and attractive as the volumes that are offered at ten times its price. Containing 223 pages.

CLUB OFFER:

We know you will want more than one of these handy books so we have arranged to give them away on terms. Anyone book you may select for only two yearly subscriptions later this paper at 15 cents each, to date until Jan. 1909—or three books for a club of five subscribers at 15 cents, to date until Jan. 1909. This offer secures the books post paid. Address



The Candy Maker.

A complete guide for making all plain and fancy candies, bon-bons, etc. It tells exactly how to boil the sugar or molasses successfully for every kind of candy, how to color, flavor, and every operation. This book is of equal value to the latest candy manufacturer, for profit, and to the "home" producer who wants to make "home" nice, tasty "sweeties" for family parties. Every direction is given in such a plain way that a child can understand. Every one that wants to have "home" supplied with plenty of good, wholesome, toothsome sweets, at cheap rates, needs this book; while to the professional candy maker it will prove a useful guide and an economical friend.



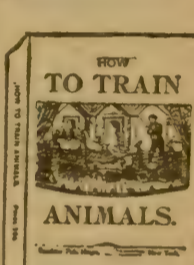
Burdett's Negro Dialect Recitations and Humorous Readings.

Containing 65 of the most famous negro dialect recitations and readings, which are extremely humorous. The most perfect specimens of negro dialect that have ever been printed. This book contains nothing that may not be recited or read with good effect upon an audience.



Burdett's New Comic Recitations and Humorous Readings.

In selecting material for this book, every piece of doubtful merit has been discarded and only the tried gems of humor retained. This book has the advantage of bringing together in one volume all of the best selections of a comic nature which have hitherto attained a wide popularity through the public representations of the most renowned humorists of the day.



How to Train Animals.

A complete guide for amateur or professional trainers, which gives all the secrets and mysteries of the craft, and showing how all circus tricks and all feats of all animals—from the elephants to fleas—are accomplished. It also has an improved system of horse and dog breaking, training sporting dogs, care and tuition of song, talking and performing birds, snake charming, bee taming, and many other things, making a large, handsome volume of over 200 pages and 60 illustrations. Every farmer and animal owner will find this book valuable, and every boy who has dogs or other pets will find it a source of endless amusement.



Wilford's Original Dialogues and Speeches for Young Folks.

Being by far the most complete of its kind ever issued. This work supplies that palpable need, which has so long been evident in books of this class, that of Dialogues and Speeches adapted to the natures of children. This work contains 19 Original Dialogues and 53 Speeches, especially adapted for children between the ages of 6 and 12 years, 180 pages. Paper cover in colors.



200 STANDARD RECITATIONS.

A glance at the contents of this book will convince the most exacting and critical eloquist that in variety, excellence, and quantity it is the most magnificent collection of old and new favorites that has ever appeared in a single volume. There are gems for the amateur and more difficult pieces for the professional, selections suitable for the parlor and platform, in prose and verse, pathetic and humorous. The recitations in dialect present a wide range: Irish, German, Yankee, Negro, and many other peculiar and comical dialects. Containing 232 pages.



Burdett's Serious Comic Recitations and Readings.

Comprising some of the best assortments of humorous, dramatic, and dialect recitations ever offered to the public. Sixty selections are given which have always been received by appreciative audiences.



MASON'S FANCY DRILLS AND MARCHES FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

Including exhibition marches, drills, etc., adapted to home, school, and self-instruction, illustrated by numerous engravings. The work contains exercises, without apparatus, broom, tea-tray, hoop, chair, Dresden, and fan drills, marches and military evolutions for use by girls and boys, fencing, etc. The music given includes all the calls used in the army, together with valuable explanations.



BURDETT'S PATRIOTIC RECITATIONS and READINGS.

This work contains 66 American Patriotic selections in prose and poetry, expressly adapted for public or parlor recitations. Comprising the best selections of soul-stirring patriotic orations and speeches published. Illustrated colored cover.

THE GREAT CRUISE OF BATTLESHIPS TO THE PACIFIC.

Everyone now Wants a Set of Battleship Post Cards.

WARSHIPS NOW READY FOR THE PACIFIC COAST TRIP.
Battleships of all kinds are Always Interesting
to all the People.

HERE IS A SET OF POST CARDS You Will Surely Want. You
Can Get These Twelve BEAUTIFUL COLORED
POST CARDS FREE.

This series comprise twelve specially prepared highly colored cards from photos taken when ships were in motion, representing various classes of naval destroyers, Battleships, Cruisers and Torpedo Boat Destroyers of different countries.

Our own American navy is well represented by the principal Battleships, Cruisers, Torpedo Boat Destroyers, etc., etc. Germany, Japan and England also are represented with types of their modern navies, giving size and speed of ship, etc.

Each card is splendidly arranged to show the ships in best possible manner, their peculiar style or design is clearly shown in their true colors, and in corner of each card appears an exact reproduction of the National emblem of the U. S. A. (the Stars and Stripes), the German, Japanese or English flags, appropriate to each country's vessel.

Every detail of these cards is perfect, water and sky effects are natural and very attractively set off the ships, which are shown in motion with smoke pouring from their funnels.

There is always an interest in our navy, more intense whenever it is under special Department orders, which just now refers to the approaching visit and mobilization of the Atlantic fleets on the Pacific Coast when Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, in command on board his flagship, the Connecticut (one of our series cards) starts for Pacific waters on a 14,000 mile dash round the Horn making visits to various South American countries enroute.

On the 16th of December there will depart from Hampton roads the greatest fleet of battleships ever sent on a long cruise, numbering 16 of the heaviest fighting vessels in the American navy.

Their destination is the Pacific. Their course will be nearly 14,000 miles long. Their mission is a peaceful maneuver in the administration's naval program, which is to prevent war by maintaining a great naval force at a high state of efficiency.

The journey of this fleet is unparalleled in naval history. No such force was ever gathered into a single cruising unit in time of peace. In the minds of the people this extraordinary cruise wears a different aspect from that officially attributed to it, the establishing of a two-ocean sphere of usefulness for the navy to meet the requirements of our dual coastlines.

The man in the street, on the farm, or on the string piece of a seaport wharf whittling a stick and thinking the matter over, sees in this great armada's cruise toward the other side of the world a warning to Japan.

So plain does this appear to him that the official version of the cruise's purpose is taken merely in a Pickwickian sense. The scrappy Jap may be spolling for a fight. If he is he will have, in a few months, in the same ocean with his own navy, a collection of battleships representing 50 per cent. more power and tonnage than he possesses.



This Set of Battleship Post Cards Given Free.

You will want one complete set of our Battleship cards for yourself, and as you are interested, so will be your friends, and from now until after the fleet arrive at their journey's end there is sure to be an active interest and demand,

and such cards can not be had elsewhere. We have had them gotten up especially for our exclusive series for our subscribers and will give a set of the entire twelve Cards for a club of only two subscribers to this paper at 15c per

year. If you will get up a club of five yearly subscribers at 15c each, we will send you three sets so you can have some to sell to your friends if you like.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



NEW AND BEAUTIFUL HIGHLY COLORED BIRTHDAY POST CARDS.

Someone's Birthday comes every day in the year, and Birthday Post Cards are very nice to send to an absent friend, either on their Birthday or during the month of their Birthday. We have a series of twelve new Birthday Cards from original designs of our own, as shown in this illustration, and which we own and control by copyright, so you are at once assured exclusive cards that have not been seen elsewhere, and which cannot be equalled or excelled. They are beautifully printed in many bright lithographic colors. Our subjects cover the twelve months of the year, each card treating a different month in the following complete manner: January is represented by the snowdrop as the flower of the month, Garnet the birthstone and Aquarius, the sign of the Zodiac, a verse and "Birthday Greetings," February is represented by the Crocus as the flower of the month, Amethyst as the birthstone and Pisces as the sign of the Zodiac, with verse, and so on through the different months, and each card has "Birthday Greetings," or "Many Happy Returns of the Day" printed with appropriate decorations. Souvenir collectors are getting these cards in sets to keep, they are so very pretty, and all should have at least one set to show to friends and get others to send to absent ones on birthdays. We will send a set of Twelve Birthday Post Cards free for a club of only two yearly subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each. Get up a club of five yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, and we will send you three sets so you can have some to sell to your friends if you like.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

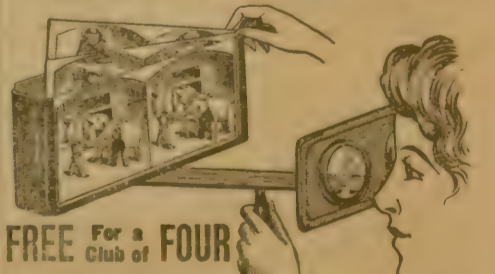
A Post Card Album That Will Hold Fifty Cards.



Our fifty-card Album is the most attractive on the market. On each page two cards may be displayed; the leaves are very heavy rigid paper stock of a heavy green shade, providing a very tasty and attractive background for all cards, and when two pages are opened together showing four cards, the appearance is extremely attractive, and one cannot neatly preserve a collection of Post Cards unless they are displayed in an Album. And better still, a very nice collection of Souvenir Postal Cards represents the individual and personal thought of absent or distant relatives and friends and they are very entertaining for visitors who enjoy looking them over; so, that in an Album, arranged in order, they are readily accessible and may be examined time after time with no harm to the Cards, and thus be preserved in remembrance of the senders. No one thinks of collecting Souvenir Cards without an Album. Everyone wants an Album and the demand, just now, exceeds the supply. We are fortunate in having a large quantity on hand of first-class Albums which we are to distribute as premiums to those who will send us clubs of subscribers to this magazine as per our offer below.

Club Offer. For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each, we will send an Album free and will include a set of four Post Cards free, as a beginning toward filling the Album. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

PETITE STEREOSCOPE And Fifty Views



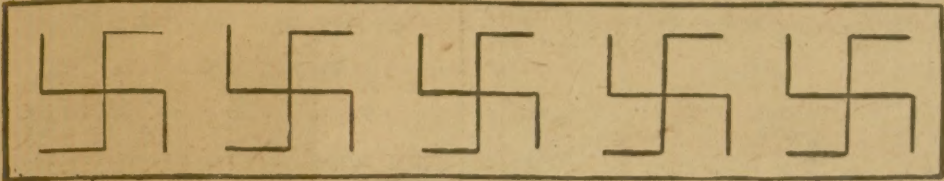
FREE For a Club of FOUR

As good as a Circus for the Children. A Nice compact metal Stereoscope, 50 fine Pictures of Family Scenes, Pets and Wild Animals, and a general Natural History Exhibition.

We are able to present a very interesting, entertaining, practical and instructive little article as here illustrated. This strongly metal-made adjustable Stereoscope with its good, powerful double lenses, gives a joyful entertainment to all. The Pictures stand out real and lifelike and give a pleasing and lasting impression when viewed through this Scope. It is the most instructive and entertaining idea ever devised for giving pleasure to the young folks at home, keeping them amused, instructed and out of mischief. The 50 Views are all carefully selected with the idea of pleasure and profit. There are Home Scenes of Domestic Pets, Farm work Scenes, Trained and Wild Animals, Hunting Scenes, Views from the Arctic as well as the Tropical Countries, Horses, Camels, Bear and Buffalo Scenes, Exciting and otherwise, so that a regular menagerie can be picked out besides the Home features. The Entire Outfit takes apart and folds up, being packed in a nice box to ship by mail, postpaid, the 50 Views being all packed in the metal holder and placed inside the box when sent to you. We send one of these complete outfits for a club of only 4 subscribers to this paper at 15c. each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

OUR SWASTIKA GOOD LUCK STAMPING OUTFIT.



The latest novelty in a complete especially for us with a larger pattern than we have heretofore consists of five sheets of linen wide and 28 inches long containing patterns, comprising several Shirt design for embroidering Belts, other art pieces. The entire list here, but the following list will superior to any we have

Various Designs In

Butterfly, Anchor, 18 inch, design for embroidered cuff 15 inch Round Dolly, 7 inch Wild Roses, Collar Pattern, Conventional Spray, Tiger Swastika design for belt, other uses. composed of four L's signifies, for the wearer. Booties, Shirtwaist design cuffs, Baby's Bonnet, Baby's dainty sprays for embroidering

stamping outfit, just prepared and better assortment of useful had in a single outfit. This out-bond paper each sheet 22 inches ing over 3000 square inches of Waists, the now popular Swastika Cuff, or Collar or innumerable of contents we can not enumerate convince you this outfit is yet offered.

Swastika Outfit.

Tulip Dolly, Spray of Holly, edge, Daisy Collar, Alphabet, Irregular Dolly, Spray of Alphabet in 2 inch letters, Lilies, Collar and Cuff Set, cuffs, collars and innumerable This ancient symbol or Cross Luck, Love, Light and Life Babies Bibs, Babies including front, collar and Yoke, Misses Yoke, Several waists etc.

CLUB OFFER: For a club of only four yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15c. each we send one complete outfit, by mail, as above described

Address, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



WORK BOX ASSORTMENT.



Our readers who are interested in needle-work will welcome this privilege of obtaining a complete assortment of useful materials and utensils to work with. We have arranged this work-box assortment to meet all the wants of the busy sewer. The box itself is a little gem, is prettily gotten up to imitate a leather-bound case, as it is covered with pebbled paper that closely resembles real leather. There are eight separate compartments in each case, one, the larger, in the center, has a cover and is for "Odds and Ends," such as needles, thimble, etc. Then there are places for the thread, tambo and silk, so that each will have its place, and not become tangled, which annoys one.

The following assortment is found in each box: Two Spools White Thread, One Spool Black Thread, One Ball Red Tambo, One Ball White Tambo, One Dozen Sewing Silk, One Silver-plated Thimble, One Crochet Set of two bone and one metal hook, One Illustrated Book on Cross-stitch, Two Blunt-pointed Needles, for Cross-stitch Work, Three Packages of Needles, Assorted Sizes, Two Skeins Mercerized Embroidery Thread, 16 yards each. The contents differ in each box but there will be found as much variety as mentioned above.

Club Offer: We pack carefully and send at our expense one of these complete Work Box sets each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



WIDE AWAKE AND GO TO SLEEP

GREAT BIG DRESSED DOLL.

With pink cheeks, blue eyes, light hair, a charming costume complete with a large picture hat, 15 inches high, almost as big as baby and just as plump and round.

We want every one of our girls to have a beautiful genuine imported dressed wide awake and sleeping eye doll and we have selected this one from a great many samples as THE one most attractive in size, beauty and dress.

When your mothers were children a rag doll was all they had to play with. Rag dolls are favorites to-day, but every little girl expects to have a best doll and a SLEEPING DOLL, so we have bought to give away a whole lot of these imported dolls. They are beautifully made with bisque head and limbs, sewed body, and are equal to all rough and tumble use. NEARLY A FOOT AND A HALF HIGH.

You can dress and undress this Doll, take her shoes and stockings off and put them on again, so it is a genuine REAL BIG IMPORTED FRENCH STYLE DOLL and not a paper or cloth imitation thing.

This doll has real stylish lace trimming on its fashionable dress and is a beauty from shoes to hat and from head to foot.

How Our Little Readers Can Earn a Doll.

We plan on giving away about all of these dolls this winter, so we require only a small club of new subscribers to our magazines.

Free for only Ten Subscriptions of this magazine at 15c. each. Just show a copy of one of our magazines to your friends and you can easily obtain their subscription. Send the ten names and money, \$1.50, to us, and we will send the doll carefully packed by express, all charges fully prepaid by us. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Subscribe for COMFORT. Three in One

Since mailing our November number of COMFORT, we have taken over the two old established and popular Lane papers, "Sunshine for Youth" and "The People's Literary Companion," with their subscription lists and the good will of their business.

The acquisition of the Lane papers brought to COMFORT all their best features, the regular unfinished serial stories such as the Sequel to East Lynne, etc., etc., all of which is

Combined and Consolidated

in COMFORT, making it doubly strong as a family home monthly.

In our November number we explained our plans and what we proposed to do to maintain COMFORT during the coming year at that high standard of excellence which has made COMFORT by far the greatest, brightest, best paper published anywhere for the price, 15 cents a year or two years for 25 cents. We named some of the interesting high-class stories which we shall run during the year. We told how all the interesting, entertaining and instructive departments would be kept up. This was only a month ago; but that was before the present consolidation. Nevertheless, we shall give you in COMFORT all we have promised and more, too. COMFORT will continue to be COMFORT. No other paper is like it or can fill its place. Every distinctive and essential feature and department of COMFORT will be retained and, so far as within our power and ability, improved. In addition to all this, in consequence of the consolidation,

COMFORT will Embody All the Valuable and Essential Features of the Two Lane Papers

And still we offer you COMFORT, which contains the essence of

Three Papers Boiled Down and Concentrated in One

If you subscribe or renew now, for 15 cents a year or two years for 25 cents.

How can we do it? You have a right to ask, and we are pleased to inform you. No wonder you are surprised at this offer, but you will be more surprised as you read on.

Combination and consolidation add strength and create a legitimate opening to greater opportunities and broader fields of usefulness, to take best advantage of which we are exerting our utmost endeavor. While we all condemn the trusts which seek to monopolize control of the necessities of life and to destroy fair and open competition which is the natural and only factor that can be relied on to regulate prices fairly, we must also recognize that this era is marked by a strong tendency to consolidation and expansion in nearly all lines of commercial enterprise which, when legitimate and properly conducted results beneficially in the lowering of prices through the economy of conducting business on a larger scale.

COMFORT is in fair and open competition with hundreds of other publications, but because of the great magnitude of our business we have been able thus far to keep our subscription price down to 15 cents a year or two years' subscription for 25 cents, although everything that goes into the make-up of a newspaper has been rising in price. You know practically everything you have to buy, except your subscription, costs you more than it did a year or two ago. Because of the recent sharp advance in the price of paper we shall be obliged to raise our subscription price in the near future and therefore cannot promise our present low subscription rates after this month.

Subscribe Now

Send in 15 cents for a one year subscription, or better 25 cents for a two years' subscription, or better still go out among your friends, show them this paper, tell them about it, get up a subscription club by getting them to subscribe, send in the club list with the subscription money this month and receive for yourself one of the nice club premiums which we advertise in this number or in our regular Premium List. Raise your club now while the low price makes it easy. We cannot promise this price next month.

If your November COMFORT had the red X on the title page you will know that your subscription expires when you receive this December number. Renew your subscription now and make sure of two things: 1st. COMFORT, greater and better for one or two years as you choose at the old price, 15 cents for one year or 25 cents for 2 years. 2nd. Not to lose any of the interesting serial stories which we are running. If you do not renew now you miss the January number, for we cannot send back numbers, and you may have to pay more for your renewal.

To Lane Subscribers

If you are a subscriber to either of the two Lane papers mentioned above you will receive COMFORT in place of it only until your subscription expires. We trust that you will be more than satisfied with the change,—it would not be just to call it a substitute,—because COMFORT is a much better and brighter paper and as consolidated now embodies all the valuable and essential features of the two Lane papers and contains a continuation of the most interesting serial stories running in the last number of the Lane papers. We shall cut off these subscriptions at expiration, and if you receive this number of COMFORT marked "Sample Copy" on the title page you will know that your subscription has expired and that it is the last you will receive unless you subscribe for COMFORT. Subscribe now at the present low rate for one or two years and so make sure of not missing any part of the good stories you have been reading in your Lane paper. Fifteen cents for one year or 2 years for 25 cents.

A Liberal Offer. Takes In All

While increased cost of production emphasizes the necessity of conducting our subscription business on a strictly paid-in-advance basis and is likely to compel us to advance our subscription rates in the near future, we are desirous of giving all an equal opportunity of securing consolidated COMFORT for the next two years at the present low subscription rates which we cannot promise to hold open after the present month. Renew this month by sending us the price 15 cents for one year or 25 cents for two years.

Fill out the subscription blank below, cut it out and send it in with the price in cash, stamps or money order at once.

Special Notice. It is of utmost importance that we know whether you are a new or old subscriber to COMFORT, or have formerly taken one of the Lane papers. So in sending in your subscription, whether you use this coupon or not, you must be sure and give us this information, stating which one of the Lane papers you formerly subscribed for.

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

I am sending 15 cents to pay for one year subscription to COMFORT. (Check amount sent and term subscribed for.) 25 cents to pay for two years'

Name _____ County _____

Town _____ State _____

Dec. '07.



RELIGIOUS, SENTIMENTAL, HISTORIC AND SPECIAL POST CARDS

for Christmas, New Year, Birthdays and all times, an interesting assortment of all new cards of our own special design and production to meet a constant demand for suitable cards for public and home use, church societies, institutions, etc., desiring select subjects of religious character. Without fully describing each card, would call to your particular notice these sentimental cards, "The Lord is My Shepherd, I Shall Not Want," "Consider the Lilies," etc., "Evening Prayer," "Madonna of the Olives," "The Good Samaritan." Although unable to show you their colorings, when we state they are from genuine oil paintings of great value, reproduced in many beautiful colors, and are extremely beautiful and suitable for framing, you can then appreciate that we have actually spared neither time, money or endeavor to supply these cards.

Of recent occurrence was the dedication at Canton, Ohio, of the McKinley Mausoleum, which is interestingly described as follows:
The McKinley Mausoleum is situated on Monument Hill, near McKinley's old home at Canton, Ohio. It is of Milford pink granite and bears in the interior this inscription from the President's last public address:

"Let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war."

From the entrance to the grounds to the foot of the mound double driveways 175 feet in width and 890 feet long have been constructed. Between the driveways is a lagoon which is constantly filled with fresh water. Long rows of trees flank the lagoon and the driveways. It was erected at a cost of \$500,000, all of which was donated by popular subscriptions which came from every part of the Nation, no amount being over 50 cents, the greatest number of subscriptions being 10 cents each.

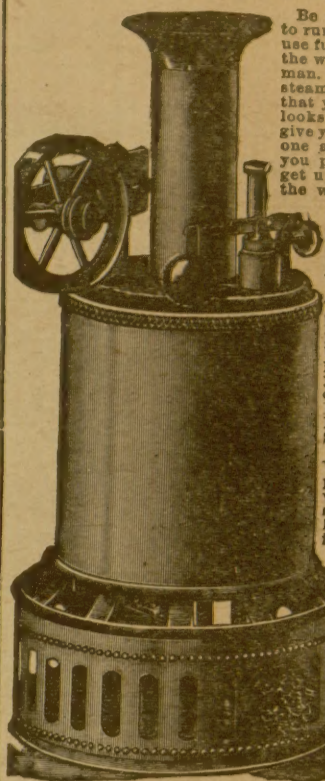
The allegorical card in lower right corner of illustration is from a religious card, "The Marriage of Pocahontas," shown in lower left corner of our illustration. The subject and treatment render this card equally as desirable for Christmas.

The Jamestown Exposition gives special importance to our beautiful card, "The Marriage of Pocahontas," shown in lower left corner of our illustration. All will want one to preserve in their collection.

Club Offer. We will send postpaid one each of above illustrated Cards, including an additional special view Card, making one dozen Post Cards for a club of but two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15 cents each.

Real Steam Engine FREE.

EVERY BOY AN ENGINEER.



Be an engineer, learn to run an engine, how to use fuel, oil up and blow the whistle, just like the man. You never saw a steam engine in your life that you didn't like the looks of. Now here we give you a chance to have one all your own that you put on a table and get up steam and blow the whistle and watch the wheels go round fast or slow just as you wish, and every lad you know will be green with envy.

A Genuine Yankee Engine has the following parts and can be taken down and put up as often as you wish: Cylinder with Spring, Balance Wheel, Drive Wheel, Smoke Stack.

Whistle C. mplete, Boiler with Heater, stands 8 inches high, highly finished in enamel and nickel, a jim-dandy engine and guaranteed way up. With this engine you can run all kinds of toy machines you can buy or make for your self with a spool, etc. Great fun to make toy machinery using string for belt.

every young man to have an engine; the practical side of life is well demonstrated to any youth that interests himself; so we give for the balance of the season and to get new subscribers one engine as a reward for sending us a club of only 8 yearly subscribers to this paper at the special subscription rate of 15 cents a year. This small club of eight, amounting to \$1.20, pays for the full subscription for the 8 addressees and obtains a prize Engine delivered prepaid by mail or express carefully packed and fully warranted.

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SPARKLETS! SPARKLETS!

Safe and Brilliant Holiday Fireworks.
The New Christmas Tree Illumination.

Are entirely new and different from anything of similar purpose, more brilliant and far more pleasing than Candles, also as Daylight or Evening Fireworks, equally as practical indoors as out, with extreme brilliancy and great beauty, safe for the children to use. SPARKLETS offer a splendid and harmless amusement unequalled. SPARKLETS are an imported novelty, their manufacture is a secret process; in appearance they are long and slender, like a pencil with a mass of leadlike substance on a spiral colored wire, which is pliable and is to be bent over the finger or limb of tree or suspended on string. The lower end is lighted and at once the substance ignites, burning quietly throwing off a perfect shower of brilliant sparks of every color, and in the form of stars, oak leaves and odd shapes and forms, burning for a long time with much the same appearance as the red hot sparks from an emery wheel. A peculiar feature of SPARKLETS is their harmless nature; in the hands of the ordinary child there is no reason for their becoming in any way injured or their clothes ignited as the SPARKLETS can be held in the hand and the buzz, flying sparks do not injure nor will they set fire to anything, if as much care is exercised as should be.

We have an important and a limited quantity for Christmas and are anxious that our readers have them just as soon as City folks, and have planned a free distribution at very advantageous terms. Read our free offer below.

CLUB OFFER: For a club of only two yearly subscribers to this monthly magazine at 15 cents each, we will send you package of one dozen SPARKLETS postpaid. Send early for Christmas. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



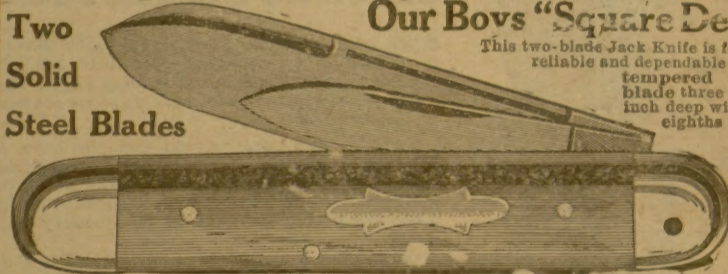
CHRISTMAS POST CARDS FREE

Everyone wants to send some message of greeting to friends for them to receive on Christmas morning and there is nothing so acceptable and pleasing as a pretty Christmas Card. We have some very pretty and highly colored Christmas Cards for Christmas, New Year, Birthdays and all times, an interesting assortment of all new cards of our own special design and production to meet a constant demand for suitable cards for public and home use, church societies, institutions, etc., desiring select subjects of religious character. Without fully describing each card, would call to your particular notice these sentimental cards, "The Lord is My Shepherd, I Shall Not Want," "Consider the Lilies," etc., "Evening Prayer," "Madonna of the Olives," "The Good Samaritan." Although unable to show you their colorings, when we state they are from genuine oil paintings of great value, reproduced in many beautiful colors, and are extremely beautiful and suitable for framing, you can then appreciate that we have actually spared neither time, money or endeavor to supply these cards.

We can show only an unsatisfactory illustration of any of these cards. For a club of only two yearly subscribers to COMFORT, at 15 cents each, 30 cents in all, we will send one dozen fine assorted cards, including these five, also the bright colored Post Card of PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND FAMILY, THE NEW MCKINLEY MAUSOLEUM just made up the vast sum, THE MARRIAGE OF POCAHONTAS, the great Jamestown Exposition, Souvenir Card, and other equally as popular sentiment or motto cards to make up the twelve cards. Get up your club of two and send today, and we will send you the set of Twelve Cards Free.

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Solid
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and prove good every time. This knife is American make and one of the best, and we selected it because it has quality and quantity to satisfy man or boy.

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Care, complete instruction on proper Horse Shoeing the animal. This one part alone is worth many dollars every year. It is a colossal compendium of Nothing left out. Clear, Concise and Captivating. On Horses in itself.

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A Gold Mine of Interest and Information by Which You Save Dollars.

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Make Money Printing Cards.



About all boys have an ambition to learn a trade that will give honest employment and mental improvement. With our handy **Printing Outfit** a boy or girl can accomplish the art of type setting as well as printing, thus conquering two subjects at one time. These complete outfits consist of a six-font set of rubber type; that is, there are six of each of most all the letters in the alphabet except some important letters have eight, and others only four, such as "Q." A double set of numerals, commas, periods, and four handsome ornaments; also slugs or spaces to separate words—in all about 200 separate pieces of type. A two-line type holder for printing cards, etc. It works like a miniature Franklin printing press, so you can print cards for your friends and thus make money. A pair of nicked pincers to handle type and a metal case ink pad. This ink pad is everlasting and can be renewed if constant use removes the ink. With each set we send a wooden type case so that type can be arranged and kept in perfect order, also full and complete instructions how to set type, etc. A wonderful outfit for printing cards or small amount of text. Will afford amusement and instruction unbounded. Every child will appreciate one and grown folks can make use of these sets for marking linen by procuring an indelible ink pad. It is probable such an outfit as we offer can not be found everywhere and we expect to give away a great many for the slight work done in getting subscriptions for us.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only 3 yearly subscribers at 15 cents each, 45 cents in all, we will send you postpaid one of these Printing Outfits all complete as described.

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EASY MUSIC CHEAP.

NEW CHART of CHORDS for the PIANO.

A New and Quick Method of Learning to Play the Piano or Organ Without a Teacher.

There have been many so-called easy methods and charts devised, but this is the latest and best. It is intended for those who have not the time to take lessons. A complete self-instructor, enabling anyone to play the piano or organ at sight. This chart is the practical result of years of study by a noted American composer and musician. With this chart and music, you can become an expert pianist, playing accompaniments to the most difficult songs at sight, as well as dance music, marches, etc. These charts are valuable to the advanced musician as well as to the beginner, embracing nearly every major and minor chord used in music. It is the most comprehensive yet simplest chart ever published, and is endorsed by teachers and musicians everywhere.

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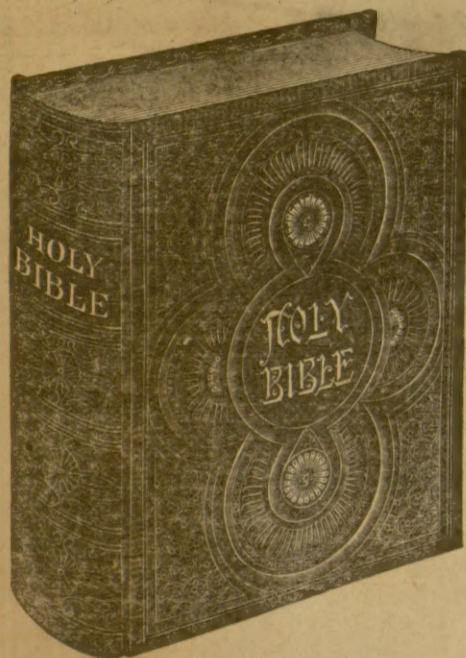
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THE WORDS OF CHRIST PRINTED IN RED

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Marriage Certificate, Family Record and Colored Maps.

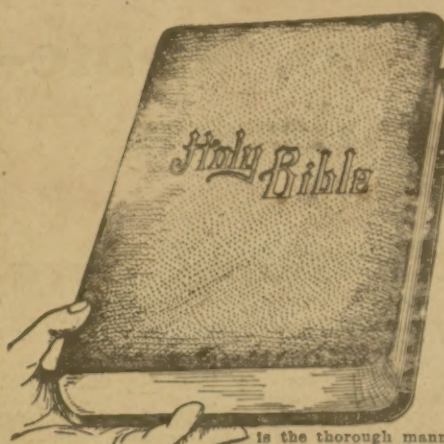


Printed from new plates cast from new type set this year. **New Self-Prone Family Bible** containing: The Authorized Version of the Old and New Testaments; The words of Christ are all printed in red in this new 1904 edition and although much more expensive to produce is an added feature free of any cost to you. The Standard Concordance; A Self-Prone Dictionary of Proper Names; Maps in Colors; Over 100 Full-Page and other Illustrations; Index to Old and New Testaments; Marriage Certificate; Family Temperance Pledge; Family Record, etc., etc.

The largest and best illustrated Bible ever produced for the money. Size 12 1/2 x 10 1/4. This edition excels all others in the excellence of paper and exquisite typography, being printed from an entirely new set of plates costing many thousands of dollars. The size of the pages is 12 1/2 x 9 1/4 inches the print large and clear and over 100 full-page and other illustrations. The colored maps of the Bible are of great interest and are of great help to Bible students and teachers. These and the other features mentioned above make this edition an invaluable one and it should appeal to those who are in need of a thorough and complete Bible. These Bibles are bound in Morocco Buckram Paneled Sides, with the words, "Holy Bible," on the side and back, stamped in gold combed edges. Contains over 1,000 pages and weighs over 5 pounds. Specimen page showing size of sheet and type free upon application. Remember the Red Letter feature.

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COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE.

After repeated requests from our thousands of readers and club workers, we are prepared to furnish a **COMPLETE HOLY BIBLE**, in a smaller size than our regular Family Bible. The new offering is indeed a perfect charm: a thoroughly complete Bible, consisting of over 850 pages, with nine colored maps, soft binding, half padded, round corners, finished with red edges, is five and a half inches long, three and a half inches wide and nearly an inch thick, weighing half a pound. It is a thorough Bible with full and complete books of the old and new testaments. For Sunday School workers, teachers and students, or for a convenient new Bible, this is an unequalled opportunity to secure a big little Bible that will please. By co-operating with a Bible maker and a Bindery, we were enabled to dictate terms and agreed to purchase an enormous quantity during the next year if a low price would be made, in order that we might give our hosts of friends and readers at least one grand opportunity to procure one or more Bibles for their own use or as gifts, knowing well enough that we shall receive many second orders from our first purchasers. Modern machinery and skilled workmen produce these Bibles in quantities made in the highest order of workmanship. Each and every Bible is sent with a guarantee that it is perfect in each and every detail, and what will please you most in which they are bound and finished. The soft padded covers are the same as in **FULL MOROCCO BIBLES** costing \$10.00 each.

Please do not send for this Bible expecting to receive a great, big book by express; we offer the **FAMILY BIBLE** elsewhere. This small Bible is for the same purposes, but is more convenient to carry about. Knowing we shall receive second orders from those who send for one of these Bibles, we are making a specially attractive introduction proposition here.

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COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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Beautiful hand-embroidered table covers can now be had by every reader without cost and little labor is required. Ladies familiar with fancy work find our patterns always new and original, those anxious to do hand embroidery readily understand just how to quickly embroider these simple designs. We furnish the stamped patterns here illustrated, and can supply materials, thus making it convenient and within the reach of every woman, young or old, to make with her own needle one or more for her home, also they are the most useful and delightful wedding or Christmas gifts. These centerpieces are each twenty-four inches in diameter, are therefore unusually large and suitable for any table. The designs are **CLEARLY AND DISTINCTLY STAMPED** on a high grade of semi-linen material that washes and wears well, and absolute satisfaction is guaranteed.

Bunch of Grapes Pattern.

We predict great popularity for this grape pattern. It is to be the rage for embroidery shirt

Carnation Pink Pattern.

The famous Lawson thirty thousand dollar carnation, the largest, most fragrant and beautiful pink ever produced can be copied with this pattern



BUNCH OF GRAPES PATTERN.



CARNATION PINK PATTERN.

waists, therefore popular for centerpiece design. We recommend this one to your consideration.

Wild Rose Pattern.

This very handsome centerpiece pattern will be one of the most popular in the whole collection. Can be worked out in soft, delicate colors and per-

to aid you. To be done in soft pink shades with green and a border to suit. This design will make one of the sweetest and most stylish table centerpieces ever conceived.

Wheat Pattern.

This centerpiece has perhaps the least amount of detail work of any kind, yet the effect when done



WILD ROSE PATTERN.



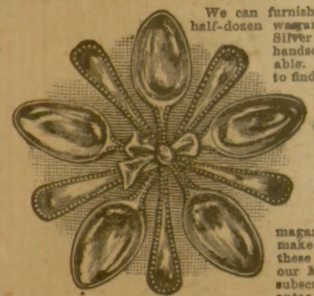
WHEAT PATTERN.

mits one to display their judgment in copying from nature. This pattern has a very deep border that may be easily worked with some simple stitch.

CLUB OFFER. For only 2 yearly subscriptions to this paper, at 15 cents each, we will send either one of the above 24-inch Centerpieces. For 3 yearly subscriptions at 15 cents each, we will send three Centerpieces, and for 6 yearly subscriptions at 15 cents each, the complete set of four Centerpieces FREE.

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

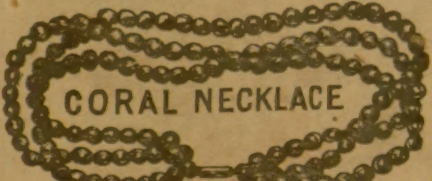
FREE SILVER SPOONS.



We can furnish our customers with a half-dozen quadruple plated Silver Spoons in one of the handiest patterns imaginable. It was our good fortune to find a large line of silverware that could be bought cheap and our customers are getting the benefit. The patterns of these Spoons are new and very attractive and we have Forks of same design to match, also Knives. We are anxious to increase the circulation of our big monthly magazine right away and are to make a liberal gift offer on these Spoons to introduce our Magazine and obtain the subscriptions. As we guarantee these Spoons you should

have no hesitancy about ordering at once. **SPECIAL OFFER.** If you will send us 3 trial subscribers for our monthly for one year at 15 cents each, we will send the magazine one whole year to the address and to you we will send as a free gift a Set of Six Spoons. For a club of 3 you can earn a dozen Spoons.

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



CORAL NECKLACE

Every Girl or Woman delights to possess a real coral necklace. The genuine Neapolitan article is so very expensive that few can afford one. This necklace looks so much like the real thing that many think they are, so perfect is the coloring of this Italian Wonder. It is a triple strand beautifully polished delicate coral pink necklace of just the proper shade to give it the most expensive appearance. We have but a limited number which we can give as premiums to all who get up clubs of two yearly subscribers at 15 cents each.

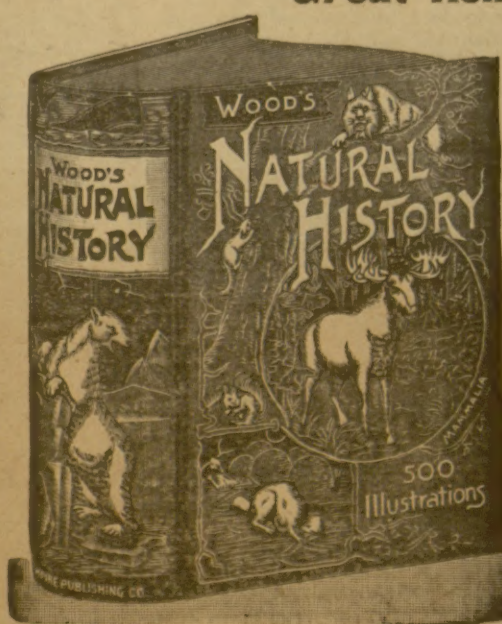
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A Genuine Revelation of the Animal Kingdom.

A Complete Encyclopedia of Zoology. Thrilling Adventures. A Panorama of Pictures. A Monster Menagerie. Great Renewal and Premium Club Offer.

Great Book Free to All Club Workers.



ENGLISH EDITION.

A Revolution in Book Making. Dumps Thousands of Volumes on the Market at One Tenth their Former Price. Creates a Panic, Demoralizes the Book Trade, and Gives Our Subscribers the Benefit of a Most Wonderful Bargain. Read About this Great and Wonderful Work, **WOOD'S NATURAL HISTORY**—the Standard Work for All Homes.

It is impossible to give in this announcement more than a slight idea of the magnitude of this great History, with its myriad pictures and accurate descriptions. It virtually goes into the haunts of all animals and shows them as they live.

Wood's Natural History is the recognized authority all over the world for accurate information regarding the habits, haunts, peculiarities and diseases of the Animal Kingdom. The work is a veritable treasure-house of valuable information, interestingly told, and replete with hundreds of accurate and artistic illustrations. This mammoth Cyclopaedia of the Animal World consists of over eight hundred pages and is substantially bound in stiff paper covers. Size of open book, 8 1/2 inches, and nearly 2 inches thick. It is in clear print on good paper, with five hundred illustrations by special artists. The countless anecdotes which it contains will make merry many a long winter evening, and the hundreds of pages of thrilling adventures which those daring people, who traverse mountain and morass, jungle and desert, to learn the habits of the animal kingdom undergo, will furnish true, heartfelt enjoyment to every member of the family—young and old. As the book contains full descriptions of all domestic animals, also, with treatment and cures for their diseases, no farmer should be without it, and as the list embraces everything, from the goat to the giraffe, the bat to the bear, the mouse to the mastodon, the coyote to the cactus, no boy, no hunter, no student—in fact, nobody should neglect this grandest of all offers. So thrilling and exciting are many of these adventures as to equal the wildest tales of the tropics, or the most blood-curdling ghost story; and yet they are all true, being the transcripts of personal experiences of noted travelers. Not only are they of sufficient importance to amuse and instruct the young, but they will absorb the attention and pass away many a dull hour for the old and world-worn reader; while every teacher in the land should provide herself or himself with the means of allaying that eager thirst for information which characterizes all young and restless minds. As a supplementary reader for schools, nothing could excel **Wood's Natural History**; because, in the first place, it will so absorb the attention of every scholar as to keep him interested in his work; and, in the second place, it is so instructive as to be well-nigh indispensable. And this is why every teacher and every scholar in the land should avail themselves of this unparalleled offer.

Special Club Offer. As long as our limited supply lasts, we will mail one copy of **Wood's Natural History** to anyone who will send us a club of only 4 yearly subscribers to this magazine at 15 cents each.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Gilbert, Nameless, Homeless, Penniless

or,

The Adventures of a Young Hero.

By Laurence Livingston

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Shurbert Nelson and Gilbert Morse talk seriously. Gilbert is the scapegoat of the family and bears from his mother and stepfather all the blame belonging to his half brother Jim Morse, who is wild and reckless. Shurbert is to keep on at school, while Gilbert is to go into his stepfather's store and have his board and clothing until he is twenty-one. Mr. Morse demands of Gilbert: "Where is James?" and the answer comes, "I'm not his keeper." His mother gives a shrill scream, crying, "So Cain said of Abel," and the words change the whole tenor of the boy's life. Gilbert hears a young girl sing, "For love is music, and love is light." He rescues Elsie Whitlock from drowning. She does not want to live longer. Gilbert bids Shurbert good by. He takes what money he has, and decides to call himself Gilbert Gilbert or G. Gilbert. The first night he finds a cave near a small stream and sleeps there. The fourth night he sleeps in a hotel and registers G. Gilbert Freighton. The landlord talks over the telephone. "Well, well, after him with bloodhounds, you must have loved him!" A man and a girl rush along in a motor car. In front of them a young girl is trying to control her horse. Gilbert springs forward and stops the horse. A firm hand grasps his shoulder. Gilbert tells his story in a few words, and the owner of the auto promises escape.

The landlord changes an address on the register to Albert Saunders, Boston. He witnesses Gilbert's bravery. He is accosted by Gilbert's stepfather, who insists that Gilbert takes one thousand dollars. That is the reason Colonel Breton loans his bloodhounds. They search the register and house and find no trace of Gilbert.

Philip Wheaton puts many miles between Gilbert and those who hunt him. Gilbert accepts the gift Mr. Wheaton offers and some day he will return with a name of his own. Daisy presses a package in Gilbert's hand. There is a roll of bills, a locket with her picture and a long golden curl, and pencilled in straggling letters, "Yours until death. Daisy." He meets with friends on a freight car.

Elsie Whitlock knows her life will be lonesome if Shurbert Nelson goes out of it and she promises to marry him. Gilbert decides to settle at Grandview, Texas. He meets Horace Newman, a consumptive and proprietor of a hotel. He wants a big strong man and offers one hundred dollars a month and board. Doctor Newman gives him a list of goods to buy and a roll of money. He knows he is unusually trusted and leaves as a pledge Dainty's gift to him. "If I had such a son I'd be willing to lie right down and die," says Doctor Newman.

CHAPTER X.

THEY ARE MY TREASURES.

WHEN Gilbert drove into the yard of his Haven of Rest, he was pleasantly greeted by Doctor Newman, who showed no surprise, but simply acted as though it were an everyday event for him to send a perfectly unknown man away with a fine team, and several hundred dollars in currency.

"I managed to get everything," Gilbert cried, throwing down the reins, and leaping out, looking so happy and neat in his new clothes, that Doctor Newman, holding out his hands, said almost tenderly:

"Welcome back my lad, welcome! I've missed you."

"That's good," was Gilbert's quick response, and he turned away so his friend could not see how he was affected. For the first time in his unhappy young life, he was liked. Though he loved this kindly man, with his smiling face, and hazel eyes filled with unknown pity, he decided to keep his history to himself, and to win his way because of what he was able to do.

As they entered the house, the doctor slipped a little package in Gilbert's hand, saying quietly:

"Your treasure."

Gilbert would never have told how he had missed it, and as his fingers closed over the dear locket and Dainty's present, he decided to let them know where he was, and see if he could get a letter to Shurbert.

Within a week or two, one of the patients, feeling thoroughly cured, returned to New York, and he gladly took with him the letter the Nelsons so rejoiced over. The letter to Dainty was something else, and at last he decided to write only to Mr. Wheaton, a delicacy which that gentleman appreciated, for he understood more than the young people thought, and he gladly handed the letter to Dainty, saying carelessly:

"That's a fine young fellow, my girl, and he's going to develop into a man of whom we may all be proud."

The letter was not a long one, and Dainty felt injured, although she was able to read between the lines.

"My Dear Friend:

"I wish I were able to tell you what you did for me, and how I appreciate it. I know that you do not know yourself what your kind actions meant to me, but I am sure you will rejoice with me when I tell you that I am so pleasantly situated, where by hard work, I think I can, not only earn a large salary, but also a profession, and through it, perhaps do something to make me worthy a name."

Then followed a description of Dr. Newman and his resort, an outline of his daily duties, and an enthusiasm over the profession he had chosen, for he was to learn medicine under Dr. Newman. Then he concluded:

"When I feel I have become worthy of a visit to your house, I am going. Until then please remember that my gratitude and affection are with you and your daughter."

"Happily yours, "Gilbert."

Three months later Dainty received a hundred dollar bill, and a photograph of the one who owned her heart, although she was scarcely able to recognize in the healthy, happy appearing young man, dressed in a riding suit, with a radiant air of self-possession and security the youth she and her father had befriended. On the back was written:

"I have kept the original, with your other

gift, and they are my treasures, until I can come to claim you."

She did not reply, for she felt he did not want her to, and then for two years, she studied and tried to make herself fit to help him in his life work, while way down in Texas, Gilbert studied, worked and crept closer into the heart of Doctor Newman.

CHAPTER XI.

"VENGEANCE IS MINE."

Gilbert had always considered that he was cruelly maltreated in being born as he was, only to have a stepfather, and yet, had he known all the facts, his brother James was much more to be pitied. The elder brother from babyhood had been thrown upon his own resources, and developed what good traits he possessed, while James was petted, and given almost every opportunity to shirk and later become a criminal for lack of self-control, or proper moral suasion. When he stole the thousand dollars from his father, the night Gilbert ran away, he was so frightened, that, had there not been the scapegoat ready, upon whom to place his sin, it is possible he might have stopped right there, but succeeding in that, he committed other thefts, he and his associates skillfully concealing their identities.

To be sure the Fayetteville Kids were known as bad boys, who never stopped drinking, playing cards, and running wild, but they were not blamed as was their due, and to none of them was credited the many burglaries committed.

James had grown up a fine appearing lad, that is unless critically observed, and then the

shiftiness of the eyes, and a certain weakness of the mouth, showed too plainly the weak points of his character. Even his father saw that his face was not a good one, although a dashing handsome one. To his mother, though, he was her hero, and there were those who might have borne tales, who refrained on her account, surely a poor policy, for because of his immunity, James came to grief.

During the two years since Gilbert disappeared, Fayetteville had grown considerably, beginning perhaps with the removal of Mr. Morse from the office of postmaster, and the appointment of Nathan Kratz, who owned property in Fayetteville, and had been operating the hotel in which poor Gilbert found refuge, while bloodhounds were on his track. Doctor Nelson, who had been instrumental in having the change made, had carefully traced the abused young chap, and finally gathered enough from Kratz, to see that through real kindness of heart, the wretched stepfather and his friend and dog fancier, Colonel Breton, had been turned homeward.

There had been considerable agitation relative to combining several third-rate post offices into a first-rate one, and Doctor Nelson felt the time had arrived. Through a brother, a member of the lower house, and several relatives in the post-office department, the physician, a man who was very strong politically in his district, the change was made, and Nathan Kratz was made the new postmaster, and renting his hotel, moved to Fayetteville, where the new building was placed.

With that, naturally prosperity began to flow in to the town, and several large factories had located there, so that the population had been many times increased. Almost every business man or concern in the place, however, began to suffer, but the climax was reached, when the post office was rifled, and Nathan Kratz disappeared.

"He is not guilty," Doctor Nelson had maintained, but there was no proof of his trust to be found.

James walked the town, laughing, happy, and saying more than once:

"Well, my Dad never robbed the government when he was postmaster," and there were more than one to echo the son's words. Mr. Morse, whose grocery had grown to very large proportions, and who no longer yearned after a government position, tried to stop his son, for he saw a shadow in the future, threatening him.

There was another, who felt interested, Colonel Breton. This old man had been a firm friend, and found in Morse good points as

Morse did in him, and he was nearly frantic at the disappearance of the present postmaster. Detectives came from Washington, but none of them heard by night the weird sounds, not heard abroad since Gilbert was fleeing from home.

The third night, James himself disappeared, and it was the day following when Shurbert Nelson took his sweetheart for a drive, and the ardor of his love making, turned over the buggy into such a horrible sight, that it is a wonder that Elsie did not lose her mind, but she was a girl of courage, and as she jumped, her quick eyes took in the horrible situation.

Shurbert could not give it attention for a moment as he had to get his horses under control, and then Elsie asked quietly:

"Shur, have you your revolver with you?"

"Of course, what is it," he replied securing his horses, and turning toward a scene heretofore invisible to him. Everyone carried revolvers in Fayetteville, with police permission, for the Fayetteville Kids were too rampant.

The sight was terrible, and yet as these two gazed upon it, they felt that justice had been administered to the guilty one.

Colonel Breton had loosed his bloodhounds, giving them as scent a handkerchief he had found by the vault and when James had gone out before, the dogs had caught him, and unerringly pointed him as the one who had handled the handkerchief, and dropped it before the rifled vault. James had tried to defend himself with his revolver, but when it was empty, there were two dogs still left, and Shurbert and Elsie came upon him, bleeding to death, feebly fighting one of the dogs, the other having his fangs in his arm.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, which was founded at Troy, N. Y., in 1824, was the first strictly scientific college in the United States.

It was by an accident that Mr. Kipling got his famous title, "The Light That Failed." He had almost decided to call the novel "The Failure," although he was dissatisfied with this. One evening as he was sitting in his study reading by lamplight, the light went suddenly down—almost failed, in fact. In a second Kipling jumped up, exclaiming excitedly: "By Jove! I've got it!" Pointing to the lamp he said: "The Light That Failed."

Danderine

Grew Miss Carroll's Hair

AND WE CAN

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BEAUTIFUL HAIR

AT

Small Cost

WITHIN the last decade great and rapid strides have been made in the medical profession. Many diseases that were considered incurable fifteen years ago are now cured in a few days, and in many cases prevented altogether. The scientists of late years have been searching for the cause, the foundation, the reason and the starting point of disease, fully realizing that the actual and true cause must be ascertained before the remedy can be created. Hair troubles, like many other diseases, have been wrongly diagnosed and altogether misunderstood. The hair itself is not the thing to be treated, for the reason that it is simply a product of the scalp, and wholly dependent upon its action. The scalp is the very soil in which the hair is produced, nurtured and grown, and it alone should receive the attention if results are to be expected. It would do no earthly good to treat the stem of a plant with a view of making it grow and become more beautiful—the soil in which the plant grows must be attended to. Therefore, the scalp in which the hair grows must receive the attention if you are to expect it to grow and become more beautiful.

Loss of hair is caused by the scalp drying up, or losing its supply of moisture or nutriment and when baldness occurs the scalp has simply lost all of its nourishment, leaving nothing for the hair to feed upon (a plant or even a tree would die under similar conditions).

The natural and logical thing to do in either case, is to feed and replenish the soil or scalp as the case may be, and your crop will grow and multiply as nature intended it should.

Dr. Knowlton's Danderine has a most wonderful effect upon the hair glands and tissues of the scalp. It is the only remedy for the hair ever discovered that is identical with the natural hair foods or liquids of the scalp.

It feeds and nourishes the hair and does all the work originally carried on by the natural nutrients or life-giving juices generated by the scalp itself. It penetrates the pores of the scalp quickly and the hair soon shows the effects of its wonderfully exhilarating and life-producing qualities.

One twenty-five cent bottle is enough to convince you of its great worth as a hair growing and hair beautifying remedy—try it and see for yourself. Now on sale at every Drug and Toilet Store in the land. Three sizes,

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Free

To show how quickly Danderine acts, we will send a large sample free by return mail to anyone who sends this free coupon to the Knowlton Danderine Co., Chicago, with their name and address and 10 cents in silver or stamps to pay postage.



MISS J. CARROLL, 2307 Irving Ave., Chicago.

MISS CARROLL Says: "My hair would not reach to my waist when I began using Danderine and it is now more than four feet long."